# Collier's

AUGUST 2, 1947

TEN CENTS

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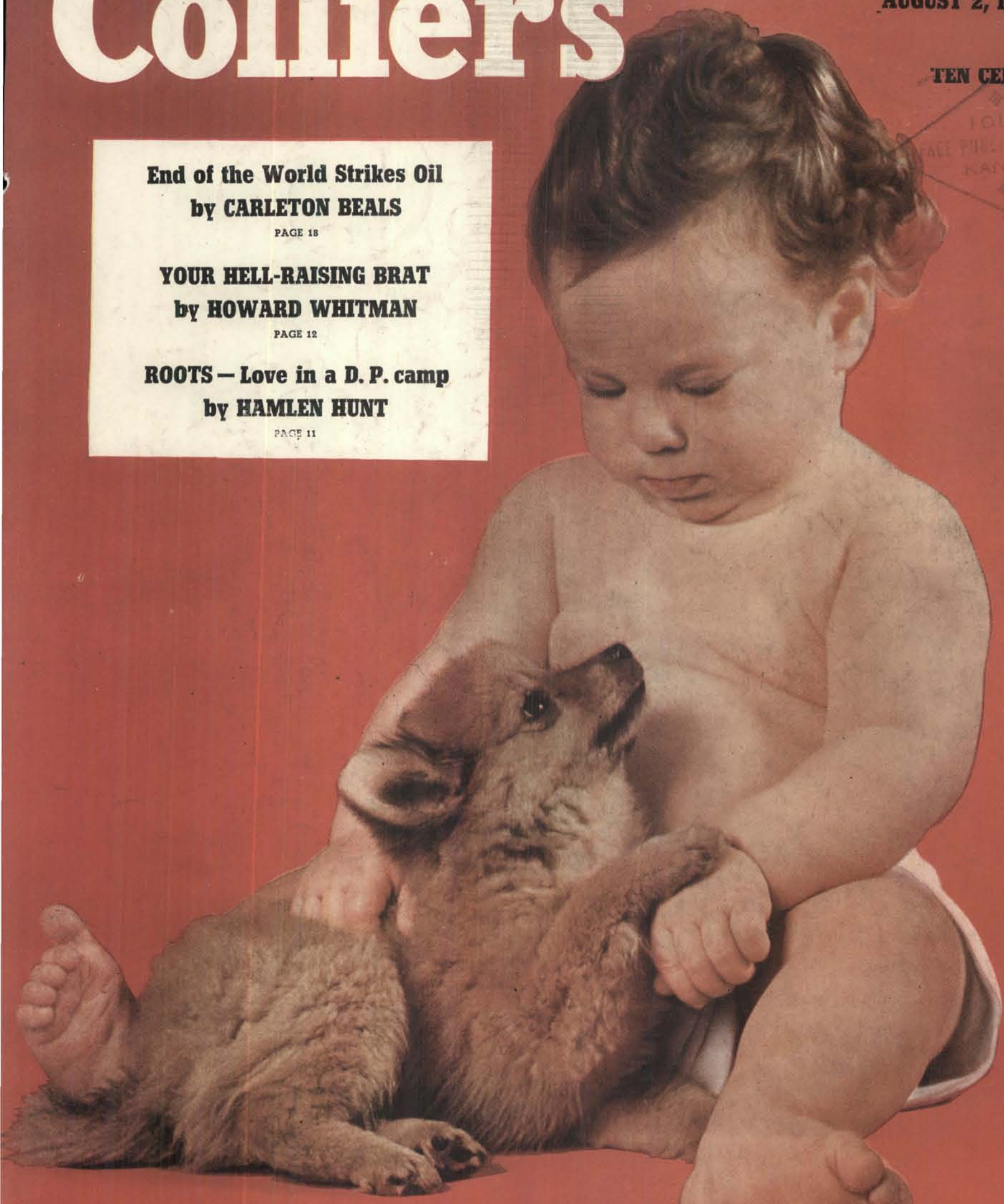
**End of the World Strikes Oil**
**by CARLETON BEALS**
PAGE 18

**YOUR HELL-RAISING BRAT**
**by HOWARD WHITMAN**
PAGE 12

**ROOTS — Love in a D. P. camp**
**by HAMLEN HUNT**
PAGE 11



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Of Topmost Choice

There is a mellow glow in the amber depths of OLD TAYLOR and a rich bouquet that plainly indicates the bluegrass heritage of this fine, bonded bourbon. But it is only when OLD TAYLOR passes your lips that you realize why this proud product of old Kentucky is the *topmost choice* of those who know, and love, good bourbon.

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# SPARK PLUGS

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Picture OF THE MONTH

*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents*

CLARK GABLE • DEBORAH KERR

SYDNEY GREENSTREET

ADOLPHE MENJOU • AVA GARDNER

KEENAN WYNN • EDWARD ARNOLD

*in* "THE HUCKSTERS"

Screen Play by LUTHER DAVIS • Adaptation by EDWARD CHODOROV and GEORGE WELLS
Based on the Novel by FREDERIC WAKEMAN
Directed by.....JACK CONWAY
Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.

The book America read and raved about is a great picture. Frederic Wakeman's best-selling novel was a bombshell when it appeared, its romance one of the most daring and reckless ever printed. M-G-M, its producers, bought "The Hucksters" for Clark Gable. Seeing the picture, you'd think the author had written it expressly to fit Clark's handsome measurements. It is a beautiful fit and to make things even more perfect, Deborah Kerr, whose name rhymes with star, fits excitingly in his arms.

What is a huckster? We suggest happily that you turn to this vastly entertaining new film for the answer. There you'll find Clark Gable in Hucksterland, impressing swash-buckling tycoons with his sincere, hand-painted ties, showing them how to make a million dollars with an inspired slogan. Yes, today's huckster lives in a world of station wagons, martinis and love on the run. If he doesn't flash a gold-plated lighter, date the most alluring women—well, he doesn't rate. And Clark Gable certainly rates!

Gable plays Vic Norman—successful and handsome enough to be adored, cynical enough to take a rain-check on love—until he meets Kay. And Kay—that's Deborah Kerr—wait till you see her! She's undoubtedly the find of the year.

To make every moment of this great story ring true, M-G-M summoned a roster of Hollywood's finest actors: Sydney Greenstreet plays Evans, the tyrant who enjoys making money and breaking men; Adolphe Menjou is Kimberly, the suave advertising executive; Ava Gardner is the luscious torch-singer; hilarious Keenan Wynn clowns through some of the funniest situations of his career; and there's Edward Arnold and many more.

"The Hucksters" is solid, fast-paced, star-filled entertainment. Director Jack Conway and Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., have clearly made a best-picture out of a best-seller.



# COLLIER'S

August 2, 1947

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## THIS WEEK

### FICTION


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*They were without home or country. They had only each other.*

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## THE WEEK'S MAIL

### FARLEY ECHOES

DEAR EDITOR: The first installment (Why I Broke With Roosevelt, June 21st) is very interesting; well received in neutral quarters. Its lack of bitterness makes it more acceptable and no one can charge its publication was prompted by sour grapes. Congratulate Collier's.

JOHN J. NANGLE, St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR EDITOR: Caesar had his Brutus—Christ had his Judas—Roosevelt had his Farley.

NORMAN C. STOLL, New York, N. Y.

. . . The article by James A. Farley is argument enough against more than two terms for President of the U.S.A.

GERALD B. HARTLEY, Callahan, Cal.

. . . How come you allow a man whom nature meant to be a patrolman and F.D.R. made a Cabinet member to defile the memory of his benefactor? No wonder Roosevelt didn't ask the man to visit him after a while. GEORGE FANDERSON, Chicago, Ill.

THE FAITH OF THE IRISH!

'Tis proud I am, I'm Irish, and my heart will always sing,
For the Faith that's born in Ireland is a wondrous Holy thing!

MARY WINIFRED KELLY, Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR JIM: I have just read your first installment in Collier's. You and Moley should get together and have a good cry.

L. A. MCGILLIVRAY, El Centro, Cal.

DEAR MR. FARLEY: Like the rest of the nation I am greedily reading your story on Roosevelt.

I remember, April 12, 1942, at a Communion breakfast for the waitresses of Schrafft's you gave the President your "unqualified support," and knowing you for candor and honesty, I really took my tip from you at that time.

It is too bad you didn't see fit to let this country have your story back in those days. In sincerity let me wish you every blessing. We are proud of you. My esteem.

REV. O. E. MORTON, Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR MR. FARLEY: I am a lifelong Democrat, a veteran of World War I and World War II, a stanch supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt and a firm believer in you from your early days as Boxing Commissioner down the years and through the initial paragraphs of your first installment last week. Now, before admitting my estimate of you was entirely faulty, I write to ask

*(Continued on page 31)*


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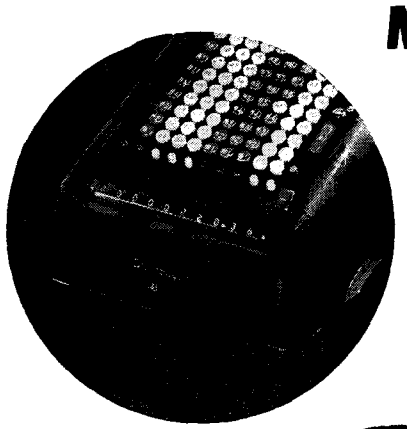
THE MARK OF SUPERIORITY
IN MODERN BUSINESS MACHINES

Burroughs

# *This Symbol*
# MEANS EVERYTHING IN BUSINESS MACHINES



modern machines for every need

cost-saving counsel for every business

factory branch service for every user

*WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S*

Burroughs

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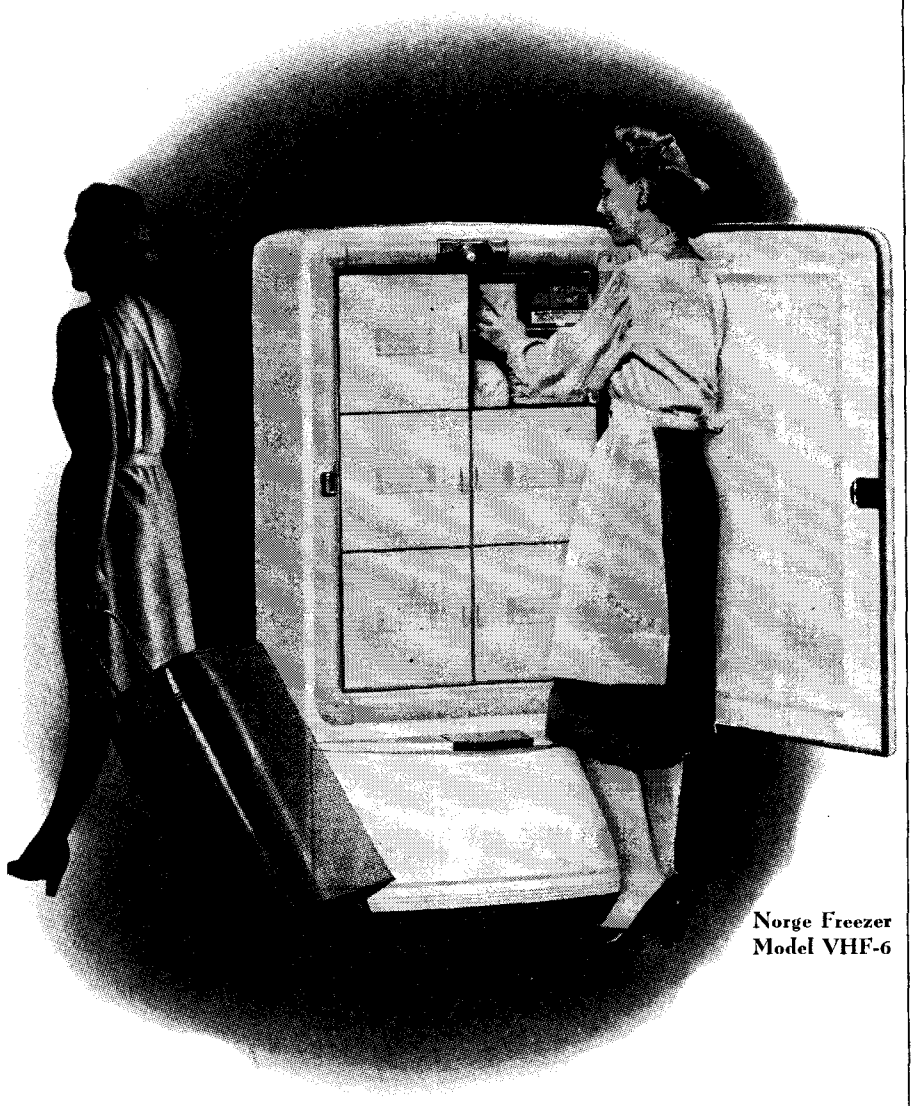
# Step to your freezer

## INSTEAD OF THE STORE



Norge Freezer
Model VHF-6

"Shopping" can become a mere matter of selecting from your Norge freezer. And you can make your selection from foods that were either garden-grown by yourself or purchased in money-saving quantities at the peak of perfection. With a Norge in your home, you are, in effect, prolonging the season of abundance—making it possible for your family to enjoy more and better food, at lower cost, all year round. There are two styles and four models from which to choose. "The best dealer in town sells Norge" ... he is listed in the classified telephone directory.

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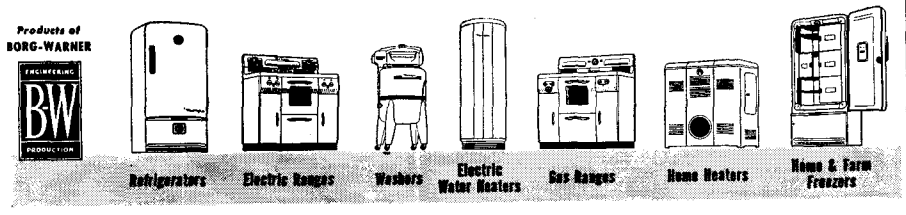
Norge products, distributed worldwide, are typical examples of the values made possible by the American system of free enterprise.

SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY





# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

RUBE GOLDBERG

## BY FRELING FOSTER

*Automatic* vending machines are now being equipped with a device that makes change, returning in a cup one nickel for a dime or four nickels for a quarter when selling a five-cent item. Those installed in some soft-drink vendors have increased sales as much as 25 per cent.

*In the* United States today, most railroads classify their trains as "eastbound" and "westbound," even though they may run in other directions. One such is the Southern Pacific line, whose trains are called eastbound when traveling directly north from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon, and westbound when returning southward.

*Processionary* caterpillars are so gregarious that they move and feed in massive columns with the head of each worm touching the tail of the one in front of it. Moreover, before spinning their own individual cocoons, as many as 400 make and enclose themselves in a communal cocoon, the size of a football, in which they remain until they emerge as moths.

*Russia* now has a cylindrical machine—four feet in diameter, 16 feet long and resembling a small submarine—that burrows its way through the ground at various depths to enable its sealed-in operator-explorer to search for mineral deposits or to study the soil for construction projects.

*Following* the custom of awarding Oscars to movie stars, the Mystery Writers of America recently started the presentation of "Edgars" (busts of Edgar Allan Poe) to the four who write, in the preceding year, the best mystery novel, motion picture, radio series and criticism of a mystery work.

*The* opera Charles VI, composed by Jacques Halévy in 1843, was killed by a superstition that began seven years later during a presentation in Paris. On three successive nights, someone in the theater dropped dead after the singing of the aria, O God, Kill Him!, which caused the play to be banned until 1858 when Napoleon III ordered a revival that he and the Empress were to attend. On the way, their coach was bombed and, although they escaped unharmed, many others were killed or injured. The performance was canceled and, as far as is known, the opera was never presented again.

*Ninety-three* members of the Industrial Workers of the World were tried for conspiracy in 1918 in the Chicago court of Federal Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Instead of deciding the guilt or innocence of each defendant on each of four counts, the jury returned a blanket verdict of guilty within an hour, which resulted in prison sentences totaling 2,091 years. Then the judge, learning that a new trial would be sought, added individual fines amounting to $2,570,000. A higher court eliminated the fines and so reduced the sentences that nearly all of the men were free by 1927.

*While* 33 states in this country today grant divorces on the grounds of impotence, only two—Kentucky and New Hampshire—grant them to wives whose husbands join a religious sect that requires its members to abstain from conjugal relations.

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—for quick stops. It has to be
better to be a Seiberling . . .

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SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
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IT'S EASY TO *Step-up* YOUR CAR'S PERFORMANCE

LITTLE things can make such a big difference in the way your car runs.

For instance, how long since you have had your *spark plugs* cleaned and adjusted, your *distributor points* cleaned and spaced? That's a simple service operation that can add a lot of pep and power. Often, too, a minor adjustment of the *carburetor* will put new "life" in your car. And while you're at it, why not safeguard against trouble with an inspection of the *battery, generator* and *regulator*—the *radiator* and *cooling system?*

You'll get more enjoyment out of your car if you keep it in good condition . . . and that's what United Motors Service stations are for! There's one near you, wherever you live and wherever you drive. Look for the friendly United Motors sign. It means *competent mechanics, approved methods, original-equipment parts.*

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

IT'S RIGHT NEARBY

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Coaxed by Connie, Miss Meltzer gives command performance

SINCE a new frontier, to Carleton Beals, may be a jungle, test tube, armchair or the stratosphere, it would be only natural for him to slip down Patagonia way and write The End of the World Strikes Oil (p. 18).

"Besides, I wanted to see an ostrich brought down by a three-stone *boleadora,*" he confesses. "It looks easy, but it's a good way to brain yourself or tangle up your own horse. I know. Patagonian grass is not long enough for a cushion. But it was nice to be in a me-under-my-hat world, as the Gaucho song goes, where each man stands more on his own, where folks will ride twenty or thirty miles out of their way just to put you on the right track."

Mr. Beals has always had the restless foot. He was born in Medicine Lodge, Kansas, back when it looked like it sounds, and was the haunt of Congressman Sockless Jerry Simpson and Carrie Nation. "With such characters around," he says, "what could I do but travel, taking my family, at the age of three, to California?"

Since that day Mr. Beals has horseback through Riff country in Spanish Morocco, and over the Andes.

He's ducked bullets during revolutions, been held captive by a generalissimo, chewed the fat with *presidentes* and plainfolks, been in good health in Mexican back country and Central American jungle and mighty sick off Monkey Point, Nicaragua. He's stopped only long enough to write it all down, in many books and essays.

This trip, Mr. Beals conveniently landed in Bolivia two days after revolution broke out, counted many corpses, saw President Rios' funeral in Santiago, local-bussed his way over some of the new Inter-American Highway, interviewed Guatemala's Arévalo, and went swimming in Lake Nicaragua and Lake Titicaca atop the Andes. In Moche, Peru, he ate red steamed crabs, drank *chicha* and danced the *marinela* (song writers, please copy) with old friends of his descended from the Mochicans, quite a people about 2,000 years ago.

His nine months down under convinced Mr. Beals that things are growing so fast there, the southern end of the continent can no longer be considered the dead end the Panama Canal rendered it. "In the new air age," he prophesies, "it may be an important air center, tied to Antarctica and routes to Australia, etc. Anyway, it's a new frontier."

THE Beetle in Henry Beetle Hough (The Study of Man, p. 20) came from Mr. Hough's granddad Henry W. Beetle, a whalin' cap'n of New Bedford, Massachusetts. Mr. Hough was born there in 1896, is a Columbia University journalissimo, was a yeoman first class in the Naval Intelligence during World War I, and has won a Pulitzer prize for a study of the press. He was a press agent until he and his wife went to Martha's Vineyard to take over the editorship of the Vineyard Gazette.

"I've edited and been edited by the Gazette for 23 years now," he says. "My co-workers are long-suffering friends; our subscribers pleasant, indulgent people. Our home is about five blocks from the post office, but we are so far out that red-wing blackbirds come and sit under our windows. Three years ago I wrote a book called Country Editor, and visitors still come to check whether the book is true. Mainly they are satisfied."

Besides Gazetteering and writing, Mr. Hough's loves are bicycling, Martha's Vineyard history, school committee manning, and gardening. A rose fiend, every time he sells a story he buys more rose bushes. The Houghs experimentally tried returning to the city some years ago. Their country roots could not be cut. Back they fled to Martha.

**This week's cover:** Chow Time. Miss Marion Meltzer of New York City, aged nine—months, that is—frisked with Fuzzy, the puppy chow from the pet shop, until Constance Bannister got the most unposed possible—and clicked! Glamorette Meltzer has been working since she was five months old; is unafraid of animals; tried to bite Fuzzy (Baby Bites Dog!); is a good (noncrying) baby.

The photogenic Miss Bannister is a hillbilly from Tennessee, a crack shot at photographing babies. . . . Has a mama's patience, gets her subjects to mug disingenuously by anticking with them on all fours till they imitate her, tickles them with a feather on a long stick for laughs, and never snaps at them. . . .

TED SHANE



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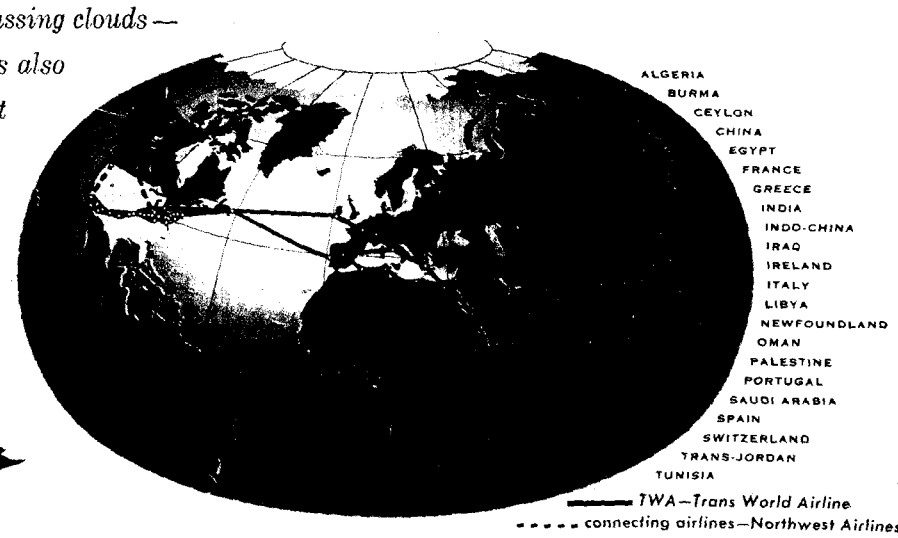
# *Scene from Upstairs*

*This is the skyfarer's world, called "upstairs." This is where your Starliner treats you to a high and mighty view of things — to the kaleidoscopic scenes the sun paints on passing clouds — to airmanship and courtesies born of trans world training. This is also where your top-flight comfort brings to mind how much more pleasant such travel is than that which earth-bound travelers know — how much more considerate all the way, from our reservation desk's first friendly "hello" to your hostess's farewell when you deplane. Small wonder that today, from the ground up, flying is the way to travel and TWA the way to fly.*

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Ship TWA—Every flight carries airfreight

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# ROOTS

BY

HAMLEN HUNT

"I've got to go into town, Hanne," Captain Moore said. "Would you like to come with me?"

**Their answer to the world's indifference was their love for each other**

SEND him in, of course," Jesse Moore told his assistant, and while he waited for the old man, he felt with his finger the earth around a small ivy plant that stood on his desk. It was damp enough. The sun fell on it through the window that overlooked the great bare patch of earth that had once been a parade ground. The plant ought to grow. And thinking of the plant and its growth, he thought of his people, his job.

Jesse Moore had had to reduce the enormous problem of the displaced persons camp, of which he was director, into some form he could grasp and deal with: compare it to something familiar in his experience as a professor at the Iowa State University. He had a mind that dealt well with the specific, but he was not able to do small bits of dissociated work, however useful; he needed an idea of the whole purpose in order to keep himself going.

So he had come to think of the camp outside Landsberg as a capsule, thick-walled, membranous, a closed vessel containing seeds, which were people. They had been rescued from concentration camps and captured cities all over middle Europe; this place where they were fed and housed and medically treated had seemed good to the displaced persons at first —but as months grew into years, and they could not seem to find their way back into the world, they grew restive and frightened and angry, as did Jesse Moore.

He heard the old man at his office door, and he thought: What else can I do? I've climbed braided red tape, hand over hand, but when I get near the top, someone takes a pair of scissors and cuts. I have to keep starting over again, and each time it's harder. I've lost hope; I can't work that way. Somebody else will have to take over, because the first of next month, I'm sending in my resignation. The report I'm working on can just as well be a final report, to go with my quitpapers.

"Hello, Mr. Abrams," he said. "Come in and sit down. Have a cup of coffee with me."

Expertly, he made two cups of coffee with prepared powder and hot water from the kettle he kept on top of the stove.

"That's good," said Mr. Abrams. "I came to see, what news?"

Jesse Moore looked at Mordecai Abrams and, in the way he had, he thought of one as standing for many; he thought of all the old scholars in his charge. Then he looked down at his clouded cup of coffee. "No news," he said. "I heard the President made a speech, but all his proposals bog down in the Senate. I suppose you heard, too."

"Still, I hoped," said Mr. Abrams, and the cup shook in his hands.

Mordecai Abrams had run away from the czar's conscription, long ago, and had settled in what was then Lithuania, in a farming community. All his life he had taught a poor country school. *Just like you and me, Paul,* Jesse Moore wrote home to a friend in Iowa City. *Never earned much, but had a decent life, teaching the young. His own family grew up, he had grandchildren. Now they're all dead of beatings, or starvation or the gas chamber, and he (the old twisted root, he calls himself) is still alive. How or why, he doesn't know. He thinks perhaps he'll live to get to Palestine, a country he has no use for (church should be separate from state, he says, as in America) but it is a refuge,*

*(Continued on page 48)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

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# SPARE THE CHILD

## BY HOWARD WHITMAN

**Out in Kansas there's a school that has twice as many teachers as children. The purpose of all these people is to learn and tell others—including psychologists, teachers and you and me—why children behave like brats**

*When children arrive at Southard School they tear the place apart as this shot of the front staircase shows. Note shadow of boys fighting at right. Nobody interferes*

AT FIRST you think it is bedlam. A teen-age girl kicks out a window in an upstairs bedroom. Two boys spill a bucket of varnish down the front staircase. Several children display flaxen streaks in their hair, where they have doused it with peroxide. A small boy dashes off the veranda and sets fire to dry grass in the yard. A girl hurls a teacup across the dining room.

Incredibly enough, this is a scientific laboratory. Its purpose is to shed more light on the age-old, baffling question: How do you make children grow up into better people than their parents were? From this red-roofed mansion, the Southard School, in Topeka, Kansas, have come some of the nation's foremost discoveries in child psychology—new ideas of behavior, discipline, personality development. Much of the progressive education movement has been built upon Southard's basic research; and many of the harum-scarum extremes of the same movement have been debunked there.

The Southard School, a part of the nonprofit Menninger Foundation, learns about well children by studying the sick ones. Not the physically sick. In fact, the children at Southard look perfectly whole. They may be brats, but they're healthy. Yet beneath their loose blue sweaters and bright lumberjackets they carry the worst kind of wounds. They are emotional cripples, children who by the misfortune of lubberly parents and/or cruel experience are all but done in before they have had a chance to grow up.

Intellectually the youngsters at Southard are average or superior. But in the dimension of the human being we call *personality*, they are bent and broken. Some are withdrawn, almost never speak. Some are wild, brutish and intractable. Some are as stubborn as mules; some weep at the drop of a hat. Some suffer from depressions or nightmares.

In its twenty-two years the Southard School has coped with child disorders which make the problems we have with our own children seem like very undersized potatoes. Yet the know-how which Southard has developed can help all of us—with big problems, small problems, even with the day-to-day vagaries of our "disgustingly normal" children.

Southard's findings have gone out to children's institutions, pediatricians and child psychologists from Maine to Oregon, guiding and setting the pace for the baffling and endlessly complex business of bringing up children. Its work can be compared with a laboratory which operates in the realm of pure science. Like Dr. Fleming and his discovery of penicillin, the Topeka doctors are striving for the initial discoveries; they leave the mass production to others.

Thus the Southard School, in startling reverse ratio to most institutions for children, has a good many more staff members than it has children. Its psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers and therapists outnumber the children two to one. In contrast to state and county institutions whose usual half a dozen professional workers are swamped by hundreds of child patients, the Southard School

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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firmly limits its enrollment to twenty-five children at a time—and it hand-picks these from hundreds of applications, choosing the cases which pose the knottiest problems.

The school is in an old Kansas mansion with many gables and a sweeping white-pillared veranda. It sets back from the main highway on the edge of Topeka, its grounds rambling with wild grass.

One gets the feeling of an overgrown family, with children of all sizes doing pretty much as they please: swinging in the old tire that hangs from a tree, chasing one another screamingly around the veranda, strewing newspapers all over the living room, charging up and down the stairs, inscribing the walls of their rooms with "Hubba Hubba" in lavender paint.

There was a black scrawl on the wall of the recreation room, reading with terseness and simplicity, "Murphy stinks." One of the resident doctors, Dr. Robert C. Murphy, Jr., doesn't mind this a bit. He hasn't lifted a finger to remove it. Compared to epithets directed at other members of the staff, including Dr. Edward Greenwood, the director, this is so mild as to qualify as faint praise.

My greeting from one of the children, an attractive girl in her teens, was, "What did you come to a crumby joint like this for, sucker?"

While I was there, three of the other girls went on a rampage one evening, finally dragging their bedclothes out on the roof of the veranda and going to sleep there. There were also a couple of runaways during my visit, but this is old stuff and the police around Topeka are well accustomed to toting the Southard chicks back to the roost.

You may get the idea that discipline is nonexistent at the Southard School. Or you may say, as a friend of mine did, "I'd like to have those kids for just one week. Believe me, I'd get them into line."

"A good many visitors think we have a hodgepodge here," Dr. Greenwood allows. "I don't think we can avoid that impression. What we are trying to provide is an absorptive environment."

### Five Steps Back to Normal Living

This is basic to the Southard School method. Step No. 1 in its scientific treatment of emotional ills is to open the safety valves and let the children get rid of pent-up steam. Step No. 2—if you can shoehorn Southard's extremely malleable method into a formula—would be the acceptance of the children for what they are: sick human beings. The warmth and love they receive at Southard melts the shell of defiance which many a child builds for himself if he thinks nobody wants him around. Step No. 3 is treatment. Psychoanalysis and other forms of psychotherapy are provided so that children can find out why they are emotionally ill and eventually gain the insight which restores their health.

Step No. 4 is education, in which wrecked and twisted school careers are reshaped. Mental and emotional blocks (which parents may have mistaken for stupidity or stubbornness) are removed so that children can learn again. And Step No. 5 is readjustment in which they are prepared for a return to normal living, normal discipline, normal rules in family, school and community.

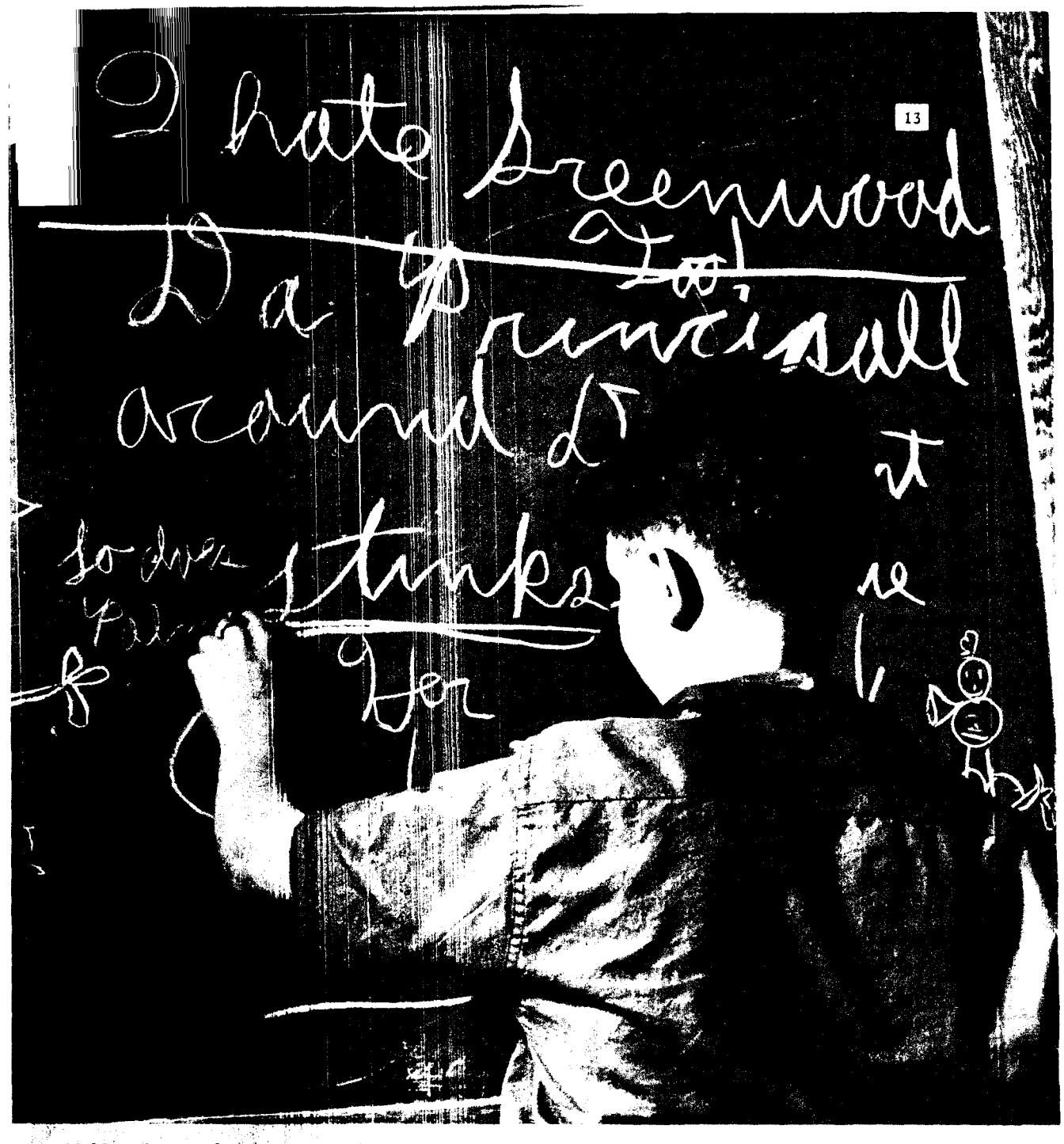
Ranging in age from five to fifteen, Southard's children come from all over the country and enroll for an indefinite period. Most of them are ready to go home after eleven to thirteen months. Let's see how Southard's experts handle them:

Many children arrive at the school tensed up inside like soda siphons. A slight touch is enough to break out a stream of pent-up hostility. Southard lets that hostility out, and thus relieves the pressure inside. Physically the big mansion is fitted out to take a beating. The staff fully expect that the children will rip the place up, so they employ a handy man whose job is to wander around and repair the damage the youngsters wreak. Emotionally the staff are as absorptive of punishment as the house. I heard one of the recreational workers called a "cock-eyed, flea-bitten skunk" and he did not wince. He coolly replied, "Am I as bad as all that?"

"Some things which seem like pure cussedness are not that at all," Dr. Greenwood points out. "The children are simply testing their environment. If the environment can keep its lid on, everything will be all right."

Gradually, from the seeming anarchy in the beginning, the children are weaned back to the kind of normal, everyday discipline *(Continued on page 41)*






**Children frequently take out their** hostility toward the world by scribbling on walls and blackboards. In **this case "Greenwood" is Dr. E**dward Greenwood, school director, who quickly wins the youngsters' love

**When a new boy is admitted** to the school he meets the staff at a conference. Informality is the note as **Dr. Greenwood, right, questions** the child. Lack of tight discipline lets new arrivals blow off steam

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# FINIAN'S ANGELS

**BY ROBERT D'AMBRY**

**Things in Glocca Morra are very good indeed for the backers of Finian's Rainbow, who are more numerous than the performers**

WHEN the musical, Finian's Rainbow, opened in New York on a cold night last January, warming both critic and spectator with its exuberance, there were two things unusual about it. First, it was an original idea, and second, it turned out to have more backers than any other show currently playing on Broadway. In fact, it was rumored that almost half the people in the opening-night audience were angels. This may have been a slight exaggeration, but that there are at least 100 Finian backers is no fantasy.

Officially, Producer Lee Sabinson's books list only 46 people as having filled the $200,000 crock of gold needed to produce the musical, each putting up sums ranging from $2,000 to $50,000. Actually, the money furnished by these "big" angels was in many cases rounded out by subscriptions from "little" angels in amounts as small as $50.

How some of these little A's got so pixie as to invest in a musical about Dixie and Glocca Morra is a tale mostly of innocents a-Broadway.

It happened sometime last autumn during the closing stages of a hectic money-raising campaign. At a midtown hotel Authors Yip Harburg and Fred Saidy, Composer Burton Lane and Producer Sabinson, all men of generous proportions, had sung, jigged and declaimed a half inch off their ample girths in efforts to arouse the checkbook in dubious-eyed money men, but still the till wasn't quite full.

"A cracked Irishman and his daughter! Leprechauns! A crock of gold! Social satire! Phooey!" seemed to sum up the attitude of many professional theatrical backers as they backed out the door.

A conference was called. Coffee and other stimulating drinks were downed in quantity without any good ideas coming up until Lee Sabinson exclaimed: "We've called on all of the backers we know. Now why don't we call on just friends?"

One of the friends Sabinson called on was Gertrude Appelbaum, production assistant to Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse, better known to her fabulous employers and show business as "Apple."

Apple thought the book, lyrics and music of Finian's Rainbow were "just grand." Now the question was: "How many grand would she have to raise?" The answer was "Two," along with the admonishment to get it up quickly as the money was needed to pay for the props.

Apple didn't have two thousand in cash lying around at the moment, so she made a few phone calls, wrote letters and visited a few solvent friends. Her sales talk went like this:

"Finian's Rainbow is a great show. Would you like to be an angel and lose anywhere from $50 to $500 backing it?"

It was sure-fire. The $2,000 rolled in just as easily as if the checks called for payment in stage money.

There was a check from a young lady talent scout who had enlisted in the Army as a private and had worked her way up to captain. Another from the owner of an advertising agency who works closely with theater people. A seaman, formerly in the Merchant Marine, put up $50 in the name of his wife and daughter. A chemist in a paper mill in Milwaukee, who had always wanted to back a play, rushed his check in by air mail.

There was more money from an attorney and a buyer in a department store, both of New Bedford, Massachusetts. There were even checks from three actors. One was a film player, Charles Korvin. Another was David Brooks, now doing very well in another Broadway musical, Brigadoon.

Of course, Apple by this time had done such a good job of selling that she followed it up with something unheard of in approved money-raising circles. She kicked in with some of her own hard-earned dollars.

For many of these folks this is the first venture into the risky realm of play-backing. The sinking sensation and doubt which gripped most of them before the all-important opening night are now long gone and forgotten. Today their favorite pastime is trying to figure out how much they'll get back in profits.

They dream fondly of Life with Father, which paid off at the rate of 60 to 1, and Arsenic and Old Lace, which returned 25 to 1. But those plays were produced in prewar days. Costs of getting a show on the Broadway boards have risen from 60 to 100 per cent. And audiences are more discriminating and dollar-conscious. Even a show as successful as Annie Get Your Gun had to run a year before its initial costs were paid off.

I happen to be among the lower-bracket angels. So my wife, taking these things into consideration, figured a return of 10 to 1 as conservative enough to purchase a fur coat out of the dyed-skunk class. Park Avenue thoughts had been causing her pretty face to glow for several days until the phone rang one evening. It was Apple. She said:

"Isn't it wonderful! It looks now as if you'll get back at least double on your Finian investment."

And this with tickets selling six months in advance! Well, after all, is skunk bad? ★★★

**Seven of Finian's angels beam down as David Wayne (kneeling, center), Anita Alvarez (in tree), Donald Richards and Dorothy Claire (right foreground) join the ensemble to show what happens When the Idle Poor Become the Idle Rich**

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

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# THE CHAINED GATE

**BY JOHN RICHARD HUMPHREYS**

**There was a chained gate in Jack Vanhoven's mind, a barrier against marriage. Fran was on the other side**

JACK, the Vanhovens' oldest boy, drove the car down the highway to the crossing and turned in the wide gravel driveway of "No-Credit" Merton's general store. He drove past the locked red gas pumps and pulled up beside the two-story building, yanking the hand brake tight.

It was summer dusk.

He sat in the car for several minutes, glaring at the side of the building, feeling not the slightest elation at the thought of the night ahead with Fran. The boards of the building were pearl-white in the soft gray air, enclosing inner rooms with a silent intensity: the way, it seemed to Jack, that marriage imprisoned human beings.

He felt depressed and cursed himself, the car, and everything in his sight. He wanted to curse Fran, too, though nothing was really her fault. It was just himself and the damned general thought of marriage to Fran, or anyone.

He had a lot of fun with Fran, too, maybe more than he'd ever had in his life before. But he thought of all the guys he knew who had married their girls because they thought that fun would go on forever. It didn't. It never did. And he knew that things were going too far—now that he'd begun to look forward too much to seeing Fran in the evening. He couldn't keep side-stepping the subject of marriage much longer. A clean break had to be made with Fran tonight, before the thing had him trapped.

Jack got out of the car, shoving the door shut with his elbow. He was a tall, large-boned young man in a powder-blue suit that fitted tightly under his arms and down along his legs—a suit carefully purchased at a secondhand store a year before he stopped growing; and he had not grown in four years. He had steel-rimmed glasses for a stolid Dutch face, and eyes like an intelligent work animal's: tamed, shrewd, restively independent.

He walked toward the rear of the store, his wide shoulders hunched and gigantically rounded, not slouched, but forged and drawn to shape by constant work, by a furious strength impounded groundward to his father's farmland.

Around behind the building, board-covered stairs slanted to the second floor. Going up he could smell the food cooked that evening for dinner, and among the odors, the fumes of a kerosene stove.

Jack stopped at the top in the kitchen light that came out through the screen door and around him to edge his shadow and color the wooden, cavelike walls of the stairway. The kitchen had already been cleared and the dishes washed. Fran's father, a short, fat-swelled man, sat at the kitchen table, his balding head bent under the tiny tin bell at the end of the light string.

Jack opened the screen door and went inside. "How-do, Mr. Merton. Fran around?" The room, behind all its walls, seemed laced with dynamite charges, wired and switched for Mr. Merton's delaying hand. Jack felt sorry for the man.

Mr. Merton had the evening paper spread out over the table top. He held a large pair of shears. When he raised his head his eyelids drooped slightly above his swelling cheekbones, slipping down over his eyeballs with weariness and not slyness. "Hello there, Jack. What's new up your way?"

"Nothing much," Jack said.

Mr. Merton looked down at the paper. "Just cutting out my daughter's wedding notice."

Jack said nothing immediately, trying to think of something to say that would sound just right, knowing how Mr. Merton felt. Everyone knew: His oldest daughter, Marion, had married the father—or perhaps a father—of her baby a month after its birth.

"In tonight's paper?" Jack said.

"That's right." Mr. Merton finished cutting, and folded the paper back. The shears glittered in the kitchen light, the blades flashing. "I'm a sentimental man. Like to have little keepsakes."

Jack stepped toward the table and asked respectfully, "Is Fran about ready?"

Mr. Merton leaned back in his chair and shouted through the dining room toward the living room, sounding out the far bedroom where the girl's voice came back: "Be there in a minute."

"Better have a cup, Jack. That'll be the longest sixty seconds you ever counted, if I know *women*." He stressed the word with a weary contempt. "Just don't hold your breath."

In a pistonlike movement, Jack sat down at the table. Mr. Merton got up and went over to the stove and came back with the pot and another cup and spoon. He set them down in front of Jack, beside the sugar bowl and the can of condensed milk. There were white rings in the blue-checked oilcloth, cup-sized. Jack poured his own coffee.

"Where you kids going tonight?"

Jack stirred the coffee without looking up. "Downtown to a show, I thought." Jack held his head over the cup to hide anything his eyes might disclose of the gin-spiked ginger ale, the hot dogs and marshmallows hidden below the rug on the back-seat floor of his car. They were well out of sight just in case Mr. Merton came outside when they left, and just happened to glance in the back of the car. The steam of the coffee came up around Jack's face like Mr. Merton's hot eyes and thoughts tracking down the truth. Jack moved his head away from the dark, fuming liquid.

While they drank their coffee, and Jack waited for Fran, Mr. Merton spoke bitterly of the broken pavement in front of the store, complaining angrily of the highway department. But Mr. Merton's mind didn't seem to be on the road.

WHEN his wife came to the kitchen door and said wouldn't the living room be more comfortable, without looking around Mr. Merton said, "I'm satisfied right here. How about you, Jack?"

Jack was puzzled as he nodded and said, "Sure."

Then, finishing his coffee, Jack heard someone running up the stairway. He set his cup down and Fran's little sister came in the room, throwing the screen open. She had heavy, brown-paper-covered books in her arms. She was breathing heavily, faint sounds of fear passing in and out through her lips.

Quickly, she moved in a divelike slip around Jack's chair toward the dining room. Mr. Merton pinned her: "Just a minute. Come here, young miss."

Jack knew then Mr. Merton had been sitting at the kitchen table, facing the doorway, waiting for her a long time.

"Did you hear me? Come here!"

Like a quick, coasting light following sound, Fran came through the dining room. She came up swiftly behind her little sister and the girl stepped as quickly to one side as Fran stepped into the kitchen. Her hair curled in dark, fresh ringlets across her forehead, and she wore a new, red-striped sport dress. She stepped into the kitchen silence, long-legged, thin-figured, with a face more expressive than she realized.

Jack stood up, seeing as he arose the resentment in the two reflecting faces of Fran and her father. The father, Jack knew, resented the dark curls on the girl's forehead, resented even her face. Mr. Merton's lips began to move before he spoke. He was looking at Fran, trying to control himself. "At least let's see if you can't get home at a decent hour, and without lying."

Fran's face turned white first, and then gradually red from the throat upward. Her eyes grew larger and darker.

She paced rapidly across the kitchen, without answering, and went out the door. Jack followed, taking a last look in the kitchen as he shut the screen. Fran's little sister stood timidly by her father, the schoolbooks still in her arms. Her eyes were large; not with anger. She and her father looked at Jack. The screen clapped shut, and Jack went down the stairs behind Fran with the feeling he was still back in the kitchen.

BEFORE they reached the bottom of the stairs Fran's sister began screaming and sobbing. Along with the crack of Mr. Merton's hand they heard the jiggling of the kitchen floor and the scuffling sounds of feet. At the bottom of the steps Fran turned around and started back. Jack grabbed her arm.

The scuffling stopped and they heard the crying of the girl go back toward the far end of the house, her sobs fading.

Fran's hand relaxed on the banister. Jack tugged her arm and she turned. They walked across the ground, through the darkness, to the car. Jack held her arm, the night air cool on his fingers.

"That's my pop." Her words were proud, wound tightly with sarcasm, as they always were when she tried to tie her feelings in with a wisecrack, trying deceptively to make people think she was emotionally tough, beyond being hurt.

Jack got into the car and opened the door on her side. She wouldn't get in. "He doesn't have to treat us this way just because Marion got herself in a jam. What does he think we are? He didn't have to hit her. She skipped school this afternoon."

"Let's go," Jack said. He wanted to leave quickly.

"Did he ask you where we were going?"

"I said maybe to a show."

She glared at the building, and then stepped up and sat down beside Jack. She shut the door, and as Fran took her hand from the handle a drop of water seemed to fall through the hollow of Jack's body and never hit bottom. He almost decided not to drive the twenty miles to Lake Michigan. He could tell her they were through just as well after a show. He could break things off after a show just as well.

He had what he later called a "funny feeling" that they shouldn't go, that *(Continued on page 32)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

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In his fury he straddled the chain and threw his feet up against the post. Fran watched him helplessly

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# THE END OF THE WORLD STRIKES OIL

**BY CARLETON BEALS**

**It's a great day down at the tip of South America as boom towns spring up and gushers dot the sheep ranches. Tens of thousands of prospectors are moving into this forgotten part of the globe, and there's even a tourist rush under way**

ROBERT GERSTMANN

**The sun broke through heavy storm clouds and momentarily illuminated this Dantesque scene, the face of a glacier at the end of the South American continent. Here new icebergs are born as sections of the glacier break away and plunge into the sea**

CHILE recently drilled the southernmost oil well in the world. The derrick rises in the rolling sheep meadows of Tierra del Fuego—Fireland—below historic Strait of Magellan. About the near-by ports of Porvenir and Punta Arenas, in bars and gambling joints, you see booted, sheep-jacketed oilmen, a breed previously unknown hereabouts.

"Hell," said one touslehead. "The whole Isla Grande floats on oil."

Isla Grande, the biggest island in the Fireland archipelago, is twice as big as the Netherlands.

A freckled Scotch sheepman spoke up. His burred accent clashed against the soft Spanish like changing gears. "With my own eyes I've seen *chapopote* (tar seepage) down near Cape Ewan, a hundred miles on south."

"They'll be drilling wells right out in the Loma Bay mud flats." claimed the other. "Ever see the rainbow scum at sunrise?"

A half-breed herder rolled a cigarette and wiped his palm on his baggy Gaucho trousers. "Oil isn't the half of it," he said solemnly. "When they crack the Darwin Range on south, they'll find every metal known, uranium too, mark my words. Then watch the scramble."

Fireland these days is full of such wild conjectures.

A Yugoslav storekeeper in Porvenir on the strait—and mostly it is a Yugoslav town — shook his bullethead knowingly. "You come like I did 23 years ago to a bleak empty place, and it's been hard, but look at the little burg now! The guys who first came here and called this wilderness spot Porvenir—Future—knew their onions. The country is filling up, population doubled in ten years. And now with oil and a few other things . . ."

Today Punta Arenas, which started as a tough Chilean prison colony, is a singular combination of the primitive frontier and modernity. It is a cosmopolitan city. Besides Spanish, Indian dialects and much English, one hears Russian, Yugoslav, French, German, Norwegian, Chinese.

The city has electricity, telephones, wireless and cable services, an airfield, paved streets, half a dozen movie palaces, a regular theater, and one of the most comfortable provincial hotels in South America. The stores are showy and well stocked; there are restaurants and many tearooms. A morning daily, Prensa Austral, presents the latest international cable news as promptly as does New York. The Museum of Natural History, Ethnology and Anthropology is important and painstakingly catalogued. The best-appointed British club in all Chile is found here.

There's a mean, whistling wind down here, that eternal pestiferous Patagonian wind that sweeps the plains free of trees and keeps the *coirón* grass combed all one way. Sometimes in drier Argentina, the wind brings dust clouds. Sometimes it whirls down cutting ice particles off the mountaintops.

### Winters Not Too Severe

There's no real hot summer here. It's kind of chilly always, but you get in horse racing and football, and in Punta Arenas you can play golf nearly all year—the most southern golf course in the world. Winters here are not too tough. Now and then there's a little snow, but it melts right off. Punta Arenas, the chief port in this way-south world, has milder winters than the Connecticut shore line. In upper Patagonia you often get forty- or fifty-degree winter averages, few frosts.

Four centuries ago Magellan, passing through this area, named it Patagonia—"Big Foot Land"—after the enormous feet of the gigantic natives he found north of the strait and who now are almost extinct. The first Big Foot he met swilled down a bucket of water at a gulp and wolfed a whole hamper of sea biscuits.

Tourists are much catered to here. Venders and stores display ostrich robes, leather goods, carved ostrich and guanaco bones, precious stones, beads, and the inevitable painted shells. Muskrat, silver fox, guanaco and sable furs are on sale. At the docks an insistent mestizo, with droopy mustache, insists on carving your name and portrait on bones or a sheep skull—or, if you prefer, he will etch in a nude mermaid.

Soccer, tennis and golf matches are important annual events. Five miles away on a snow mountain are an excellent ski refuge and ski run, and the local ski club is quite a social institution. There are touring and explorers' clubs, and membership in the superefficient volunteer firemen's corps is considered a social honor open only to the elite, that includes bids to fine balls and the right to wear a gaudy uniform and gold helmet. A carnival in May is celebrated by special costumes and the hurling of colored eggs filled with cologne water. The more hilarious and ambitious manage to get hold of an ostrich egg or two, and



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Spectators at a Chilean rodeo wear the traditional poncho and remain on horseback during the entire performance. The cowboys are called "huasos"

when one bursts over your pate you won't forget it.

You can now reach Punta Arenas by plane in nine hours from Santiago, by frequent steamers from Valparaiso and Buenos Aires, by air and auto or train and auto from Buenos Aires. De luxe trains run out of Buenos Aires for the beautiful Patagonian lake region. On my train none of the sleeping cars dated earlier than 1943. Travelers continuing south to the Chilean border are transferred to blue and silver de luxe busses with reserved seats—a five-day run to Gallegos. Dilapidated touring cars carry on to Natales and Punta Arenas in Chile.

### Boat Service to Cape Horn

Buenos Aires runs a special excursion boat that threads the most hidden south channels clear to Cape Horn. Otherwise local visitors must hire special boats or take passage on coal boats or the government Coast Guard cutters.

Back of the central plaza in Punta Arenas extends the tin-roofed workers' quarters, and mostly the port is a solid workmen's town: coal miners from Loreto and other mines five miles inland, employees of packing plants, small foundries, garages and gas stations, carpenter shops, tanneries and so on.

Everywhere there are bars, for here casual workers, *rotos* (seasonal workers), miners, prospectors, lumberjacks, the sailors of five continents, and now, oilmen, breeze in to blow off steam after lonely back-country stretches. Gambling is illegal but flourishing, stakes high, and there is agitation to establish a city-owned casino like that at swank Viña del Mar farther north. The dance halls and *casas alegres*, with the castoff women of Buenos Aires, are notorious. As in sheep and cattle towns in Wyoming and Oklahoma, the police don't much bother those who take their pleasures in a really determined mood. It's all right to shoot at the stars but not at your neighbor. It's all right to whoop, but not in the main plaza.

"The inflation?" A local storekeeper frowned at the question.

"Bad . . . bad . . ." he said. "We can't get things we need. Autos, trucks, hardware are tight, but Chile is making nearly all her own electrical goods now. And we always get cheap wood and coal. Plenty of mutton to eat, cheap as all get out."

He was certainly right about mutton. In Patagonia, beef is rarely seen, but you eat mutton even for breakfast. You eat it stewed, hashed, grilled, roasted, pickled; you eat it barbecued, from pits of red-hot stones. But folks are now beginning to eat chickens and eggs, too. One of the world's biggest poultry farms now sits right on the Strait of Magellan.

The nearest oil wells to the new Chilean fields are 450 miles north in central Argentine Patagonia: the great Comodoro Rivadavia field on the Gulf of St. George at the edge of sheep and ostrich plains that stretch west to the great snow-draped Andes. All the Rivadavia derricks gleam silver on the plain, with fresh aluminum paint—typical Argentine neatness and pride.

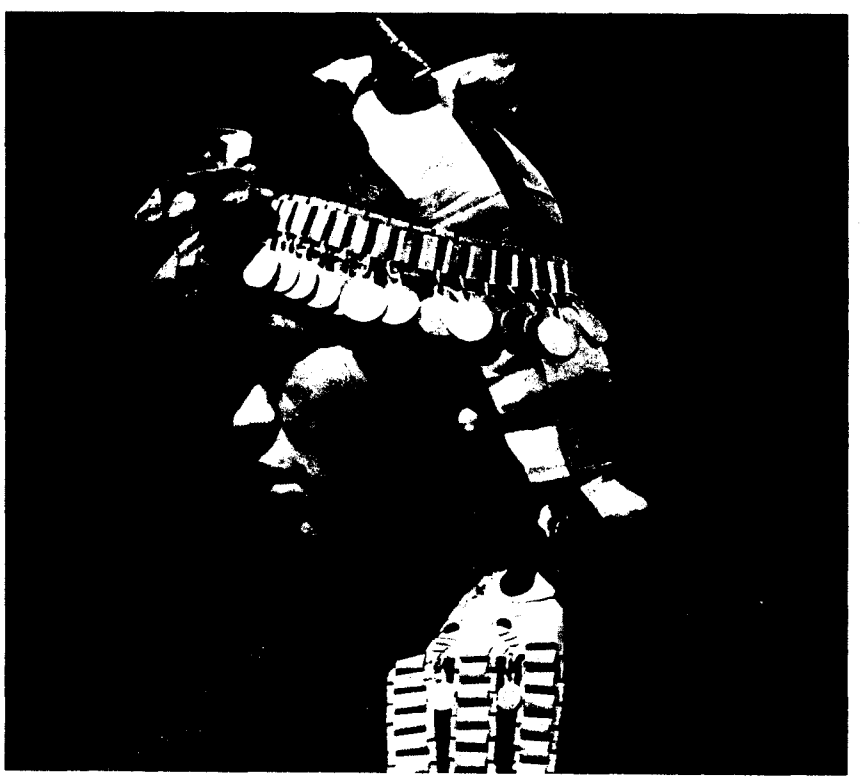
Now, since the Fireland strike, many technicians believe the whole intervening region may produce oil. Hard pressed for fuel during the war days, Argentina brought in new wells fifty miles south of the established Rivadavia field and boosted production 30 per cent. Certainly, also, the eastern folds of the Andes are rich in oil. The new inland Blue Goose Dome in Peru is reported to be one of the world's greatest, and the Neuquén field, north of Argentina's most beautiful lake country, lies in the northwest corner of Patagonia.

Chilean government experts believe also that much of Pacific Coast Patagonia has oil. The oil is deep but apparently is there. The new Springhill well in Fireland came in at 7,280 feet —a light oil, rich in gasoline and lubricants.

That strike caused more excitement than a new comet. Never again, cried the newspapers gleefully, will Chile

*(Continued on page 38)*

The eternal Patagonian tempest rages around these peaks of the Paine Cordillera range where wind and weather are so fickle they change every minute



Araucanian women wear heavy silver ornaments handed down from mother to daughter. The silver coins on this girl's headdress date back centuries



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# THE STUDY OF MAN

**Theoda was studying the customs and culture of the native population, with particular reference to the courting habits—as exemplified by Rufus Nutter, the guy next door**

**BY HENRY BEETLE HOUGH**

THE hammock was faded and slouchy, and there were gaps in the adorning fringes; it was slung between two locust posts on the south side of the oldest house in the village of Baddow, and from it on any evening you could see the sunset, the Atlantic Ocean, and the early history of the Republic.

"Ex*cuse* me," murmured Barlow Crane politely, as he slid down for the fourth time against Theoda.

"Don't mind," said Theoda. "I suppose we could sit somewhere else, but I think it's nicer on this side of the house, don't you?"

"I couldn't truthfully say," remarked Barlow. "I don't get a chance to notice anything. I'm too busy trying to stay at my end of the hammock."

Even as he spoke they slid inexorably toward each other again and began to settle gently together. Barlow's knees rose mysteriously.

"Um," he said.

"I'm glad you're more comfortable. It's a ridiculous old hammock, but Daddy is very fond of it because chairs don't fit him well and this always does. I think he courted Mummy bagged up on this very hammock the way we are now."

Barlow Crane rose as if he had been touched off with an electric spark, just as Theoda was shoving delicately to make the hammock sway as if rocked by an ocean zephyr. The ropes creaked, the reaction from Barlow's swift ascent magnified the zephyr into a squall, and Theoda went over backward, bare legs twinkling in the orange twilight.

However, she did not lose her self-possession. Her last thought as equilibrium slid away was what on earth she could have said to frighten a big guy like Barlow.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said he, helping her up, and then with transparent lack of candor, "I was just trying to get at my lighter. Cigarette?"

"The Yale people ought to give refresher courses in hammock management," said Theoda.

"Are you hurt?"

"Only in my higher sensibilities. Yes, I will have a cigarette."

"What's over there?" Barlow inquired, and together they walked to the white fence beyond which the land fell away toward the shore.

"That," said Theoda without enthusiasm, "is the home place of the Nutters. It's usually just crawling with them."

"What are Nutters?"

"People. Newcomers, actually. They settled here around 1690, whereas we Bearses had walked off the boat in 1642."

"Why do you call them Nutters?"

"Because that is their name," said Theoda. She was looking furtively for signs of Rufus Nutter, who had figured so largely and warmly in her old-style dreams—though she told herself she had never adored him.

"Oh, I see. I thought maybe it was their occupation. New England is all strange to me, you know."

She knew. She had met Barlow twice in the Pacific, once when they had occupied the same bus in Honolulu for twenty minutes, and once when they had eaten C-rations together while sitting in the tail end of a truck overlooking a nameless atoll. Theoda had been with the USO at the time, and he had been a brawny military figure. Meeting him under such circumstances had done something to her, and the second time had shown how the world is operated in accordance with a great design.

He hailed from Butte, Montana, which influenced her a lot, since—to anyone brought up in Baddow—everything west of Chicago was rugged. She imagined him swinging a major part of the Pacific victory in person, but she learned later that he had fought only occasionally. Between engagements he had found plenty of time on his hands and had become interested in studying the primitive peoples. Then, separated from the Army, he had finished college and had at last come East for graduate work at Yale. He was becoming an anthropologist by degrees, as Theoda punningly put it.

She had learned something of the science herself; she and Barlow had corresponded since their second meeting, and she had no intention of living tamely at home with her memories, like an eagle grounded after a single flight, so long as she could keep in with the real thing. As for Rufus Nutter, it would be unfair to encourage him further. He was obviously not a part of the great design.

"You could come up for week ends," she said.

"What?" Barlow was startled.

"I mean if you *do* decide to do your thesis around an anthropological study of our village. I mean—the setup is perfect."

"Nothing of the kind has ever been done, so far as I know," said Barlow. "It is one thing to apply the scientific method to a tribal community in New Guinea, and another to apply it to a segment of our own society."

"That's hitting the nail squarely on the toes," said Theoda.

"Please don't confuse me," said Barlow. "I'm giving the matter serious thought." His brow furrowed.

"Yes," he said after a long, pensive moment, "I think I'll do it. Will you help me?"

"It's what I had in mind."

"The possibilities are challenging. My approach will be without preconception. Oh, of course I know about New England repressions and taciturnity and—conservatism."

"I suppose we have quite a bunch of that."

"Mark Twain said New England was a finished place, if I remember rightly."

"Let's finish it, anyhow," said Theoda.

THE details of Barlow's project began to fill in. Of course, he said, there was a good deal he couldn't hope to include, but the study could be a sort of trial flight for his career. He could run up at frequent intervals and stop at the inn, and meantime . . .

"I'll make notes," said Theoda.

"That's just what I was going to suggest."

"In fact I'll keep a regular journal, and put in everything, even the way personality reacts to culture up here . . ." She felt just a little like a traitor, but Barlow was grinning.

"Splendid," he said, and began to instruct Theoda in certain lines of anthropological observation.

Her mind wandered from the general, which was the subject of his dissertation, to the particular, which he represented on the hoof. He was a big guy, with crisp dark hair such as might have been worn by a bison, and Western blue eyes like the noonday sky over the Rockies. Theoda inferred these comparisons, for her single flight, naturally, had not taken in everything.

ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS

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She had reached the point of asking herself, for the twentieth time: Doesn't he recognize encouragement when he sees it—or haven't I been encouraging enough for Montana?

"Do you think you can keep the fundamentals in mind?"

"Sure," said Theoda. "Anthropology is the study of man."

"What? Oh, yes, that is fundamental, isn't it?"

"You said it, brother," said Theoda.

"Funny, you don't talk like a New Englander."

"I'm trying hard not to," said Theoda, looking at him meltingly. "Thanks for noticing." . . .

The next morning he entrained for Yale and on arriving home from the station where she had seen him off, and where he had engaged in no warmer adieu than a mild handshake, Theoda observed her mother washing dishes. She was about to avoid the kitchen on the ground of important concerns elsewhere, but a sudden thought held her on the threshold.

"Well?" said Mrs. Bearse.

"Let me help you, Mummy," said Theoda, advancing and selecting an apron from a hook.

"Sure you won't be cabined, cribbled and confined in such narrow surroundings?"

"Not cribbled, cribbed," said Theoda. "It's a quotation and I consider it very apt. However, I am broad-minded and more than glad to remain and help."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Bearse. "I'm afraid I was giving these dishes a narrow-minded washing and a broad-minded washing will be better."

"I will make a note of that," said Theoda.

"What?"

"Folk humor in the relationship aspect. It's anthropology, you know."

"Oh, is it? Well, these are suds," and so saying, Mrs. Bearse allowed the broadening of Theoda's life to drop into the background for a while.

AFTER the noon meal, Theoda visited Snow's Novelty Shop and bought a fat notebook with candy-striped covers. Repairing to the hammock on the south side of the house, she wrote at the top of the first page, "Anthropological Journal," then sat musingly with the blunt end of a fountain pen touching her lips. She wished to record the useful performance of domestic tasks by the young female, this being none other than Theoda Bearse.

While she hesitated and communed, Rufus Nutter approached from the region beyond the fence. He was so lean that his shadow was hardly more than a slit in the sunlight. As she glanced at him, no poetic similes occurred to Theoda. Rufus could be nice, but he was just like anybody.

"There's a good show at the Elite tonight," he said. "I could pick you up around seven-thirty."

Theoda's face lighted for a moment, then she shook her head and muttered, "Unh-unh."

"You had company for the week end?"

"We did. Say, Nutter, why this verbal barrage?"

"Known him long?"

"Practically a lifetime."

"That's good. I figured he might be an old friend."

"Meaning what?"

"Like me. You and I have known each other for two-three hundred years, practically speaking."

"Probably that explains my feeling of fatigue," said Theoda pointedly.

"Where's he from?"

"Montana. He's a breezy Westerner."

"The glass held pretty steady all week end, leastways ours did."

"Well, it was between breezes."

"I guess so. Say, Theoda, remember when we were engaged?"

"Which time?"

"I'm sorry you asked that. I'd hoped they might have all run together in a nice way."

"Nutter, take yourself off," said Theoda. "If you stay around here, I shall have to put you in my journal, which would be bad."

"What journal?"

"It has to do with anthropology and the scientific method. Its pages will give Barlow Crane a lot of day-to-day information concerning our local culture and how the operation *(Continued on page 65)*

**"Nutter," Theoda called, "why don't you go home?" "There is no way you can get me to budge," he said**

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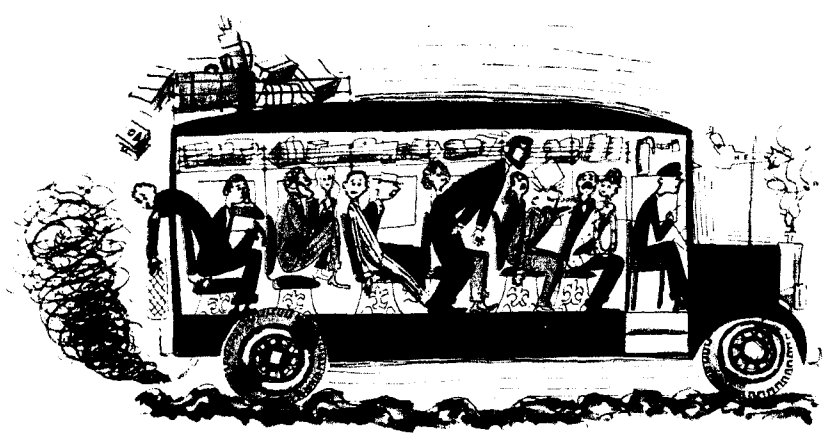
# YOU BUY

**Alarm-clock testing almost caused a Dreyfuss divorce**

**Designers end menaces like affectionate shower curtains**



**New bus design evolved from Raymond Loewy's aching back**

**Nonspill coffee cups for trains is a Loewy triumph**

OF THE 143,000,000 or so people who inhabit the United States, all but 449 take it for granted that it is man's lot to suffer quietly such indignities as: (a) coffee cups that slop over on trains and then drip interesting patterns onto one's tie or dress front; (b) shower curtains that automatically wrap around one like a damp shroud when the water is turned on; (c) typewriter keys that break the fingernails; (d) the crutch, an instrument of torture which hasn't changed in 10,000 years; (e) the ring around the bathtub; and (f) coffee tables on which one cannot set a cup of coffee without courting a sharp blow on the noggin from the hostess.

The 449 exceptions are the men and women of a small profession known as industrial design who are paid fabulous fees to correct these things—for no more idealistic a purpose than increasing the sales of the manufacturers who hire them. An industrial designer named Raymond Loewy, for instance, has rendered other railroad tableware obsolete by coming up with a new cup, bulging at the sides, narrower across the mouth, which can slop only a minimum of coffee on trains—plus a special guttered saucer to absorb the overflow which might result from wrecks, derailments, etc.

Another industrial designer named Henry Dreyfuss has redone the typewriter so that the keys now fit the feminine fingernail. Another, Thomas Lamb, has for the first time built a crutch which follows the contours of the hand and the armpit, so that the agonizing pressure on bundles of nerves is eased. And other designers have proved that if the water drains out of the bathtub in a circular motion (similar to the sink at a dentist's chair), a ring won't form on the tub.

In addition to these comparatively minor items, the industrial designer (for still larger fees) is imparting the modern touch to products ranging from ocean liners and transatlantic planes to department stores and farm machinery. In fact, you can't look around the room in which you are sitting now without spotting a lamp, a fountain pen, a spoon, a radio, a uniform, a color scheme, or any one of a dozen other items which has not felt the recent hand of the industrial designer. The application of his touch invariably seems to result in the rapid enrichment of the manufacturer (and the industrial designer) and causes several million people to say, "Why didn't someone think of that before?"

It also results in mountains of publicity for some of the top designers, who are portrayed in the press as combinations of Leonardo da Vinci, Alexander Graham Bell, and Superman. Henry Dreyfuss, for instance, is often confused with the president of the New York Central because he designed that railroad's crack Twentieth Century Limited. Walter Dorwin Teague has blossomed into an economic expert who writes best sellers on the virtues of the free-enterprise system. Raymond Loewy is considered one of the country's top glamor boys.

As the result of his labors, Mr. Loewy currently possesses: 2 fantastic, Loewy-designed, custom-built cars with Plexiglas tops; 1 fantastic house in Palm Springs, California, the major part of the interior of which is a swimming pool; 1 comparatively orthodox colonial house at Sands Point, Long Island; 1 medium-sized château called La Cense, outside Paris; 1 villa in the south of France; and 2 speedboats which were large enough to be requisitioned as sub chasers by the French government during the war.

Loewy has five modern-designed offices in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, South Bend, London (now combined with the New York office) and São Paulo, Brazil, in which 205 employees labor daily to bring forth new models for the people of the United States, Great Britain and South America. His New York pay roll alone is $85,000 a month, and last year Loewy and his associates grossed a cool $3,000,000. This is not much more than the total rung up respectively by Dreyfuss and Teague, the other two of the Big Three of industrial design.

Like every other profession, there are far less affluent youngsters just getting started, and older men struggling along with minor work for one

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# THEIR DREAMS

**BY BILL DAVIDSON**

or two manufacturers. The take of the profession as a whole, however, is estimated at more than $25,000,000 annually, which is, in any language, a lot of shekels.

This accumulation of wealth has understandably shocked the struggling engineers and architects of the country, and some of those gentlemen snarl vehemently at the industrial designers as "laymen practicing in our professional fields." More and more young architects and engineers, however, are going to work for these well-heeled laymen; and the colleges of the country are beginning to offer such degrees as Carnegie Tech's B.A. in Industrial Design and the University of Illinois' Bachelor of Fine Arts in Industrial Design.

This dawning recognition is applauded by many in the profession who are a little aghast at the more vivid of the glamor boys. Philip McConnell, executive secretary of the Society of Industrial Designers, for instance, has this to say:

"Industrial design has outgrown the stage when the work of a few colorful personalities covered the subject. The big story in industrial design is now the fact that it has established itself as a well-understood professional activity with clear responsibilities and clear limits. This is a less dramatic story than the wonder-working gadget-man story, but is nearer the truth as of 1947."

### Where Designers Come From

The most amazing thing about all this is that a little over twenty years ago, there was no such thing as industrial design, and today's top money-makers in the profession are mostly former theater people, artists and members of the society of the unemployed.

In 1925, Henry Dreyfuss, then a young theatrical scene designer, was sent to Sioux City, Iowa, by his employers, the Radio-Keith-Orpheum circuit, to find out why a brand-new, beautifully decorated movie palace in that metropolis was drawing nothing but large quantities of Iowa atmosphere. After Dreyfuss arrived, he lowered the prices, ran triple features and gave away enough dishes to equip a cafeteria—but still the majority of the populace wandered past his theater and into an unventilated flea-bag movie house down the street. Finally, Dreyfuss decided to make a scientific study of the matter.

For three days he stood outside his theater and watched the reactions of the people walking by. Then he ordered his staff to remove the expensive, deep-pile scarlet carpet from the lobby, and replace it with a plain rubber mat. Almost miraculously, and from that time forth, the RKO theater was jammed.

Dreyfuss simply had discovered that the farmers and the townsfolk had been ashamed of messing up that gorgeous carpet with their muddy boots and galoshes.

As a result of the bonus check which he received for this bit of deduction, Dreyfuss began to cast around for other products that needed redesign and an application of common sense. One day in 1927, an advertising agency friend of his sent him to a manufacturer who made a clock that wasn't selling so well. Dreyfuss looked at the clock and then began a tour of the clock counters of New York's drug and department stores. He watched people squint at the face of his clock and fumble with the winders on its back. Then he saw them weigh several clocks in their hands and finally pick out the clock of another manufacturer, apparently because it was heavier and seemed to be more expensively constructed—which it wasn't.

Dreyfuss went home and began puttering around with the clock. He asked truck drivers and Park Avenue ladies to wind it, until he found a universal-size winder that fitted all fingers. Then he set about designing a simple, easy-to-read face, not too somber, not too gay, since he reasoned that the clock was the first face you saw every morning, and the wrong one was liable to get you off to a bad start emotionally. To test out these faces, he lined up ten clocks by his bedside every night, with the alarms set for various times from 4 A.M. onward. This nearly led to a Dreyfuss divorce, but the correct clock face emerged first.

Finally, Dreyfuss added a heavy base to the clock and dressed it up with colors and sweeping, modern lines. His new clock went on the market a few months later, and neither the clock nor Dreyfuss has been topped as a best seller since.

At just about this same time, Walter Dorwin Teague, an advertising-layout artist, was asked by one of his accounts, a photographic company, to try to spruce up the old black box camera; and Fashion Artist Raymond Loewy, a French war hero who had come to this country with 17 cents in his pocket after World War I, was called in to design a new type of automobile fabric and later the entire automobile. Both turned out sparkling new products that were as spectacularly successful as Dreyfuss'.

### Dawn of the Gadget Era

This was the period when Henry Ford changed over from the Model T to the Model A and the country was embarking on that peculiar American mania for constant new models in everything we use. Frightened manufacturers began a stampede to modernize their products. They turned their backs on their own engineers and made wild grabs at the new geniuses, Loewy, Dreyfuss and Teague, like women in a bargain basement. Other designers like Harold Van Doren, Russel Wright, Ray Patten, John Vassos, Ben Nash and Thomas Lamb rushed to get their share of this pleasant mauling and within five years enough of them were operating to put the profession on a very solid basis.

Although the Big Three (and industrial design as a whole) are accused in many expert quarters of being ballyhooed into a position beyond their actual importance in industry, they have accomplished some extremely worth-while things. Aesthetically, they have rid many everyday appliances of decorative excrescences held over from the Victorian era. They have designed shapes to fit the function of the object and have imparted common-sense utility and simplicity to nearly everything we use.

A few years ago, for instance, Henry Dreyfuss was doing some research on Middle Western farms, when he discovered something about farm tractors. The tractor then was sold with a beautiful painted hood over the motor, just like an automobile. The first time anything went wrong with the motor, however, Dreyfuss noticed that most farmers removed the hood to tinker with the engine, left the hood lying in the field, and never put it back. So when Dreyfuss designed a farm tractor a short time later, he built it without any hood at all, and that is the most popular style today.

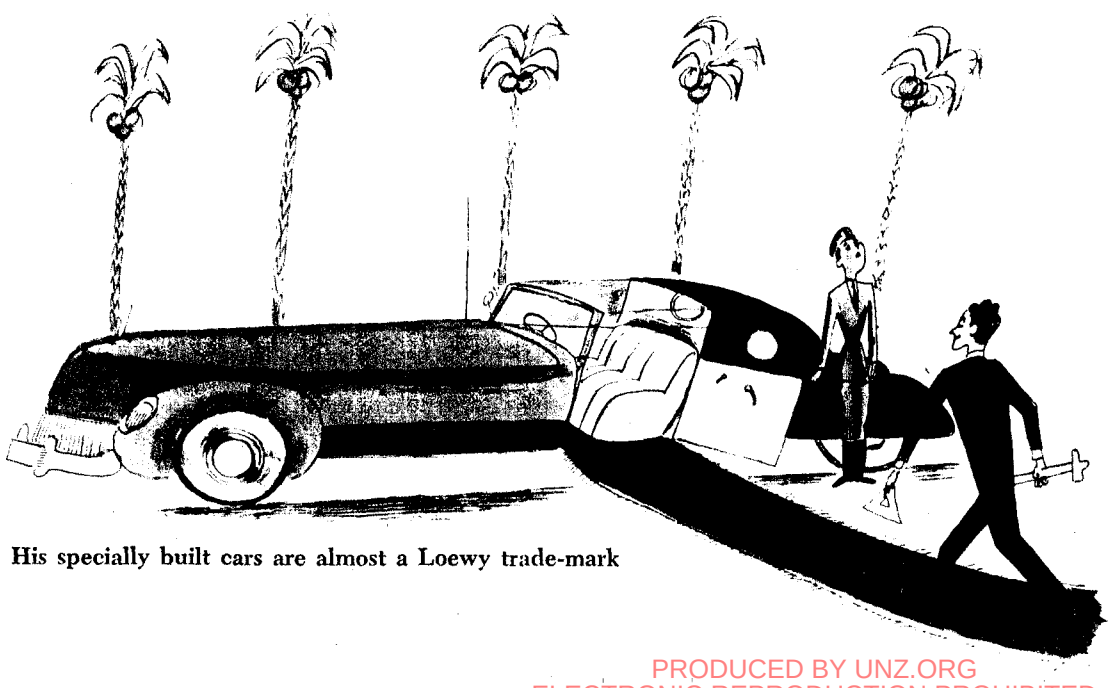
In the same way, when Loewy was asked to redesign a transcontinental bus, he and his men went out and rode several thousand miles in busses. They made notes on the condition of their aching backs and other assorted discomforts en route. Once Loewy asked an old man sitting beside him, "Would you rather have taken the train instead of this bus trip?" The old man then gave his opinion of busses so profanely that he and Loewy were thrown off at the next stop.

The result of all this was a new bus which departed from the eighteenth-century-stagecoach tradition for the first time, and tried to answer all the protests of the drivers, the passengers and the achings of various parts of Loewy's anatomy. The new bus, soon to go into production, is a roomy double-decker affair complete with washroom, toilet, water cooler, hostess, a special clear-view "pilot's" compartment for the driver, and new body-conforming seats which Loewy worked out with the assistance of orthopedic surgeons.

When Teague designed a living-room oil heater, he realized that people feel warmer if they can see a fire, so he put a little glass door in it so they could see the flame. Result: Thousands of people wrote in to proclaim that the heater now gave much more heat, which it didn't.

When Thomas Lamb set out to develop a more efficient handle for

*(Continued on page 68)*



His specially built cars are almost a Loewy trade-mark

**Industrial designers are a crew of fabulous, hardheaded artists who bring handsome, functional gadgets to you and large quantities of currency to themselves**

DRAWINGS BY PAUL SAVITT

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# YANKEE GADFLY

## BY FRANK GERVASI

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

**The independent mind and scalpel-edged tongue of Senator Charles Tobey of New Hampshire have brought distress both to Democrats and Republicans, and have drawn sawdust as often as blood**

THE speaker of the new and comfortably Republican House, Representative Joe Martin, was presiding at a dinner meeting of G.O.P. leaders recently at the Army-Navy Club where Senator Charles William Tobey of New Hampshire lives when his wife, Francelia, is not in town. Martin noticed a waiter wandering about the room, peering into politicians' faces.

"Whom are you looking for?" Martin shouted from his podium.

"For Senator Tobey, sir," the waiter answered.

"Well, he's not here," Martin sang out in his uninhibited way. "He's in the doghouse."

Martin's quip brought a salvo of appreciative laughter from those Republican conservatives who regard the Yankee rebel as "even more of a New Dealer than Claude Pepper" and, therefore, as something of a traitor to the traditions and practices of the Grand Old Party. Moreover, many of them present had, at one time or another, felt the hypodermic sting of Tobey's tongue.

One victim of the Tobey needle was Kenneth Wherry, the Nebraska undertaker who has become a senator and his party's whip in the Upper House. At a tactical conference of Republican bigwigs on the eve of taking over the new 80th Congress, Wherry appeared to be overly concerned with how the senators were to dress for the historic occasion. He seemed to favor morning coats. The suggestion almost caused Michigan's Arthur Vandenberg, who abhors formality, to swallow his cigar.

When the clamor of indignation subsided, Tobey, undoubtedly with Wherry's previous calling in mind, slyly inquired whether the "gentleman from Nebraska would mind telling us how he spells morning—m-o-u-r-n-i-n-g perhaps?" Even Bob Taft, who seldom laughs at anything and less frequently at Tobey's thrusts, exploded with glee. Wherry didn't laugh. Not too long ago, back in Pawnee City, the morning coat was his work jacket—an undertaker.

But Tobey has been relegated to the G.O.P.'s political kennel less for the pain and resentment caused by his scalpel-edged tongue—which has drawn sawdust as often as blood—than for his consistent nonconformism. He has steadfastly refused, in recent years to vote against his conscience when it conflicted with his party's line on both domestic and international issues.

"I am a Republican," he explains, "and I desire that my party shall be the majority voice in guiding the ship of state. But I do not wish its guidance to be in disregard of our form of government and of the principles vital to the preservation of our form of government."

### His Credo of World-Wide Democracy

He is one of those who see democracy threatened everywhere by such carriers of Communism as poverty, poor housing, disease and insecurity. He believes that democracy can survive only if it is made to work here at home and if America assumes vigorous leadership in world affairs. His principles compel him, therefore, to vote for higher minimum-wage standards, housing for veterans, the Bretton Woods proposals for global economic rehabilitation and the $3,750,000,000 loan to Britain.

As a result he is in Coventry within the G.O.P. and is anathematized by conservatives in both parties. But also as a result of his political behavior Tobey has created for himself a position of unusual power in Washington and prestige in the nation, particularly among those who are convinced that although the New Deal may be dead, there will always be another social revolution.

Tobey, last year, was the main figure in defeating the nomination of the millionaire oilman, Edwin W. Pauley, for Undersecretary of the Navy. In this he incurred the displeasure of President Truman.

A few weeks after the Pauley incident Tobey had written to the President, calling the latter's attention to the fact that the grain shortage, then aggravated by heavy shipments to Europe's hungry, was obliging New England's farmers to slaughter their chickens. Tobey asked or implied that some grain be



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diverted to the farmers, if possible, before their flocks disappeared.

"This," wrote Tobey, in a Biblical reference to the man who, in a vision, besought help from the Apostle Paul, "is a Macedonian cry."

"It seems to me," Truman replied in a letter, "that you have been making Macedonian cries or yells ever since I have been in the White House. Your unwarranted attacks on Mr. Pauley almost ruined a good public servant. You have made it exceedingly difficult for me to get good men to fill the necessary places in the government. You are still continuing your Macedonian cries and I hope you will get a lot of pleasure out of them.

"If (the grain shortage) is a matter of chickens or people, and if it comes to the decision as to which should be kept from starving, naturally, if I make the decision, it will be people. I don't know whether that will please you or not."

Then, in his own hand, Truman scribbled across the bottom of the typewritten letter the command, "Come and see me." Tobey, who had won the cordial dislike of his own party members for supporting the Administration more often than not, stewed privately for a while, then published his correspondence with the President. To friends he quipped: "Who does he think I am! Mae West?"

But Tobey doesn't bear grudges. He is slow to anger and quick to forgive. In spite of the President's rebuff of last year the Yankee rebel was again on the President's side in the fight against the Bulwinkle Bill to exempt the railroads and other carriers from prosecution under the Sherman antitrust laws. Tobey waged practically a one-man crusade against it in the Senate.

"No person in this country," he complained, "and no article of consumption will be unaffected by this proposal to exempt rate fixing and fare fixing from the antitrust laws. The bill gives railroads a monopoly power in their dealings with shippers and consumers and increases the present monopolistic power of big railroads over small railroads."

### Sometimes on the President's Side

It was Tobey, a Republican senator, who appealed to Truman, the Democratic President, to veto the Bulwinkle Bill even before it had actually passed the Senate. And he was again on Truman's side on behalf of David Lilienthal when the latter's name came to the Senate for confirmation as chairman of the new Atomic Energy Commission.

Tobey forms, with Oregon's Wayne Morse and Vermont's George Aiken, a loosely allied triumvirate heading the liberal-progressives of the G.O.P. In a Senate as delicately balanced as a druggist's scales, their votes are often decisive. The Senate is only theoretically Republican, with 51 members against 45 for the opposition. Any legislation cracking down on labor, hiking tariffs, reducing taxes or abolishing what government controls remain comes up against Tobey, Morse, Aiken and as many other independent votes as they can sway to their side. The uniformly Republican and conservative Senate committees may report favorably the kind of legislation they like, but there is no guarantee of passage.

The area of Tobey's influence isn't limited to the Senate floor. The ex-bookkeeper who once audited a firm's books for a badly needed $100 while commuting between Greenville, New Hampshire, and Boston, is chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, one of the three or four most important in the Upper House. He is also a member of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. But it is in the Banking and Currency Committee that Tobey's influence is most felt.

Much of the legislation affecting the country's everyday economic life originates in Tobey's committee. Through the committee's hopper must pass all bills regulating the banking and credit systems, the coinage and printing of money. All appointments to the Federal Reserve Bank, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and those government agencies dealing with prices, rent controls and housing—as well as the policies of these agencies—are screened by the committee before being brought to the Senate floor for decision. How efficiently or inefficiently our economic system functions depends considerably on how well or how badly Tobey and his committee do their job.

On domestic issues particularly, the Tobey-Morse-Aiken wing is often strengthened by such senators as Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, William F. Knowland of California and William Langer of North Dakota, and occasionally by newcomers like Kentucky's Sherman Cooper, New York's Irving Ives and Vermont's Ralph Flanders.

The presence in the Senate of as frisky a herd of mavericks as ever snorted defiance on the Republican range drew from an unnamable Republican old-timer a dire prediction last year.

"I don't share the jubilation on this old Hill," he said. "We've got just enough of a majority and just enough power to be blamed for everything bad and not enough to do ourselves any good. We haven't enough votes in the Senate to have things our own way. The place is full of rebels. They'll raise a lot of hell and keep us in a stew. They might divide us so badly as to hurt our chances in '48."

Practically every Republican you meet in Washington lately is "worried about '48," particularly since the rise in Harry Truman's popularity as a result of his four-square stand against expansion of Russia's power abroad and John L. Lewis' at home. Most of the members of the G.O.P. hierarchy appear to have appointed themselves their party's saviors in the next Presidential election. Tobey isn't one of them.

In fact, the only time that Tobey's name has been publicly mentioned for the biggest job in the world apparently was in a letter written to the New York Herald Tribune back in November, 1945, by a plain citizen of Southold, Long Island, who identified himself as Wilson L. Glover. Citizen Glover warned that failure of the G.O.P. to nominate Tobey in 1948 would mean another "Republican disaster," i.e., Democratic victory. But it is doubtful whether Chairman Carroll Reece and the other members of the Republican National Committee will take Glover's warning seriously. Tobey pasted a clipping of Glover's letter in one of his numerous scrapbooks and forgot about it.

This is not, therefore, as so many stories about Republican senators are these days, an assessment of Tobey as a Presidential candidate. It is merely the story of the growth of a man, a farmer and a son and grandson of farmers, into a first-rate politician, able to exert an extraordinary amount of influence on our national and international lives.

### A Foe of Monopolists and Lobbyists

Tobey was not always the darling of labor and its political pressure groups that he is today. He has always disliked and fought monopolists and their "fat lobbyists with round heads and round bottoms," as he describes them, but there was a time when he wasn't exactly a screaming liberal on domestic issues. And in international matters he was so completely an isolationist that back in the autumn of 1941 interventionist Frank Sullivan, the Sage of Saratoga, felt compelled to name "Charley Tobey" on a team of All-America Stuffed Shirts.

The Tobey of those days used his eloquent tongue, schooled in classical oratory at the Roxbury (Massachusetts) Latin School, against Roosevelt, the New Deal and even his own party's Wendell Willkie. He accused F.D.R. and Willkie of wanting to have our boys killed in another "foreign war." Tobey opposed the 1940 census as a "snooping attempt" by the War Department to obtain information for a mobilization plan, bucked Lend-Lease, convoys, repeal of the Neutrality Act and whatever he saw as a "conspiracy to get us into war."

He was cordially hated by the interventionists who wrote acidulous letters to New Hampshire newspaper editors, who, in turn, wrote nasty editorials on the subject of Tobey. In the roadside metropolis of Center Ossipee, pennies were collected to buy Tobey a red, white and blue umbrella as a gibe at his appeaser's stand. But Tobey, with characteristic mental agility, took the edge off the interventionists' insult when he accepted the umbrella, by doing a bit of fancy flag waving himself.

"I accept this gift," he said, "in the same spirit of friendly combat in which, I am sure, it is given. We all love America and we all wish to see the blessings that God has bestowed upon America—those things that have made America great—perpetuated for ourselves and for future generations. We are all sincere in our efforts to perpetuate the things we love in America. It is my judgment that this can best be done by concentrating *(Continued on page 28)*

**Senator Tobey is the complete product of small-town life. Typical is this picture of him, taken when he was governor, driving in a countrymen's sulky race**

EARL M. SAVAGE

**Tobey was a leader in the fight against confirmation of Edwin Pauley as Undersecretary of the Navy. His stand brought bitter reaction from Truman**

HARRIS & EWING

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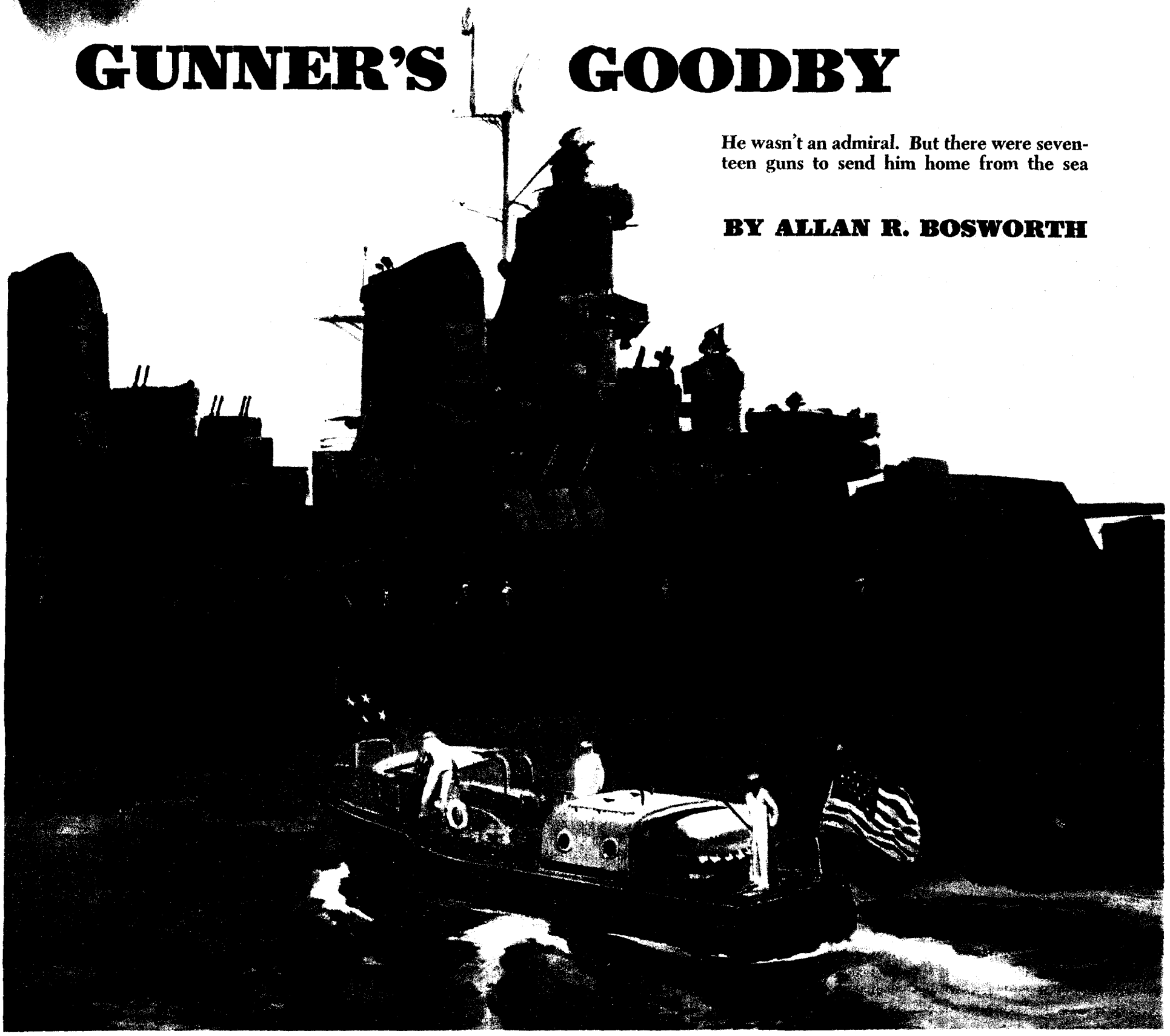
# GUNNER'S GOODBY

He wasn't an admiral. But there were seventeen guns to send him home from the sea

**BY ALLAN R. BOSWORTH**



THE seven hashmarks on Prosser's sleeve were red, and not the gold of impeccable conduct and unblemished record; they summed up his years, and hinted that some of the younger ones had been wild. He climbed two ladders from the chief's quarters, and was blowing hard when he dropped his gear at the quartermaster's shack, port side of the quarter-deck. Still, it was neither age nor exertion that made him breathless, but a lost and empty feeling, a vague and bewildering sense of being incomplete. He had felt this way all morning.

The battleship rode at anchor. Her deck was steady as a floor, but Guns Prosser stood stockily, feet planted wide from his days in destroyers. That way, he could tell the ship was alive. He felt a dozen pulse beats, and heard her blowers breathing, and understood that wherever men moved, topside or below, they were a part of her. A group went over the port gangway, rating early liberty. They were still a part of the ship; she would draw them back in the morning. But not Guns Prosser. Today, for Prosser, made thirty years. . . .

He had only to turn in his discharge papers, and let the quartermaster of the watch log him out. He fumbled with the large Manila envelope containing the papers and listened to the junior officer of the deck—it was Mr. Jones—calling down to a motor sailer. Mr. Jones wore gray gloves and carried a long glass, and had a ramrod up his spine. He was telling the cox'n to shove off, make his regular trip, and return. Prosser suddenly realized he had missed this boat.

But time wasn't important any longer, because there was nothing left but time. He breathed more easily, hearing the cox'n's bell and a grind of gears under the ship's side, and the water-muffled stutter of the exhaust. A carrier and two cruisers lay yonder over the port quarter, and the harbor breakwater pointed a gray finger to the open sea. Sun was burning away the fog, but enough remained to soften the outlines of the farther ships and give the swinging water a dull, ponderous quality. After a man had known the sea so long he could just look at the light on it and tell the time of day. Prosser smelled the fog, and the gasoline exhaust fumes it held down against the sea. He looked where the carrier lay, and remembered ships now gone—ships with cage masts and fighting tops, and proud names. There was a time when they called this Battleship Row. . . .

The motor sailer moved clear, and a bluejacket ran out of the passageway and slid to a stop beside Prosser, snapping his fingers in vexation. He was a seaman named Mason, a striker Prosser had had in Number One turret. He was even younger than Ensign Jones, and kept his hair neatly plastered down, and wore whites with a zipper, tighter than regulations allowed. Prosser smiled at a memory. Those days, they would have called Mason a "sheik."

"Damn that boot ensign!" the boy exclaimed. "I missed chow to make that boat, and he sent me below because my skivvie shirt had a hole in the neck. He's got it in for me!"

Prosser said, "That's tough," more in amusement than sympathy, and handed his papers to the quartermaster. Mess gear clattered inside, and the smell of coffee drifted along the deck. A pair of carrier planes streaked astern, laying a roar flat against the empty sea. The ship caught the roar and deepened it, making a brief island of sound, and out of this the quartermaster's voice rose in something like awe. "Holy smoke, Guns!" he said. "Thirty years! That's a long time."

Prosser grinned, but his face was tight. A long time, and ending now—but how could it end so casually? It seemed strange that he could simply salute Mr. Jones and say, "Permission to leave the ship, sir?" when it was for the last time, when it was final and irrevocable. It wasn't right that a fresh-caught ensign could return the salute, and say, "Permission granted," and see Prosser go down the ladder as if it were only an overnight liberty.

*Permission to leave the Navy, sir? Permission to take off these buttons it used to take so long to get—to stay*

*(Continued on page 51)*



ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON

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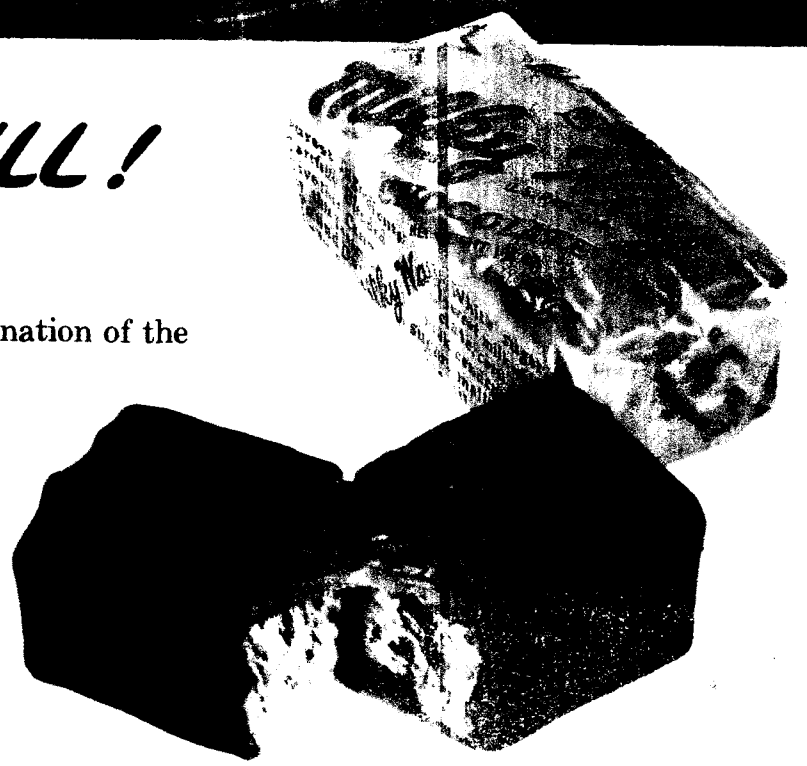
# EVERY BITE A THRILL!

Just to make it a perfect day . . . a Milky Way candy bar.

Every bite of a Milky Way is a luscious combination of the thick milk chocolate coating . . . the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk. All melt together to give you that rare taste blend you will find only in a Milky Way.

When you crave good candy, eat a **Milky Way**



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# YANKEE GADFLY

Continued from page 25

America's strength in America to protect America and not to dissipate that strength to the far continents of the globe.

"But there are those who disagree; those who welcome the solemn march, step by step and speech by speech, that this country is taking into war. I am hopeful that the considered judgment of the people will prevail. . . ."

But it wasn't until a few days before Pearl Harbor that Tobey really stuck his neck out. He predicted, at a meeting of Nashua Republicans, that Japan would "never dare to attack the United States." The day after the Japanese made any considered judging by the American people unnecessary, F. H. Dobens, columnist, wrote in a Nashua paper that if "we had followed the flag he (Tobey) has been flying, the United States would have been in no shape today to wage any sort of war."

And some days later, one Mrs. Corrine Athone, a healthy 150-pound interventionist, allegedly aroused by Tobey's isolationism, landed a prodigious right hook on Tobey's jaw as he alighted from his automobile outside the combination post office and general store in his home town of Temple. Tobey was left dazed, sitting on the roadside.

But what probably hurt Tobey most was the decline of his personal and political stock in his beloved Temple, a town of 202 inhabitants who occupy a cluster of white, green-shuttered buildings where Highway 101 winds through hills that are green with pine and beside lakes that are blue, deep and cold. To Tobey, who bought the old Felt Farm and settled there in 1903, the year after he married Francelia, to raise a family and some chickens and as many roses, delphiniums and other flowers as his billfold could afford, Temple is "Eden without the original sin" and the place where "souls on the way to Paradise linger for twenty years."

He loved his neighbors and they had demonstrated both their affection for him and their appreciation of his abilities by electing him first as a selectman, then to the state legislature, the governorship, the Congress and, finally, in 1938, to the United States Senate. All of Temple's 141 voters voted for him and gave him a scroll with their signatures and an appreciation of his career as "the first citizen of Temple."

### He Values Esteem of Home Folks

Tobey cherished the good will and affection of Temple's people as he cherished his wife, his children, his fierce Protestantism—he's a Baptist with, he says, "a fondness for the Episcopalian service too"—and his good name. Years of struggle to make ends meet in common with the prudent, penny-wise folks around him, had knit him into their lives.

On every last Sunday in August since 1908, Tobey had led his townsmen and folks from towns for miles around in communal prayer and in singing resounding hymns like O Master Let Me Walk With Thee and Break Thou the Bread of Life, Dear Lord to Me. The services are held yearly on a hilltop well up on Temple Mountain near the Tobey home.

Tobey himself hauled an organ from the town's First Congregational Church up the hill on a hayrack for that first meeting long ago.

And on every last Saturday in August, just before the summer boarders went home, Tobey, his fellow townsmen and the menfolk among the visitors rolled up their sleeves and worked at repairing a mile or so of road in the vicinity of the town. They had done this, together, ever since 1914 and in the evenings after the work was finished they sat together to a supper of fried chicken, cold ham, cheese, salad and fresh strawberries.

There were those years when he was a struggling clerk in a Boston shoe firm and commuted from the big city to Greenville, on the Boston and Maine. He would take the 5:10 P.M. out of Boston and at 7:15 P.M. Mrs. Tobey would meet him in Greenville in a democrat wagon, drawn by a horse the Tobeys had bought for $40. Uphill, it would take the Tobeys 45 minutes to do the two and a half miles to the house. The Tobeys arose at 5:00 A.M. so that Charley could feed the horse, do some chores about the house and the farm and then try to beat the Boston-bound train into the station. There were many hurricane finishes but, says Tobey now, he never missed a train—as he has never lost an election.

Memories such as those must have crowded upon Tobey, a sensitive and highly organized man, as he read in the Nashua Telegraph an account of a visit to Temple, a week after the Japanese had proved him wrong, by a reporter who talked with some of the senator's old friends.

"We still think the senator is a fine man," an unidentified gentleman told the reporter, "but we are strongly opposed to his present views. He is wrong and should most certainly admit it now, before it is too late."

But Tobey's troubles had only just begun. The Manchester Press Club petitioned the United States Senate to impeach him. The American Legion in Portsmouth attacked him. Nashuans petitioned Tobey himself to resign from the Senate. Tobey, man and senator, examined his conscience and felt that he had done no wrong.

"I am against war," he said, "and will always be. We are in it now and must see it through. I have always believed in international co-operation (he once stumped New Hampshire on behalf of the League of Nations) but never in war. War might destroy our own democracy without solving anything. We will defeat Fascism. But we will also, through widespread devastation and the misery and hunger and disease wrought by war, open wide the gates to Communism."

Tobey's political enemies—and these include his fellow senator from New Hampshire, the ultraconservative Styles Bridges—attribute his 180-degree turn out of the calm winds of conformity into the storm of independence to sheer political opportunism. Tobey knew, they say, that he faced an angry electorate in his campaign for re-election in 1944 and trimmed his sails accordingly.

"All he did," they say, "was to run with the wind."

### Critics Overlook Political Past

Aside from the fact that a politician's mission in a democratic society is as much to follow popular will as to lead it toward constructive objectives, his critics' reasons for Tobey's about-face ignore the senator's political past. He began political life as a Bull Mooser, a follower of Theodore Roosevelt. He has remained a Bull Mooser throughout his career, a crusader who had to have a cause or wither.

That's what drew him into the fight against "demon rum" and made a prohibitionist out of Tobey long before he ever ran for a major political office. He campaigned so long against liquor that only recently has he broken himself of the habit of holding up a glass of water, extolling it as the "best of potations" and swallowing it before making a public speech.

He is still a teetotaler but has an insatiable appetite for ice cream, preferably strawberry. His voracity for desserts has helped to shape Tobey, at 67, into faintly penguinesque contours. Physically he is a smallish man who looks, in the language of his Yankee constituents, as though butter wouldn't melt in his well-molded mouth. Actually the mouth houses a tongue with the bite of a scorpion's tail.

Once, at a hearing on whether the Office of Price Administration should be continued, the late Senator Bankhead of Alabama was complaining that "of the 15 members" of the agency's advisory board on women's wear, "not a one was from the South."

Tobey, lips twitching, turned to the OPA official who happened to be testifying and said:

"That's Senator Claghorn speaking, that's muh fren'."

"What's that?" demanded Senator Bankhead.

"That's a joke, Senator," Tobey told him.

Tobey, although he looks and behaves in what some consider a "sanctimonious manner" with a trick of laying a hand on a visitor's arm and standing off with a "Well, my boy" attitude, is nevertheless one of the Senate's ablest showmen. Recently, after a bitter debate on a radio forum with conservative Senator Clyde Reed of Kansas, chairman of the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, over the Bulwinkle Bill, Tobey yielded to his love of public horseplay by going to the piano, striking up a chord and suggesting that now the fight was over, all should join in song. The tune he played was I've Been Working on the Railroad. It brought the house down. The senator played so vigorously that his chair fell out from under him.

### Leisure Devoted to Gardening

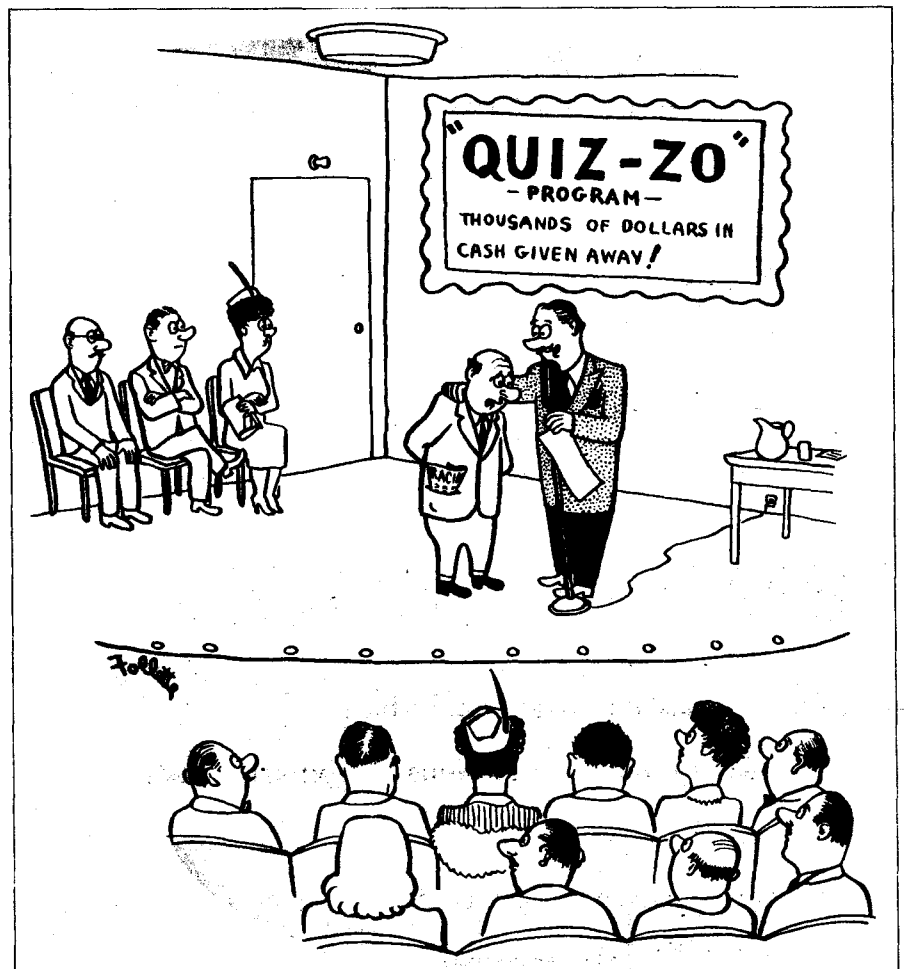
When Tobey isn't busting trusts, opposing increases in rent ceilings, answering hundreds of letters from constituents, helping someone obtain a surplus pump from the Army or someone else enter an invalid relative in a public institution, he is thumbing through seed catalogues. Gardening is his only hobby.

Tobey maintains his good humor in spite of his concern for his wife, who suffers from heart trouble, and for a daughter who is afflicted with a rare disease known as multisclerosis which, until recently, was considered incurable. But a newborn friendship with the West Coast industrialist Henry J. Kaiser, has given Tobey new hope for his daughter's complete recovery. Kaiser has a son also afflicted with the disease. He found a young doctor who claimed to have a cure for it and sent the younger Kaiser to him. A clinic sponsored by Kaiser was opened in Washington with the young doctor in charge. Tobey has sent his daughter to the clinic and she is improving.

Tobey also has two sons, both lawyers.

That railbird philosopher humorist, Frank Sullivan, couldn't name Tobey on another team of All-America Stuffed Shirts without ignoring the senator's record since 1944. And last June the newspaper PM, which in 1941 had excoriated him as an America Firster, was obliged to raise its hat to Charley Tobey and to extol him as "one of the few Republicans in Congress who is trying to think in terms of what is good for the country rather than what is good for the Republican party—"a courageous and farsighted Republican senator."

THE END




"And what is your occupation, Mr. Trimble?"
"I'm a bank teller, sir."
"What are you going to do with the $5,000 first prize if you win it?"
"I'd rather not say."

COLLIER'S — LOU FOLLETTE



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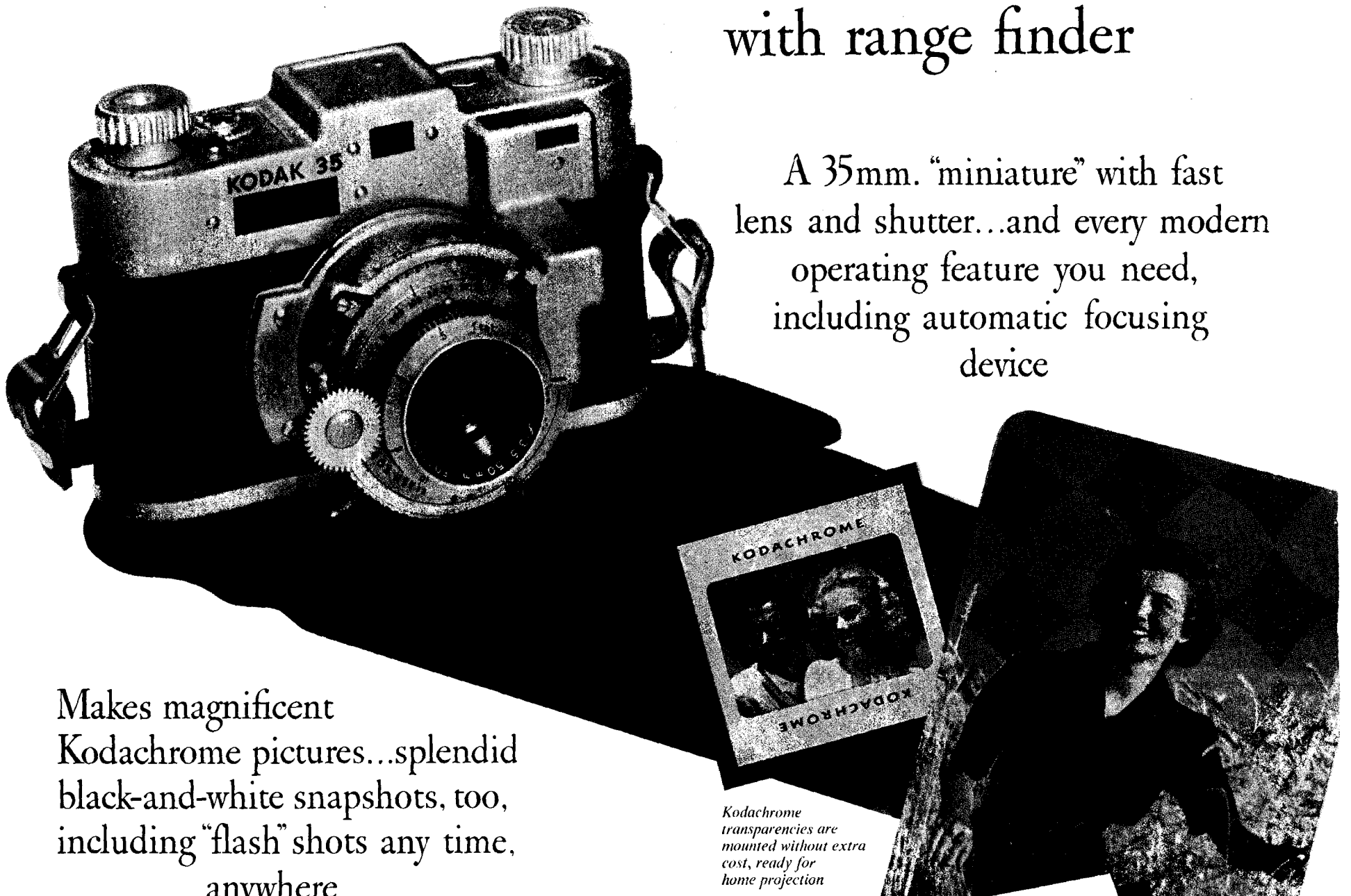
# A great favorite for "color"... Kodak 35 camera with range finder

A 35mm. "miniature" with fast lens and shutter...and every modern operating feature you need, including automatic focusing device

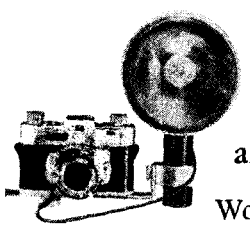



*Kodachrome transparencies are mounted without extra cost, ready for home projection*

Makes magnificent Kodachrome pictures...splendid black-and-white snapshots, too, including "flash" shots any time, anywhere

*Kodachrome Prints come in four standard sizes*

*Black-and-white prints are supplied in this size by most photofinishers*

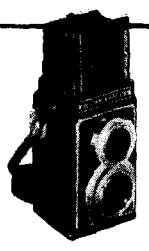


**Kodak 35 with range finder and accessory Kodak Flasholder**

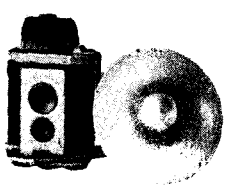
Wonderful for "flash" shots, in black-and-white or full color. Lens is the brilliant Kodak Anastigmat Special *f*/3.5—*Lumenized* to cut flare—geared with highly accurate 1/200 second Flash Kodamatic shutter. Coupled split-field range finder for fast, sharp focusing. Automatic film stop . . . exposure counter . . . double-exposure prevention. Price is extremely moderate for such a fine "miniature." See, also, the still lower-priced *f*/4.5 model without range finder . . . EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

**Color and "flash" shots with these models, too . . .**

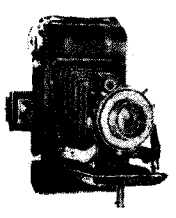
Kodak is making more cameras than ever before, but the demand is greater, too. Consult your dealer.



**Kodak Reflex** Outstanding twin-lens reflex camera.



**Brownie Reflex, Synchro Model**—For great snapshots day or night.



**Kodak Vigilant Junior Six-20, Kodet lens**—Capability at moderate cost.

**Kodak Bantam (*f*/4.5)** Smallest of Kodaks; expert in color or black-and-white.

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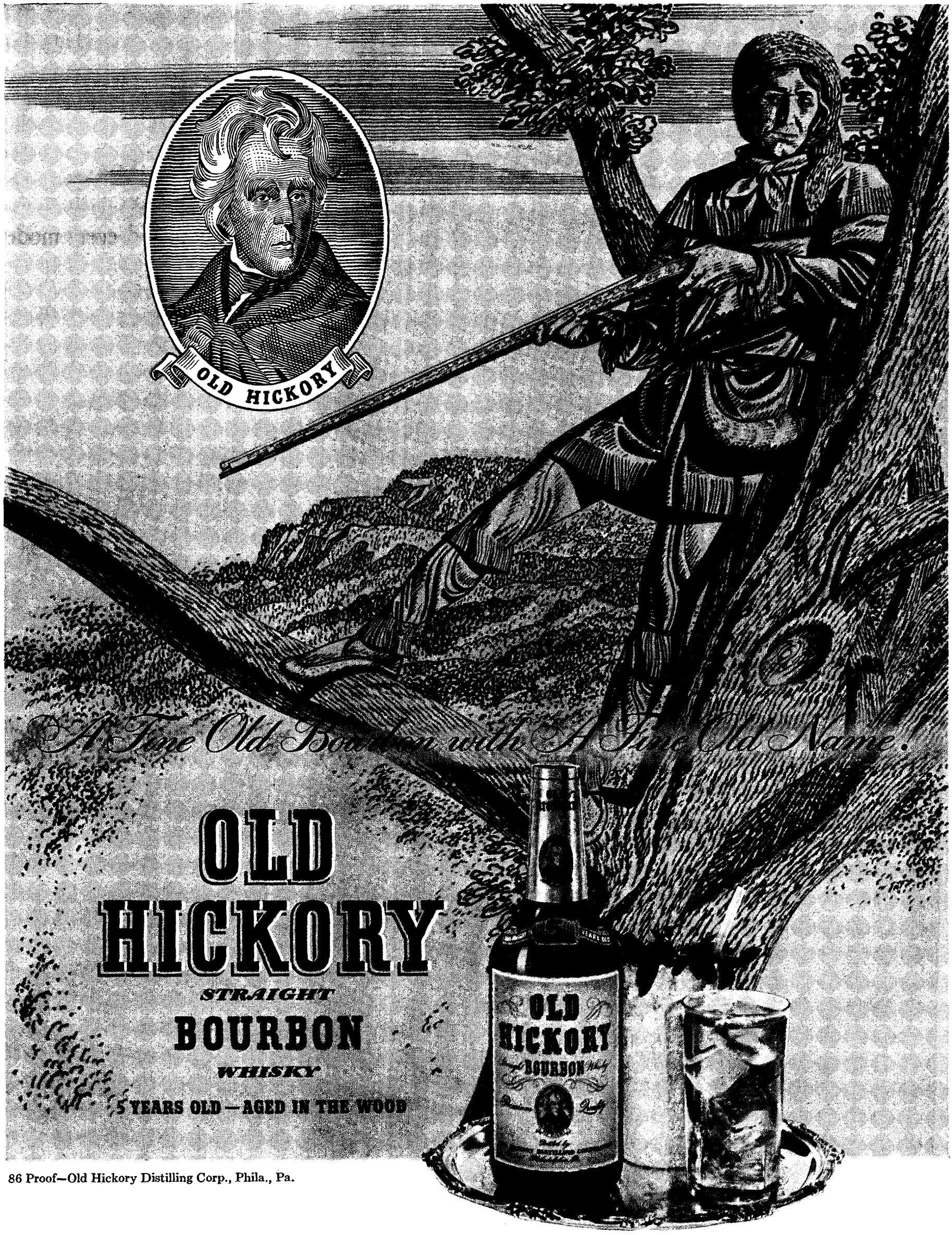


86 Proof—Old Hickory Distilling Corp., Phila., Pa.

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# THE WEEK'S MAIL

**Continued from page 4**

sincerely an answer to one simple question, "How could you do it?"

I fear this is an instance similar to that which long ago provoked the expression, "God save me from my friends."

WILLARD W. BURGESS, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . I'm so glad someone else is jousting beside Bertie McCormick whom I love and read religiously.

W. L. KEEFE, Chicago, Ill.

. . . Jim Farley's "tattletale" article reminds me of a group of boys who were sitting under a tree near my house recently. One was revealing confidences between a pal and himself to the detriment of another friend.

One of the listeners got up with a disgusted look on his face and started away. Looking over his shoulder, he said, "Aw, nuts, Beany, I'm sure glad you ain't my pal." BLANCHE F. REYNOLDS, South Beloit, Ill.

. . . I'm just an ordinary housewife and I'd like to put in my two cents' worth. Why in heaven's name don't you let his soul rest in peace? MARY C. FERRIS

. . . You don't know me from a jack rabbit, but I voted in various states Democratic until Franklin Delano sought the third term and have, since that time, voted Republican and expect to remain a registered Republican for the rest of my life, since it will take at least another generation to restore the country from the fraud and political chicanery brought about by F.D.R.

ROBERT FURNESS, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . Roosevelt was a dynamic personality and represented all that was best in American life and tradition. During his lifetime he was the hope of the world. Why not let the noble dead rest in peace?

BERNARD ROSE, Montreal, Canada

. . . The Farley serial is the best in a long while. Your editor is to be congratulated.

BILL BOWDIN, Lake George, N. Y.

DEAR MR. FARLEY: You state that the President "never forgave me for putting party welfare above the personal allegiance he considered his due." Was this the same party welfare for which you showed so much concern at the New York State Democratic Convention in 1942 when you vindictively engineered the nomination of that political nonentity, John G. Bennett? Has Mr. Dewey ever thanked you, publicly or privately, for putting him where he is today?

HRANT AKMAKJIAN, Jersey City, N. J.

DEAR MR. FARLEY: Your article makes you a good politician but not a patriot. You were loyal to a leader and to your party to the detriment of loyalty to your country.

FRED G. KOSSMAN, Jamaica, N. Y.

DEAR MR. FARLEY: I was tremendously interested in your article on Roosevelt which in a way wasn't much news to me because of what I had heard and felt about the man. To me you have always been an American in the best sense of the word. I hesitate to mention this—but I am not a Catholic, although I number among my finest friends men of that faith. What I am trying to say is that it's time this grand country of ours got back on its feet. More power to you.

ROBERT B. KEELER, Cincinnati, Ohio

HEY, JAMES: Y'wouldn't kid us, would y'mister? In trying to tell us that YOU broke with F.D.R. when we knew from the start that F.D.R. had broken with YOU. You were incredible enough to think you were indispensable when truth to tell it was high time F.D.R. gave you the gate! Certainly a fourth term was its own evidence that F.D.R. lost nothing by disposing of you!!

HORACE CASSELBERRY, New York, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: Keen congratulations and appreciations. Your articles on the New Dealer are a real service to truth and humanity and common decency.

ANONYMOUS

. . . It is quite obvious that Mr. Farley was peeved because he wasn't invited to White House social functions, hence the articles. That plus the fact that it's so nice to be paid for airing one's gripes.

MRS. C. B. KAUFMAN, Kenmore, N. Y.

. . . F.D.R.'s refusal to admit this backbiter to the circle of his intimates was evidently based on sound judgment. Shame on you!

RICHARD DERMODY, San Mateo, Cal.

DEAR JIM: I have just read and enjoyed the first installment of your story.

Where Eleanor speaks of "Franklin's social equals" I was enraged, as there *never* was a Roosevelt—and never will be—who is the social equal of even the lowliest Irishman. . . . From some small political experience, I learned that such things *must* be endured sometimes to win political success.

BEN H. THAYER, Seligman, Mo.

. . . As one who has been at least a lukewarm admirer of James Farley, I can no longer even respect him for his cowardly attack on a dead President. May I state also that this is not written by one who worshiped Mr. Roosevelt, but by a lifelong Republican who loves fair play?

A. E. KULL, Oklahoma City, Okla.

. . . It occurs to me that this statement should have been made while the late President was alive and able (as he would have been) to have defended himself.

PIERCE MUNSEY, Portales, N. M.

. . . Jim Farley does not offend—brings Roosevelt down to earth. Personally, we knew all the older Roosevelts.

Keep your magazine as it is—unafraid of poor critics—and I'll subscribe as long as you do. CLARA LOUISE LAWRENCE, Santa Clara, Cal.

DEAR MR. FARLEY: I have not read your article but we have heard comments on it and can believe every word you said in regard to this gentleman's attitude toward you. . . . INTERESTED

. . . Why I Broke With Roosevelt reminds me of Kipling's lines spoken by Woodrow Wilson when he was ill and broken from working in the interest of peace:

"If you can bear to hear the truth you've
spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to,
broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out
tools . . ."

NED MAUSTON, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . I enjoy the articles no matter who wrote them. I am not Catholic or Democrat.

MIKE R. BORTON, Miami, Fla.

DEAR SIR: Mayor James Michael Curley, who was sentenced to jail for using the mails to defraud, charged that Franklin Delano Roosevelt was reaching out from his grave to punish him.

He did his best to degrade the name of Roosevelt in Boston. While Curley's workers were collecting two hundred thousand signatures on a half-mile-long petition to free him by any means, newsboys on Boston streets were shrieking, "Curley is right! If you do not believe it, read what Jim Farley has to say in this week's Collier's, just out." We've been plagued by Curleyism for half a century. Are we now to be plagued by Farleyism?

HENRY BOLTON, Boston, Mass.

. . . Don't destroy our illusion (if you want to call it so) of this epoch of history by publishing such articles by a man who is very evidently trying to promote his political ambitions.

I shouldn't read any more of those articles—they make me fighting mad—and I am a Republican—what do you know about that! MARY MCC. BUCKLEY

. . . Our late President was a Gentleman, with all that it implies and more. Kindliness is one of the outstanding qualities of a true Gentleman, and no one can deny that Mr. Roosevelt had even more than his share. That is the one thing Mr. Jim Farley could not understand. It was his own shortcomings and he himself that made the break.

Does a free press mean that anyone can come forth after a man is gone from this life and publish his version of a situation, knowing there can be no reply?

(MRS.) ELSIE N. MACHEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . I thought I respected Mr. Farley for holding his tongue these few years. But now comes the *dawn*. Or should I give him the benefit of the doubt?

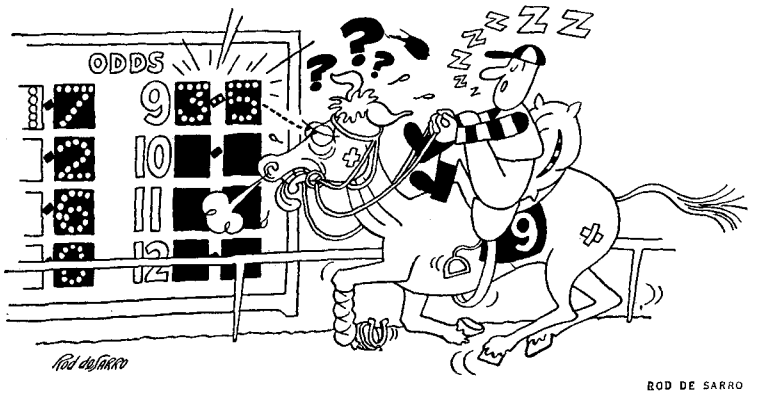
PATRICIA KIEL, New York, N. Y.

. . . The other morning I noticed comment on the articles and I hotfooted it to the newsstand to get one. They were out, but I finally located both issues and have not enjoyed anything in a long time as I did these. Already several of the most prominent men here have read my copies, and I have a waiting list, since they are unable to get the issues.

C. P. DICKSON, Raleigh, N. C.

. . . I can see where the freedom of the press is a thing which is an ideal of American democracy but there is also an American custom of allowing both sides to be heard. JOE WASSER, Monticello, N. Y.

*Collier's published part of the "other side" in a condensation of Frances Perkins' book, The Roosevelt I Knew, and will publish other versions in the future.*




ROD DE SARRO

## SPORTING ODDS

**Horse players at Bay Meadows, near San Francisco, in 1940 were astounded to see the odds on a five-year-old maiden named Green Tea drop suddenly from 90 to 1 to 2 to 1. Not only had the horse never won a race, it had never finished in the money; yet 10 minutes before post time the electric tote board indicated that a large chunk of dough had been wagered on Green Tea.**

**Convinced that a betting coup was in the offing, hundreds of fans stormed the mutuel windows to cut themselves in. Green Tea was soon installed a 3 to 5 favorite. It ran a placid ninth. Most of the chagrined bettors didn't learn until the next day the source of their "hot tip." A short circuit at one of the $10 win ticket windows had sent the mutuel machine berserk. Before it could be disconnected, it had "sold" 187 tickets on Green Tea, for which no money was received. And the $1,870 had been automatically recorded—and paid—in the win pool. The unwitting and unwilling purchaser of these 187 tickets was the American Totalisator Company, which leases the mutuel machines to the race tracks and underwrites any losses caused by mechanical defects.**

**—Dick Friendlich, San Francisco, Calif.**

**COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.**



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# THE CHAINED GATE

Continued from page 16

something would happen if they did. He turned on the headlights, and the beams shot out toward the highway.

For a moment he almost decided not to go—then started the engine.

"Tallyho," Fran said, but it wasn't very loud. . . .

A dark blue night, white with stars, colder than Jack thought it would be, but warm enough for swimming.

As they drove in, the big cement beach gates whitened with car light. A sign in simple block printing labeled the closing hour: 12.30 A.M. They drove down the cement auto path that curved at a level with the sand. The sand was a night-white near the road, browning and darkening off toward the water and shore.

They drove to the car-crowded parking place, and from the parking place carried the rug and paper sacks across the loose sand toward the sound of the lake.

The sand squeaked as their heels came down, grains spraying, catching in their shoes. The wind was a steady, cold pressure on their faces as they circled around through the couples and groups sitting and lying on blankets. The sound of a harmonica came nearer and they passed a boy sitting alone, playing to himself.

THE harmonica became fainter and the sound of the waves louder, the wind colder. When they found the shore they walked just above the damp mark of the water until they came to a dark, private place where they could sit back in a gully and still be near the breakers.

Jack collected wood for a fire. Fran spread the rug on the sand, her forehead ringlets gone and her hair falling straight and dark around her thin shoulders, moving with the breeze. All the while he collected the wood Jack kept thinking of the best way to tell Fran they weren't going to see each other any more after tonight.

He wished the trouble hadn't started at Fran's house, because now that made things harder. He knew she was going to think he liked her less because he'd been embarrassed, and he knew breaking up with her now was going to humiliate her more than ever. And he didn't want to break up with her but he had to. He didn't like her less because of her father. If anything, it made her seem closer to him, but she wouldn't understand that. She might even do something crazy when he told her how things stood.

Fran was a funny girl, but not like her older sister Marion. Marion, on summer nights, used to slip out of the house and down the back stairs in her night dress; she'd go out on an impulse, because it was exciting, and sit in her father's car, parked in the shed behind the store. Everyone knew about Marion except Fran's mother and father. She only stopped going out to the shed when Fran told her she'd tell their father if she didn't stop. Fran told Jack on their first date that she'd made her sister behave, so Jack would understand she wasn't at all like Marion.

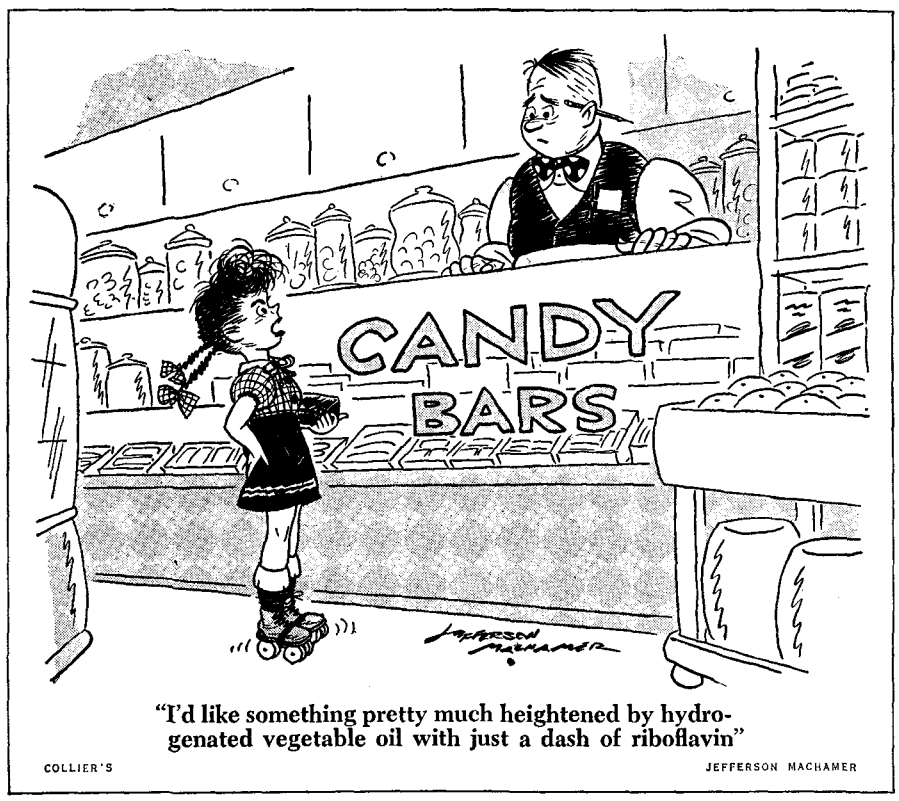
But Fran was odd in other ways, impulsive, too, talking of running away from home to Hollywood—and then a month or two later saying she'd decided to become a nun. She wanted something, Jack wasn't sure what; deciding he wouldn't be on the furnishing end if it were anything like marriage.

When the wood was collected Jack started the fire. He uncapped the two ginger ale bottles and they each held theirs in one hand, and their roasting sticks in the other. The hot dogs split in the flames, charred, and oils dropped down on the fire. Marshmallows crusted brown and black, their centers melting to a liquid sweetness that burned their mouths.

When they finished eating Jack pulled a flaming stick from the fire and they lighted cigarettes. The bad mood he'd started the evening with was gone.

Jack broke his roasting stick into tiny sections, tossing the pieces into the fire. No one passed near their fire and they were undisturbed back in the wind-protected gully. Jack imagined they were shipwrecked on a desert island. It was a nice feeling, the same feeling he had whenever they went out together, like being the central characters in a movie, the romantic leads. Then, in the darkness around the fire, he imagined the faces of cannibals watching them. He thought of how he'd protect Fran: like the Bronze Man, ripping steel doors off their hinges, pulling limbs off trees for clubs—and next imagined, even felt, a gun strapped low around his hips, like the cover men of adventure magazines.

When Jack got up to build the fire higher he took large branches in his hands and, while she watched him, broke them sharply across his knees. He wanted to be like the pictures of another man, the one in the back of the magazines, in the ad, the one snapping a link chain across the muscles of his chest.




"I'd like something pretty much heightened by hydrogenated vegetable oil with just a dash of riboflavin"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

After the fire was fixed they pulled the rug around until they were away from the smoke. The fire reddened the sand, flickering the foot-pitted ground with shadows. Below, in the darkness, the lake waves rolled. They drank more ginger ale, talked, and Jack felt quite happy.

JACK sat facing the fire, and Fran lay across his lap. He pulled his arms around her tightly, forgiving himself with the pressure of his arms for the thought of ever breaking up with Fran. Her head rolled toward his shoulder, the warmth of her temple pressing against the side of his face. When she put her arms up around his shoulders and held him just as tightly he didn't know what to tell her because he didn't want to lose the happiness he had when he was with her, while it lasted.

But when she whispered just under his ear, their heads still pressed together, "I don't ever want to get married," he was instantly wary, sensing a question sounding him out.

He relaxed his arms and her head came slowly away. He knew it had been a question when he saw her eyes; she had that way of questioning, with meanings that slipped in behind and came quizzically through statements.

Jack glanced away from her eyes. "Yeah, why not?"

Fran laughed, but her body was too tense for the laugh to come freely. "I don't want any mess like my mother's got. You know how I mean? You're pushing up daisies soon enough."

He had to make his stand then, or never, and Jack took the opening, holding his breath slightly. "Yeah," he said. "I don't want to marry *nobody* myself." A silence hit all around them, her silence.

She said slowly, "Does it have to be that way?"

"How?"

"You know."

Jack reached for the bottle of ginger ale. He drank and set it down again without answering.

She said, "Gee, it's so bad at home I hate to live there. I'll give you a guess what my mother's going through. Oh, I suppose you can't blame my father so much. He feels terrible, says he can't even face the customers in the store any more. He can't work the humiliation out of his system, but he's doing his level best trying to . . . on all of us." She paused. "What you mean is: You don't want to marry *me*. Isn't that it?"

The ridges of the flames jerked in the wind. The wood roared and popped, its heat pressing against their faces. He'd had a dozen ways of telling her thought out, and now was the time. But all he could say was, "I guess I just don't like marriage, Fran. Somebody gets pushed around sooner or later. Somebody kicks all the fun down cellar."

Fran lay very quietly. "Yep. You hit the head on the nail. Slip the gentleman his sixty-four dollars." Then she sat up quickly, clapping her hands down on the rug. "Come on. Let's go swimming." He tried to see her face because he hadn't liked the sound of her voice; but she twisted away and stood up. She went over to her swimming suit, and Jack got up, brushing his hands together, watching her back as she moved out of the firelight.

They went up opposite sides of the gully to change their clothes in the darkness, and then came down again to meet at the fire. Jack reached the fire first. When he heard Fran coming he turned and watched her move into the firelight. Her eyes had a wild look, as though back in the darkness she'd been talking excitedly to some ghostly adviser.

She came up beside the fire, tiptoeing across the sand with long, pausing steps. "Are you afraid of getting married?"

"Naw. I just don't like it."

She smiled. "It's got me buffaloed, too," and she took his hand, her hand colder than the air. They walked down to the water together and ran in, plunging quickly under its cold surface.

THEY swam back and forth, at first, in chest-high water, teeth chattering and voices jerking sharply. Jack kicked his legs up and down to get warmth in his body. He didn't like swimming at night. The water had a strange black light around the white froth, and bubbles that followed his hands. It was like swimming on a dead planet's lake where time and true light no longer existed. Fran was too quiet, answering him only occasionally when she spoke, staying too far away. She was a better swimmer than Jack and stayed easily out of his reach. Jack kept lowering his legs to be sure of the secure bottom in the insecurity of the cold water and the night.

He was thinking of some way to get Fran back to the beach when he saw her head go out of sight, slipping straight down below the surface as though someone had pulled her by the legs. Her head came up again a few yards away, her bathing cap parting the surface without a splash. He started toward her and she moved away, backstroking.

She was laughing but it sounded more like her hands splashing in the water. "Let's swim to Chicago. Come on, Jack." Fran rolled over in the water, her glistening bare shoulders and back coming up, her arms reaching out in a steady, smooth crawl stroke toward the darkness of the lake.

Jack yelled, "Fran. Hey, Fran. Let's go in."

She didn't answer. He looked at her face rolling up and down, going away, arms silently dipping and rising; then he kicked his own legs up and pulled himself through the water behind her. She moved farther and farther ahead. He tried calling her again, and after that, simply swam, saving all the breath and strength he could, keeping track of the fire on the beach while he swam.

He could feel the lake getting deeper and colder and began to think about cramps. He wondered how far out he could go and still make it back. It wouldn't have to be very far. Jack could still hear the sound of her feet, and seeing her no longer, could only follow the rhythmic froth of her kicking legs far ahead. He began to think about dying, not his own body alone sinking toward a bottomless darkness—but Fran's.

He shouted frantically, "Fran!" Then listened, no longer hearing her movement in the water. The shout shook in his throat, and the black water lapped quietly around his body. He kicked forward again, his big arms slicing down on the lake that gave way around his hooked fingers. The water flooded over his nose and eyes and along his shoulders.

He stopped swimming again when he heard her voice. "Jack. What's the matter?" She wasn't far away.

Over to the left he saw her swimming toward him, her head high, her arms moving in a slow breast stroke. Her face and cap were wet, her face like damp marble against the dark water. She was dazed and uncertain. "What's the matter?"

Jack treaded slowly, his legs pumping, saving his arms, knowing how carefully he'd have to handle her. He winced and



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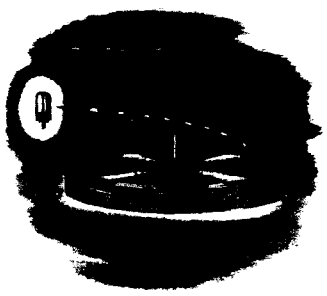

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fluttered his hands in the water, hoping she'd believe him. "My toes are cramping."

She came in closer, worried now, no longer dazed. "You sure?"

"I think so. Let's head back."

Her eyes blinked and she looked up at the sky a moment. As she glanced back her shoulders bobbed quickly toward the fire on the shore, the water pillowlike against the side of her head. "Take it slow, Jack. I'll swim alongside."

After several minutes, the fire as far away as before, he did not try to raise his arms above the water. They were too tired.

He wasn't even sure he'd make it back until the sound of the waves on the shore seemed so close that when he put his legs down they ticked bottom sand.

They walked up and out on the land as silently as they had returned to the shore through the water. Jack said, "For a minute I thought you *were* heading for Chicago."

The sand stuck to their wet legs, and their skin goose-pimpled in the cold air. They walked into the firelight, into its warmth, heads down, watching their feet hit the sand. Fran said, "I lost my nerve. It wasn't a trick, Jack. I don't want to get married. I don't."

WHEN they were dressed they sat on the rug by the fire. Jack lay back and closed his eyes. His arms didn't feel as tired now, but he closed his eyes because he felt humiliated and ashamed. The smoke of the burning wood blew lightly around them. He could see Fran through his eyelids, her head bent to one side, running a comb through her hair: half his own weight, nowhere near his strength—yet he'd floundered like a terrified baby a hundred yards from shore and made a fool of himself to get her back to land.

Fran brought the comb down with a jerk and raised one hand to her mouth. "What time is it?"

Jack sat up quickly and pulled out his watch. "Twelve forty-five."

She dropped the hand from her mouth slowly and Jack was already on his feet rolling the rug. They started back for the car, running down the shore line where the sand was damp and hard.

Only their car stood in the parking place, a single, stationary car in the middle of a sanded emptiness. They got in quickly, slamming the doors, and drove down the road to the gate.

The gate was as far as they could go. The heavy chain links were aglow in the car lights. Jack glanced at Fran. She was staring straight ahead, her lips pressed together.

Jack said, "There's another gate further down."

He jerked the car in reverse, wheeled it back, then sent the car forward. The second gear was a humming, swirling sound in the car before he slipped it down to high.

They swung around, up to the second gateway, and stopped. In their headlights, sections of the heavy chain were like gold, luminously afire. And beyond the gates Jack could feel, almost see, a man sitting behind a kitchen table, holding a pair of shears in his hand like a dagger, his eyes above his swelling cheeks like cups of fishhooks.

Jack switched off the key.

In the headlights they saw the sign again that labeled the closing hour of the gate. And under this sign was a second sign that said that under no conditions would the gates be reopened until morning. Jack looked at the sign and knew how Marion's husband must have felt the morning Fran's father walked into the garage where he worked and told him what he had to do or go to jail.

The light of the dashboard lay across their laps and faces. Without turning his head toward Fran, Jack said, "Well, that's that."

Beside the gate was a watchman's office, a small boxlike hut where a light bulb burned and they could see a part of a man's head.

Jack switched the key on again and started the engine.

He felt Fran's fingers tighten. She said, "What are you going to do?"

"Make a run for it across the sand. See if I can circle the gate to the highway."

"Jack. We'll get stuck."

As he swung the car back along the road to get a good running start the door of the watchman's office opened and the man inside came out. He stopped outside the doorway, silhouetted by the inside light.

Jack gunned the motor and headed for the sand. He leaned over the steering wheel, his lips pulled back across his teeth. It was like hitting a wall of water. The car struck the sand and swerved, wheels spinning and digging. They sank in the loose sand and the car came to a slow, gradual stop. Only the rear wheels went around and around.

Jack heard the man knocking on the

COLLIER'S "Now, this outfit was especially designed for people who have no taste in clothes" MISCHA RICHTER

car window. He turned the engine off and rolled the glass down.

"What do you kids think you're doing?" The watchman held a large-bowled pipe casually to his mouth.

Fran pleaded and Jack argued. The man kept shaking his head, explaining the regulations, saying, "If we didn't lock those gates tight we'd be letting folks like you out all night long. Besides, I ain't even got the key."

He helped Jack push the car out of the sand and back to the road. After that there was nothing more to do but go inside the guard's house and keep warm until daybreak. There was no telephone in the hut and no place the guard knew they could find one.

Jack began to get mad—mad at himself, Fran, the guard, everything. He wanted to smash the guard in the face.

There were only two chairs in the hut. Fran and the guard sat down while Jack looked out the window at his car and the heavy chain across the gate. Fran smoked cigarettes one after the other, nervously. No one wanted to speak.

At the end of an hour the guard got up and went over to the door. He opened the door a few inches and spat out on the ground; and after standing a moment in the doorway, went outside, closing the door.

Jack looked down at Fran, at the top of her head, at the cigarette smoke coiling from her fingers. He felt miserable. He wanted to touch her and knew he couldn't, any more than he could tell her not to worry. He didn't feel mad now, not even trapped. He wanted to touch her tenderly and tell her not to worry about her father, because as soon as they opened the gates in the morning they could head straight for Indiana and be married.

JACK stepped over beside Fran and bent beside her, taking both her hands in his big farm boy's hands, and he said, "Listen, Fran—"

She jerked her hands away, the cigarette spinning down across the floor. Still in a half crouch, he watched her go out the door before he could move. Then Jack grabbed the door frame and went out behind her.

He ran across the pavement toward the gate, gaining behind her. She crossed the chain ahead of him and he almost had her there, catching her a moment later on the highway. They stood in the middle of the road, facing each other on the starlit concrete. The wind from the lake moved the fringes of her skirt and hair.

Jack held her arm tightly. "You can't walk home. What's the matter with you? We haven't seen a car come down this road since we been here." He pulled her back toward the gate. "Now come on. Your folks will understand."

She pushed his hand from her arm, straining against his wrist, her face contorted. "Just leave me alone, Jack," she pleaded.

He took her arm again and she twisted her shoulders and head away. "I'm the one that has to face my father. You don't. You know what he'll think. And how do you think he'll feel?"

"Honey, I'll marry you if you want me to."

"Oh, shut up. You don't give a damn about me. You said so. Don't think this means you have to marry me. You don't give a damn about me."

"I just said I didn't like what marriage turned into, Fran. You said the same thing." She began to moan and push at his wrist before he realized how tightly he was holding her arm. He wanted to tell her how frightened he'd been out on the lake, that he'd have gone right on swimming after her till he went down if she hadn't come back. But he knew she wouldn't believe that, even listen to him saying that now. He said, "I really want to marry you, Fran, honest. What do I have to do or say to prove it? I'm not wanting to because I think I should, because of being locked in here tonight, honey. Listen to me."

She began yanking and twisting on the end of his arm. "You don't give a damn about me. Don't you think I know?"

"Take it easy," Jack said.

Jack pulled and drew her back toward the gate while she jerked and twisted. When he reached the chain he lifted her over, and the chain rattled against his legs as he stepped over beside her.

Fran's face turned up to him like a white reflection in the dark water of her hair, the hair moving, rippling in the wind, her face distorted and wild. She said, "I hope you get it someday. I hope you get it as bad as me."

He let go of her shoulders, releasing his fingers one at a time and stepping back. It seemed as though walls—stone, mortar and board—were crumbling down on his head and shoulders. He felt as though he were sinking down in his body, growing smaller, tighter and harder until the blood in his body swelled and pushed thunderously against his ears and eyes. He opened his mouth to shout at her, to let it out before he blew apart. But there was no time for sound or voice—

At some moment during the flash and fury of his decision he straddled the chain and wrapped the links over his wrists and around between his hands. He threw his feet up against the cement gatepost and, bending his legs, split them out of his trousers at his knees. His coat ripped down the back between his shoulders and the iron chain cut through the flesh of his fingers. From far away, off across the dark rustling lake, from a tiny place, he heard his name called: a tiny, tiny name far away. Head down-tilted, glasses lost, his bent, bursting legs pushed into the post, his heels grinding the cement. His legs ground in, tearing not the concrete from itself, but his hands, wrists and arms from his body.

He fell back to the ground under the chain before he wanted to or knew why; and did not realize the chain was still in his hands until he tried to reach up for it again and the loose, broken link slid across the side of his face.

HIS name came closer and larger and became as near as her hands pulling at his coat, and her face. He held her with one hand, each of them holding each other, while he felt over the sand-sprinkled ground for his glasses, finding them finally under his knees, still unbroken. He put them on with one hand, pulling her toward the car with the other while they ran.

Going out between the gate the wheels of the car kicked at the chain. The kick went up through his body like a sound of something he had waited all his life to hear, and now that he had heard it the note was so quiet and familiar it was frightening.

It was only two o'clock and they could be home in half an hour, long before dawn. Everything was fine now. His hands were bleeding, his palms slipping a little on the steering wheel. He took hold of the steering spokes. Fran held his arm with both hands and her head was against his shoulder. He could still feel the sound of the kicked, broken chain, not frightening like the lake, or like anything else he'd ever known but more like the imagined hammer click of a .45 held ready in his hands for something, whatever might be coming toward their firelight.

He pressed the accelerator excitedly down in toward the high, hot sound of the engine, and at the first crossroad turned down the lane toward Indiana.

THE END



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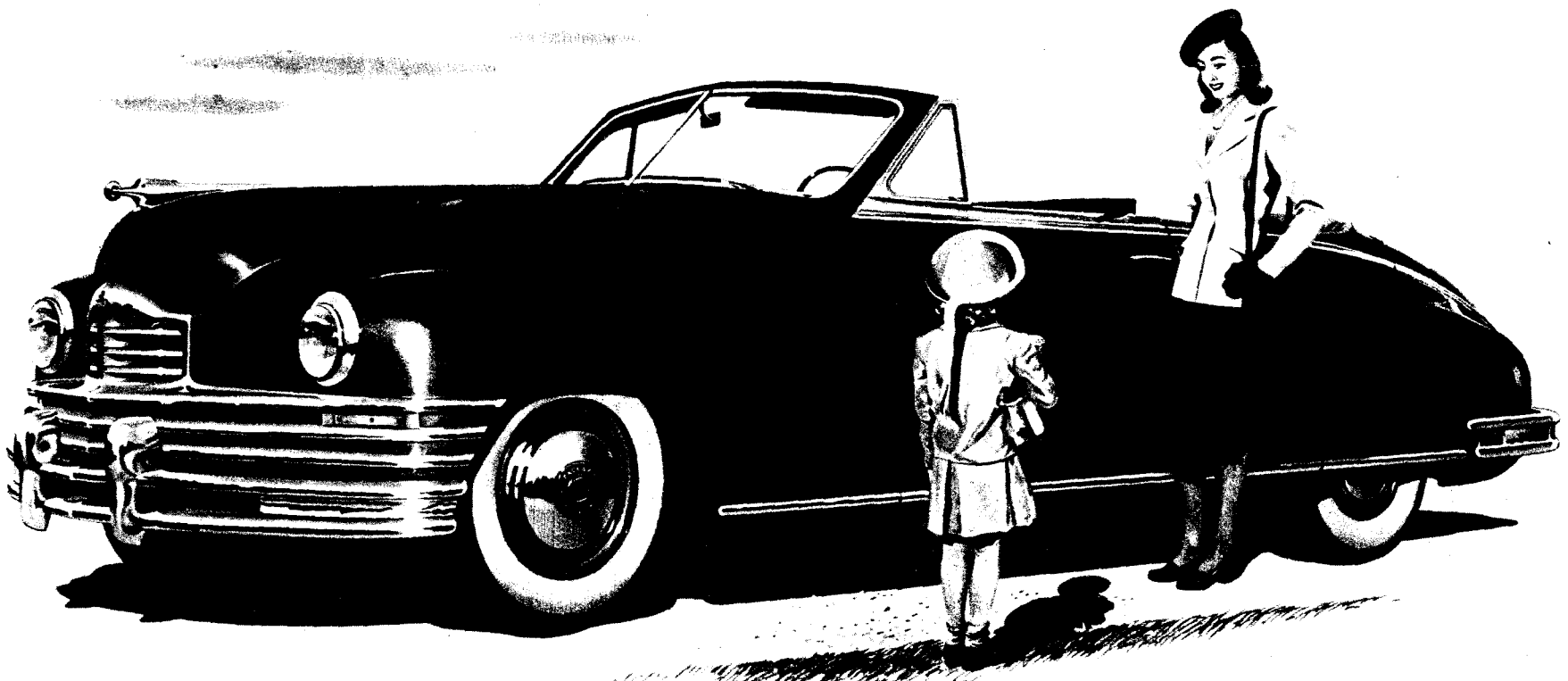

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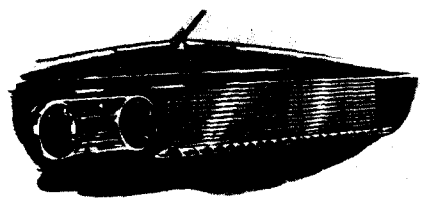

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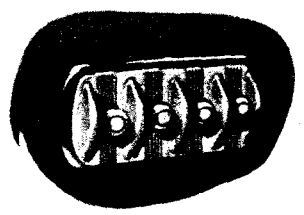

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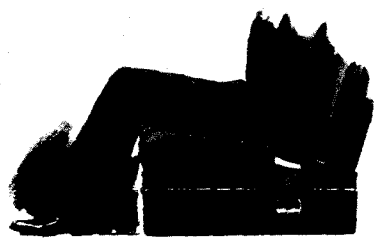

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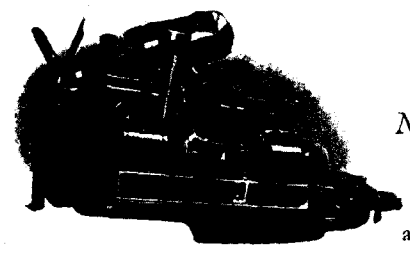
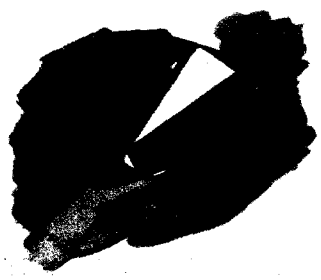


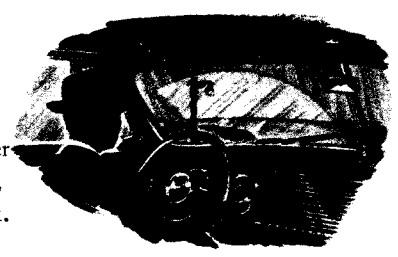
*New 145-H. P. Passmaster engine!*

Velvet-smooth power! Engineered for "safety-sprint" acceleration for overtaking and passing cars and trucks at highway speeds.



*Your choice of 6 stunning colors!*

Here's breath-taking beauty . . . in Cavalier Maroon, Packard Ivory, Golden Green, Sardonyx Brown, French Blue, or Black.



*Packard Comfort-aire ventilation!*

New design provides a constant supply of fresh air through dual air ducts, even when windows are closed tight. Prevents window fogging.

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# America's first postwar Convertible!

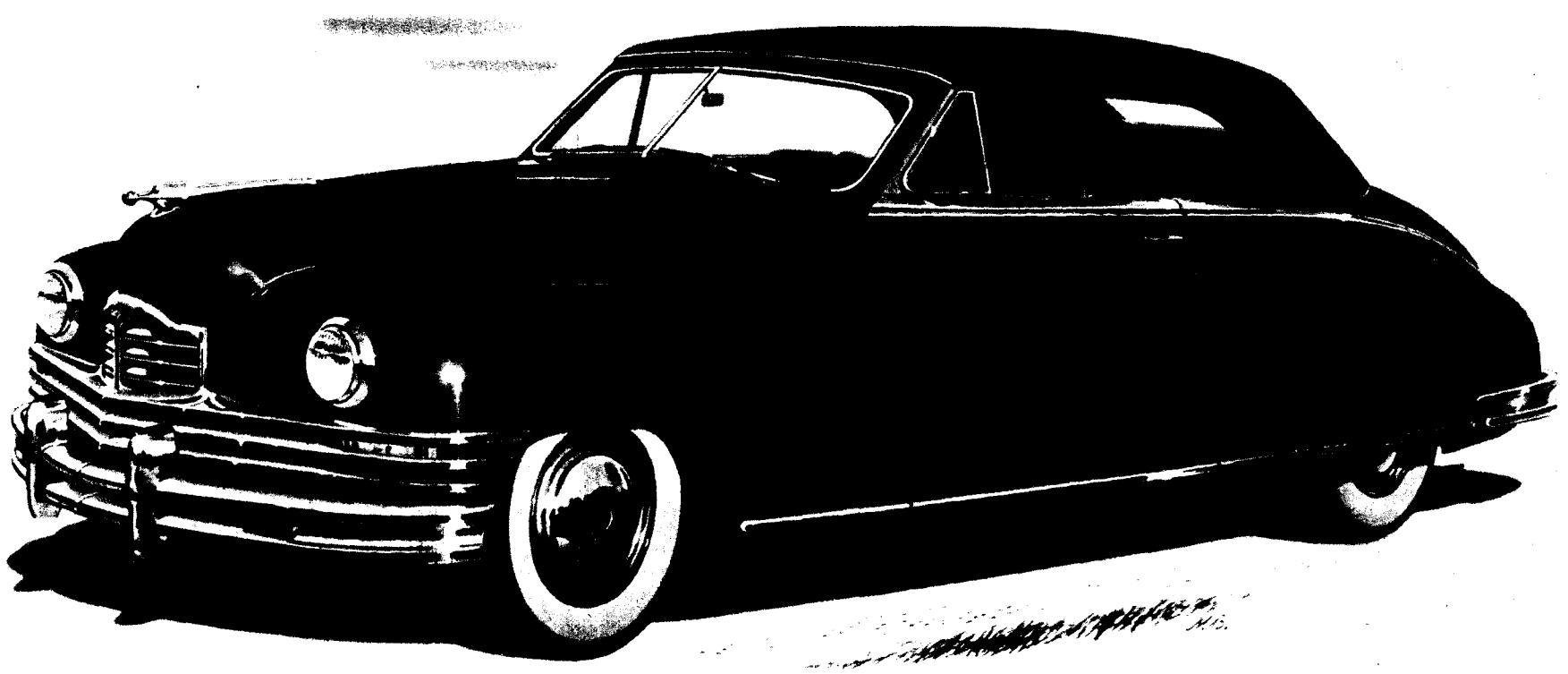
*Here's America's first postwar convertible! A convertible that's new—completely new—from tires to top!*

*From the clean sweep of its smart bonnet to the tiny wisp of vapor from its whispering exhaust as it breezes by, the sheer beauty of this new Packard Convertible will leave you breathless!*

*To actually drive it . . . to know the thrill of its performance . . . the flash and surge of its new 145-horsepower Packard straight-8 engine . . . is still another breathless experience!*

*Hurry to see this most beautiful of all convertibles at your Packard dealer's. But — we warn you — go prepared to lose your heart to it!*

'P . . . IT'S TOPS!



PACKARD ' ' ' ask the man who owns one

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# THE END OF THE WORLD STRIKES OIL

Continued from page 19

have its transportation paralyzed in wartime. Now, whatever happens to copper and nitrates, Chile will be sitting pretty and can use its foreign credits for machinery and consumers' goods instead of for fuel. There was a gambler's flavor to the talk, for Chileans, next to the Chinese, are the world's most passionate gamblers. "Good luck always smiles on Chile in her darkest moments."

Since it will take years and much capital to develop the fields, the excitement has been like that of a boy with a new Christmas toy who has forgotten he'll have to scrub behind the ears anyway. But part of Argentina's loan of 700,000,000 pesos ($175,000,000) to Chile has been earmarked to develop the Springhill field with Argentine and American technicians.

Many other things besides oil and the settlers' movement are afoot in Patagonia. The Argentine government hopes to have the deep peat beds of Fireland exploited for fuel. In accordance with President Juan Perón's five-year plan, Patagonian hydroelectric, mining and industrial development is to be pushed. Already trucks, lurching over bad roads, are bringing out coal from experimental shafts in the great coal beds that stretch for 250 miles south from Lake Argentino—to the south ports of Gallegos and Santa Cruz and to Chilean Natales.

A railroad is being surveyed from the coast to the new coal region. Other new mineral deposits have been located: lead, zinc, copper, maybe nickel. Aquiles D. Ygobonne, chief Argentine authority on all things Patagonian, says there are large iron deposits.

New industries will supplement the packing plants and wool-processing establishments that dot Patagonia and the strait. Wool textiles, rayon, clothing, leather goods, shoes, chemicals, soap, plastics, are some of the first products to be turned out. A whole new industrial city is planned for Nahuel Huapi in the lake region. Thus frontier Patagonia, now chiefly a sheep and coal and oil area, in time may become an important industrial zone.

Already several thousand new European immigrants, hand-picked for character and special skills, have been shunted to Patagonia. As the region develops, hundreds of thousands of outsiders will settle there.

### Sheep Ranch a Source of Oil

The new Springhill well is at the seat of one of the enormous sheep ranches. From Springhill on three sides can be seen the slate purple water of Magellan Strait, the four big winking lighthouses on the First Narrows, the short pipe line snaking northwest where tankers come. Small black and white dolphins frisk in front of steamers rushing in on the roaring fifty-foot tide. The Alacaluf Indians say the dolphins are children of the moon, trying to leap up to their mother who abandoned them to run after the sun.

Primitive roads—bitten deep by half a century of sheep drives to the packing houses, woolsheds and boiling-down plants along the strait—lead into the Argentine third of the island and southwest to Porvenir. Sheep herds along Patagonian roads, north and south of the strait, sometimes stretch as far as the eye can reach.

Ostriches, the feathers of which are prized for capes, cloaks, bed coverings, wall hangings and rugs, are hunted down on horseback with *boleadoras*—three stones in leather thongs—dexterously whirled about the legs. This implement was used long before the Spaniards came. One archaeologist claims it has been found with human bones and skeletons of the extinct two-toed horse in ice-age deposits dating back twenty thousand years.

"I tell you, 'J.B.', a man's outlook is pretty hopeless these days. Every year the Administration sees to it that the dollar is worth less; and all the while scientists keep adding years to our lives"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Small herds of guanacos, lowland cousins of the llama, neigh and cavort across the meadows daintily, with excited darts of their long necks and small proud heads.

Small Porvenir, on a magnificent bay on the east shore of the strait, which there bends southward, is laid out Spanish-Moorish style around a central plaza. Inner patios, protected from the wind, grow palms and flowers and ivy. In a plaza flower bed stands a white marble black-snouted bear, an animal now known in the vicinity—perhaps a Yugoslav importation. Three times a week a National Air Lines plane shuttles the forty-odd miles across the strait to Punta Arenas—Sand Point.

The gold prospecting region is far south. A hundred miles below Punta Arenas, on big Dawson Island, is another large sheep ranch and the biggest sawmill in the region, which buzzes away at the oaks and coigue, the famous evergreen antarctic beech. From the trunks of these mighty trees burst forth large pink fungi, eagerly eaten by Firelanders as a delicacy. Farther south on famous Beagle Canal, with the world's most striking scenery, are more sheep ranches, British missionaries and the world's most southern prison, Ushuaia, Argentina's Devil's Island, a long, grim, high-walled edifice.

It is a dazzlingly splendid region: flowering meadows, glaciers, cascades, snow peaks, great forests, deep-cut fiords—a sort of combination of Norway and Switzerland, and more majestic than either. In the vast cathedral-like silence, sometimes a new iceberg is born with a crash, a rumble and roar, and the sea smokes as it builds into crashing surf. The innumerable islands are often alive with seals and sea birds and black swans. The lakes are often scarlet with flamingos.

Some great peaks bear innumerable glaciers, and their black slopes look as if they had been clawed by white fingers. The most massive glaciers are known as the Twelve Apostles. Perhaps the Romanche Glacier is the most stupendous: a great slanting wall of blue ice, flanked by leaping waterfalls plunging through evergreen forests. If the light is just right, a dozen spray-born rainbows arch, one above the other, across the grinding ice pack.

But Punta Arenas is the main center. There at the International Bar, Don Gregorio slapped down his gin and tonic and pushed back his tall silk hat from his curly chestnut hair. It was the signal for typical Fireland cracker-barrel wisdom.

Don Gregorio looks Scotch and moves in English circles, but probably is an offspring of some Scotch herder and a Tehuelche Indian woman, handsome specimens when they are young. It is not considered polite anywhere in Magallanes Territory to quiz a man about his past. Don Gregorio was in port for the winter and an annual binge.

On a remote south shore, he has a sturdy cabin he shares with two other gold washers. His operations are simple. Patiently he smokes his pipe till an angry storm washes up gold-glistening black sands from some undersea source. When these have been worked over, he smokes through to another storm.

Now, at the International Bar, his stovepipe pushed back, Don Gregorio waved his big hand vaguely south toward the great snowy Darwin Range, then vaguely north at the crumpled black and white ridges of the Paine Cordillera above Natales, and pronounced solemnly, "There's death in them thar hills."

He was not referring to fellow prospectors who for three quarters of a century have been leaving their bones about, but to his belief that there is pitchblende in the area, and this would ultimately mean atom bombs, once the heavy white uranium has been extracted from the black ore.

The uranium legend runs all along the eastern Andean valleys. Long ago El Jimmy, notorious early English outlaw, told a visitor that coal packed in seams north of Rio Turbio often turned out to be pitchblende. It is there the Perón government plans to drive in a railroad and build factories. Some substance is given to these tall yarns by the bona fide discovery of a pitchblende deposit near Mendoza, farther north.

News reports that uranium was one reason for Byrd's latest South Pole expedition may have had no basis; but nowhere was that expedition, right in Patagonia's back yard, watched more closely than in Argentina and Chile. The two governments hastily cooked up a joint expedition, and Argentina set up its second permanent lighthouse on the Antarctic Continent.

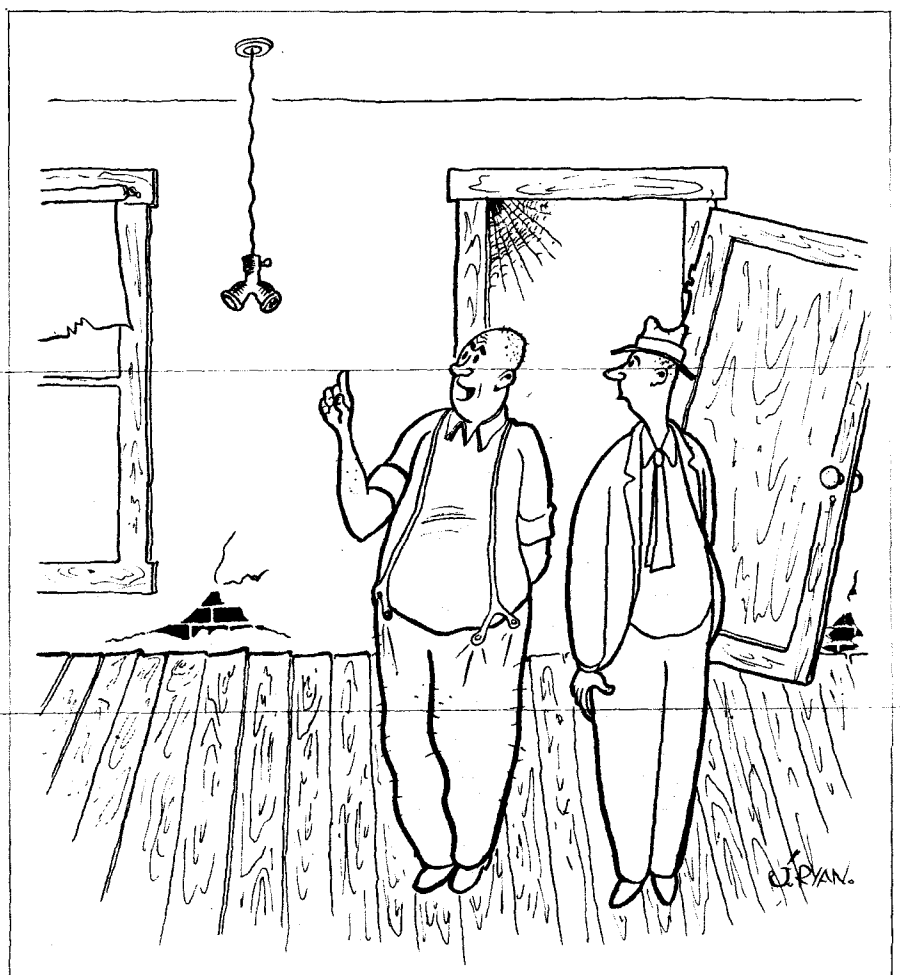
### To Australia via South Pole?

Byrd's transpolar flights certainly added to excitement around Punta Arenas, which now looks forward to becoming the jumping-off place for direct air travel from Chile and Argentina over the South Pole to Australia. This would have significance for either a warring or a peaceful world.

All these new impulses converging on the tip of South America are the culmination of southward frontier movements in both Argentina and Chile. Already Argentina has built fine roads and hotels throughout the Patagonian lake region. The Argentina Automobile Association maintains the swankest auto rest stations in the world and numerous airfields to fly in emergency auto parts to distant stretches within a few hours. The Neuquén and Rivadavia oil fields are expanding.

Chile has had a tougher time. Until late last century she was cut off from the south by the fierce Araucano Indians. A satisfactory treaty was finally made, and since then the southward frontier movement has gathered drive.

In beautiful half-moon Puerto Montt,



COLLIER'S "Now there's a nice feature if you have an electric razor" J. RYAN



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COLLIER'S "The new maid is really wonderful with the children" JARO FABRY

set on a great inland bay surrounded by densely forested hills, this busy southward urge quivers along the waterfront of high-stacked lumber. The harbor is always full of vessels. Those from "around the Horn" have a weather-beaten but jaunty appearance, yardarms stained by storms and albatross, which fly by here in flocks for hours on end.

The sturdy little ninety-passenger Tenglo, one of a fleet of six vessels constantly plying south channels, rides high at the dock on the crest of the forty-foot tide. Even its decks are stacked with lobster pots, drums of petroleum, waterproof alerce timbers, bedsprings, marine engines, and a knocked-down windmill. The vessel is bound for one of the regular twice-a-week runs these boats make to the southern settlements and farms, the Chiloé Islands, the famous Chonos Archipelago and Puerto Aysén.

Next run—this being the tourist season—the vessel will run still farther south clear to Lake San Rafael, with its crashing blue glaciers and its swank hotel on the Oquí Straits. Steam shovels are now slicing through the Isthmus of Panama to make an all-inland waterway clear to the Strait of Magellan.

A third of the Tenglo passengers are new settlers. The American Geographic Society geodetic maps of the region, published less than twenty years ago, do not even show the now flourishing little cities of Puerto Aysén and Natales. In the last few years tens of thousands of new settlers have taken up millions of acres of homesteads, and the green back country is now full of log cabins, stump fields, cattle, sheep, new roads, new schools. Sawmills buzz. Fifteen thousand miners are urgently needed right now for new mines.

A *roto* hangs over the Tenglo rail with wife, six children, two dogs and bundles. He was shaken out of Concepción in the bad 1938 quake and has never taken root since then. He's bound now, with hope and excitement, for the south frontier.

A Puerto Aysén storekeeper has been north buying hardware, kerosene lamps, rayons, calicoes and satin wedding gowns. "Our young folk are getting married now," he says. "That means they are rooted, have found homes for keeps—that's good."

He himself is dressed in heavy woolens, *bombachos,* looking like a cross between golf knickers and Gaucho or cowboy pants. "I came in six years back, lived two winters in a shack without even a stove. Now Aysén has fine docks and streets and parks, and I have a big store. The city now has three mighty good hotels, well, kind of good, and up at Coyhaique in the back country, there are three more. You should see the beautiful lakes, the fine streams—black with ducks and eight- to twelve-pound trout."

### Trails Through Scenic Wonders

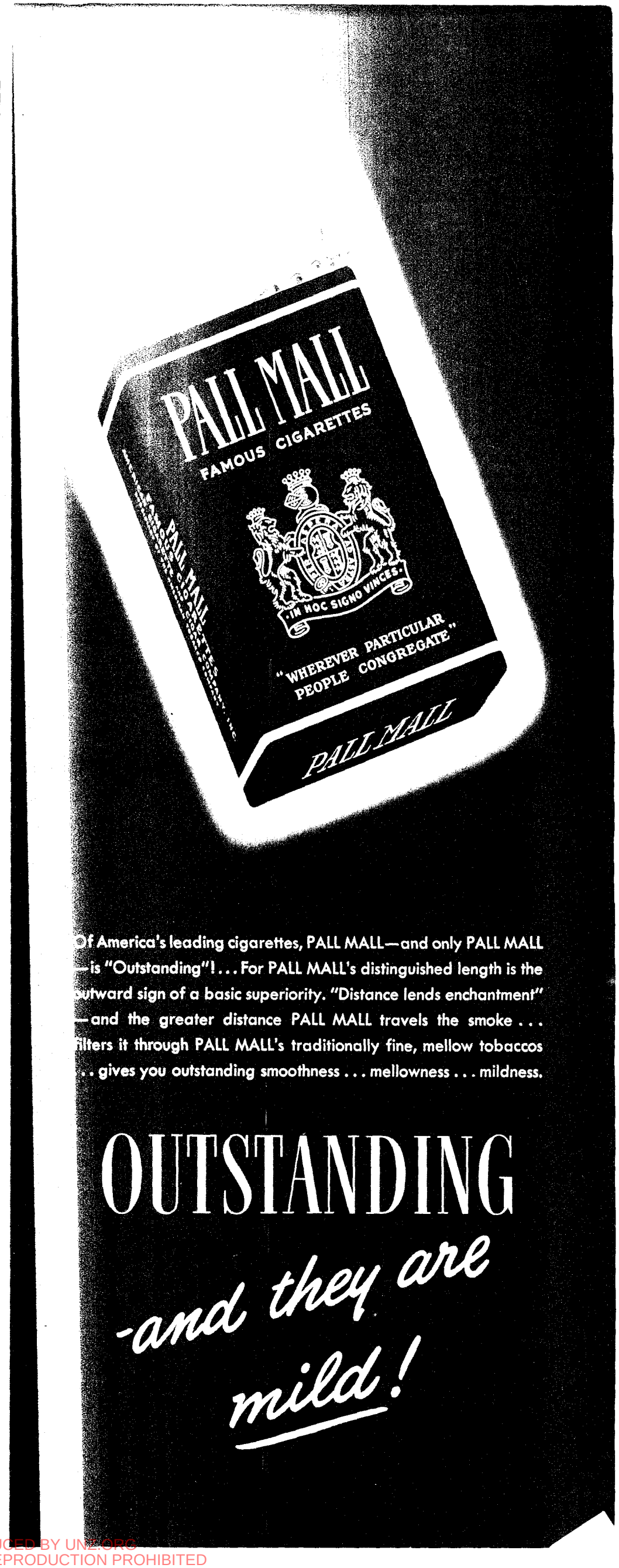
Back from Aysén, new roads feed on into Argentina. The main highway follows the new split-rail fences along beautiful dancing Simpson River up the thrilling Snail Grade through stupendous forests, past gorgeous lakes and the Virgin Falls. To this name, a local Irish wag who loves showing strangers around always appends the phrase, "sooner or later." Natales, farther south, now a place of 10,000, has also felt the boom.

Most of Patagonia in both countries is still primitive and bleak, windy, open-sky country like our Middle West plateau country before cities, railroads and new industries flocked in. Today, Patagonia, with more resources than quite a few areas in our own now rich-populated West, is similarly a new frontier, but since farm lands are limited in most places, transformation of the region must wait upon the organized implantation of new industries.

This effort is mostly in the blueprint stage for a future of good intentions. But the southward push is getting stronger, and it can mature with new roads, railroads, airfields, towns, schools and industries. It is too soon yet to measure the real tempo of the change in the quickening life of Patagonia, but the blood of civilization, so called, has at last flowed into the cold extremities of the great continental land-giants—Siberia, Alaska, Patagonia and Fireland—and is pouring in new life. Folk far south in beautiful Patagonia believe that because of superior climate and more resources, their region is the most practical of all such areas and faces a great future.

THE END

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OUTSTANDING
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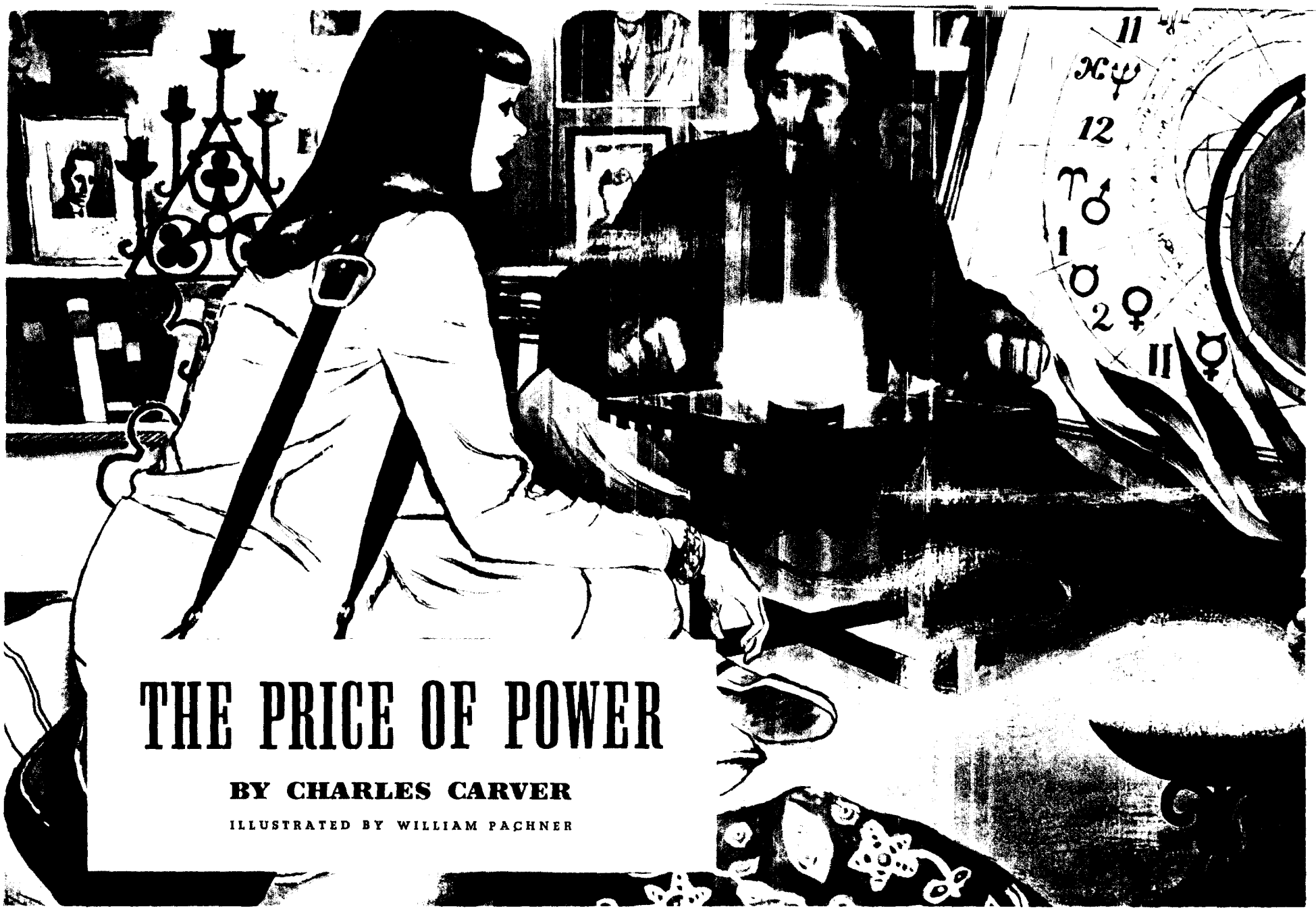

# THE PRICE OF POWER

**BY CHARLES CARVER**

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

**I showed her the magic words on the stand and then passed my right hand over the crystal ball a few times to increase the strength and power of the vision**

STRICTLY by will power I beat back the impulse to toss the young lady out on her ear. I didn't mind so much the amused skepticism with which she brought up her problem, nor the disagreeable condescension with which she discussed it—but when this girl began carelessly fingering a ten spot to back up her request, I almost forgot myself.

Because persecution, ridicule and suspicion have surrounded my profession for ages, we practitioners have to be particularly careful about our ethics. For instance, anyone caught selling the Power for peanuts, so to speak, was worse than a traitor. And that was exactly what my supple visitor was trying to engineer.

I took in the cold, hard eyes, the sleek, dark hair, the even, predatory teeth. The hunt does something to women, I thought. It makes panthers out of kittens. Furthermore, the vibrations I received from this girl were especially bad. A Gemini, I guessed. I'm a Leo myself—never could get in step with a Gemini.

"What month were you born?" I asked her.

"June 14th." The answer was obvious, but professionally satisfying nonetheless.

"And you are suggesting," I said, ignoring the bill in her hand, "that for the selfish ends of romance I should deliberately misread the crystal this evening when you lure this timid swain of yours here for a séance?"

"I'm not luring him." She chuckled unpleasantly, deep in her throat. "He suggested it. And incidentally it's not 'misreading,' mister. Just tell him the signs say to marry a girl he met at the Palm Pavilion, a girl who was wearing a mother-of-pearl tiara. Tell him her middle name is Diana."

"Namely, you?"

"Namely, me."

I looked at her in horror. I had forgotten how tight the web could be spun, with what devious delicacy it could be drawn choking-tight.

"But do you believe your friend would be so much influenced by a reading?" I asked. "So much that he would take a step as important as marriage?"

She smiled slowly. "You mean is he enough of a sucker?" The vibrations I got were very unpleasant indeed. "Sure he is. He told me himself he believed in fortunetellers." She drew herself up suddenly. "Not that I don't love him," she said defensively. "Of course I do."

"Even if he were poor?"

"Of course. Say—!"

"Simply a guess," I told her. "Simply a wild guess."

There was an uncomfortable pause. "You, of course, do not believe in crystal gazing—crystallomancy, as we call it?" I lighted a small piece of incense and made several right-hand passes over my crystal.

"Don't be silly," she said. But I caught the same half-ashamed eagerness in her voice that I had heard in so many during my years of practice.

"Please sit over here," I told her, indicating a cushion to my left. "No living soul should be to the north of the crystal during a reading."

"I don't want a reading," she said—and moved obediently to the cushion. Because it was her first encounter with the occult, I explained what I could as I made the preparations.

I explained, for instance, about oxide of iron, with its strong affinity for magnetism, and how it is part of the crystal. (Mine is a particularly fine one of Bohemian glass.) I told her of the tea made of *artemisia vulgaris,* the ancient tonic prescribed by the sorcerers of the Middle Ages, and of the herb succory (its leaves always turn north), which creates magnetism in the body. I explained that with the moon approaching full and the sun in its northernmost declination, the conditions were excellent for clairvoyance.

FINALLY I showed her the four words, so old their meanings are lost, although their magic remains, which were written in raised gold on the four sides of the ebony stand before us: TETRAGRAMMATON to the north; EMMANUEL to the east; AGLA to the south; and ADONAY to the west.

I passed my right hand over the glass a few more times to increase the strength and power of the vision, then a few passes with my left hand to heighten the sensitiveness. The girl was leaning over the crystal as though mesmerized. In a low voice I explained about the breathing. Then we sat silent while the fumes of the incense and the trapped forces did their work. It did not take as long as the usual reading.

"I see," I said, "a tired disheveled woman in a cheap room cooking stew on a hot plate for three thin, hungry children. I see a man at a table near her, asleep, face hidden in his arms. Wait! There is a gold ring on his finger. I see initials. I think they are 'R,' 'L,' and 'K,' but the vision is fading."

She gasped, pale as a ghost. "But that's impossible! He's worth millions!"

I peered into the sphere intently. "He *was* rich. For years there has been poverty. A disinheritance—bitterness—disillusionment. . . ."

Suddenly I recoiled from the crystal and covered it with a black cloth. "There will be no charge for this reading," I said shakily. "Sometimes it is bitter to have the Power, very bitter. Please leave me now. And whoever your young man is, don't bring him here, I beg you."

Her eyes locked with mine frantically over the wisps of blue vapor from the incense. For an unbeliever she was badly frightened. She pushed the money toward me, however. I closed my eyes and said *Om mani padme hum* four times slowly.

When I opened them she had gone, but the ten dollars was still there. I decided to give it to charity—the Old Necromancers Home perhaps. On the other hand I felt a little better about the fifty dollars a young fellow had given me that morning. There might be fireworks when he discovered I hadn't played Cupid as requested, but I checked his birth date, and it just wasn't in me to throw a love-blinded brother Leo to that gold digger.

What's more, it would have been highly unethical.



**A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE**

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# SPARE THE CHILD

Continued from page 13

which should obtain in every home. What is this discipline? Certainly it is not the boundless license touted in the early 1930s, when any curb upon a child's behavior was abhorred as a mar upon his budding psyche. Discipline is training for reality.

Southard doctors believe a child ought to get within the home a realistic briefing for the kind of world he must live in.

The late Dr. John B. Geisel, former director of Southard, replaced the old notion of license with the theory that children have a need for discipline. They actually like it. Children feel more secure when they know the rules and are able to live up to them. They have opportunities to win praise. They get a feeling of accomplishment when they do what is required of them.

The child, one of the Southard doctors explains, is like a man driving his automobile through strange territory. Discipline is his road map. Too often we turn the child loose with no map at all, and then we despair when he piles up in a ditch, or gets lost or stuck in the mud. If we want to keep him on the main highway, in the name of sweet horse sense let's give him a map.

This is the kind of discipline children get at the Southard School. As children get over the explosive phases they find they can win greater satisfactions by obeying the rules than by breaking them. Geisel used to say, "Praise that which is good; ignore that which is bad." In such an atmosphere the hellions who arrive at Topeka often are constructive citizens when they depart.

Southard people know that the art of handling children is about 99 per cent the art of understanding how they operate. Take this incident:

A young woman recreational worker was in the kitchen of the big house when one of the children, a belligerent boy of twelve, came up to her with a meat knife and pressed it against her arm. "You don't think I'd dare to cut you, do you?" he leered. She could have answered, Bogart-like, "You haven't got the guts to cut me!" Then most certainly he'd have hacked her arm to prove he wasn't yellow.

Instead she quietly replied, "Yes, I think you'd cut me if you got a notion to." The boy dropped her arm and walked away.

A good deal of conduct which seems shocking to the outsider actually is beneficial. The children swear a great deal. They go around protesting their hatreds. You hear them shout excitedly, "I hate you, Murphy!"

One boy went up to Dr. Murphy and said, "I'm going to kill you!"

Dr. Murphy, not at all humorously, replied, "Suppose we make an appointment for that," and the two of them figured that a certain twelve minutes on the following Thursday would be the ideal time for the killing. (Somehow this appointment slipped the boy's mind when Thursday rolled around.)

"It is important that children with unresolved hatred have someone to use as a target. They need someone to hate. Otherwise they aim this hatred inward against themselves," Dr. Greenwood explains. In short, the Southard School must let the hatred come out and put love back in its place—an immense job for which there is no precise blueprint.

### How the Urge to Hate Is Cured

An investment of love is made in each child by the easy, understanding way in which his rampages or his failings are accepted. Children lose their "need to hate" as the weeks and months roll by. They begin to love Dr. Greenwood because he loves them. His luminous, happy face and the way his hand finds a place on their shoulders make them know that with the doc, love of children is no act; it just comes naturally. Once when three children ran off and slept in a chicken coop, Dr. Greenwood's only retaliation was to remain in his office until 4 o'clock the next day. For the children, just being deprived of his presence was punishment enough.

The change from sick, antisocial behavior to the healthy, democratic way of getting along with others is a slow but satisfying process. Children who smashed and swore in the beginning learn to let off steam in Dr. Greenwood's "gripe sessions," where, in the best traditions of the United States Congress, they can air what ails 'em. They learn to savor and enjoy their special rights, such as the right to help themselves to anything on the bottom shelf of the icebox during the snack hour, to toast their own sandwiches, to pour their own juice. They learn to balance their rights against duties, to expect to pay out of their allowance for a window they break or to stay

"The beauty of this place is that it's made of green lumber and in no time will have the appearance of a charming, century-old colonial cottage"

COLLIER'S — BILL KING

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home from the Friday night movie if they raise Cain at bedtime.

All this, of course, is part of the process of getting well. But sometimes the dressing and binding of wounds is not enough; sometimes the wounds must be opened and drained and the cause of infection removed.

A few children are given psychoanalytic treatment. More are given modified forms of psychotherapy, in which, largely by a talking-out process, they bring the cause of infection to the surface where it can be washed away.

A few years ago a boy came to Southard, billed by his family doctor as a pathological liar. True to form, he told no less than fifty gaudy falsehoods in his first three days at the school and he didn't seem to grasp the fact that he was lying.

Cases such as this do not clear up by magic. It took months of arduous and often discouraging psychotherapy, the boy sitting down with his doctor and hashing and rehashing his life's experiences. As with a detective tracing clues to a crime, there were blind alleys and false leads and disappointments.

### Psychology of a Phony Athlete

But the case eventually was solved: The boy's lying dealt mainly with his prowess in athletics. He claimed to have won all manner of contests, to have captained dozens of teams, broken records, won trophies and so on. His mother, it developed, had been a wealthy socialite and had married his father during a trip to Europe in the 1920s. She palmed the father off as a European nobleman with three or four titles, though actually he had been a blacksmith's helper. But in private quarrels the mother would spitefully denounce him as a phony. The boy loved his father and over the years developed a method of accepting the lie his father lived. This method was to live a lie himself.

Under full illumination, the need for lying vanished like a bogeyman under the bed. The boy could face his father's situation, understand it without justifying it, and go on to shape his own life. Furthermore, the recreational therapists at Southard coached him in athletics and helped him develop considerable ability. He was soon able to find satisfaction in the truth about his athletic prowess.

Every morning the staff meet to discuss the endless, and endlessly new, problems which the children pose. I sat in on some of the conferences and was amazed at the patience with which the doctors, therapists, teachers and social workers go after each new challenge. I would have thought they'd occasionally throw up their hands and say, "To hell with it," as too many parents do.

But the staff were undismayed by the little boy who seemed preoccupied with death, who always dressed up like an undertaker; or by the boy who insisted on staying the same age, who never wanted to grow up; or by the girl who demanded punishment, who'd say, "Damn it, Greenwood, why don't you punish me?" and then, if a privilege were withdrawn, would bitterly sob, "You're always punishing me!"

One purpose of the morning conference is to integrate the total treatment of the child. A recreational therapist reports that an eight-year-old boy refuses to participate in any games. Invitations to "Come on, get into the fun" leave him trembling on the side lines, his shoulders slumped, his arms tucked close into his chest. The doctor who has been treating him says, "Don't coax him. Let him alone. One of his troubles is that he has been 'pushed' by his parents since infancy. Now he is afraid to enter into anything for fear he may not measure up."

Actual schoolteaching at Southard is as you will find it nowhere else in the world; often a class has only two students, and never more than five. When children arrive at Southard, the school principal, Myrtle Thompson, gives them a standard achievement test to find out what grade they are best suited for. But formal schooling is usually the least of these children's problems. Some have emotional blocks which make them seem like morons, yet they have high intelligence and can sail happily through their schoolwork once the blocks are removed.

One girl was an absolute blank in spelling. Her teacher took her all the way back to simplest phonetics in the hope of getting her to spell easy words like "house" and "street." But it was not until her larger emotional difficulties were cleared up that spelling began to come as normally as it does to other children. Her block against learning to spell was a revolt against growing up, a resignation from responsibility. But don't confuse it with malingering. She *actually couldn't* spell.

No child is forced to attend classes. They come and go as they please and often take whole weeks off at a time. (The Southard mentors discovered long ago that you can lead a child to the classroom but you cannot make him learn.) Nominally, there is a morning assembly in the white frame house after breakfast and then the children who feel like it drift off to classes. No bell tolls the end of assembly. If they're having a good time it can go on indefinitely.

A few years ago Southard had an older girl whose parents wailed, "We don't know what to do with her. She absolutely refuses to go to school." If they thought the Southard teachers would shackle her to a desk and pump learning into her, they must have been disenchanted by what followed. The girl was allowed to cut school for two and three weeks at a time. Her teacher met her now and then for chats out in the sun or in the shade of the handsome pin oak in the yard. It must have tried the teacher's patience never once to attempt to sell education. But the long, slow investment of interest and affection finally paid off one day when the girl asked, "Will you teach me arithmetic? Gosh, I don't even know my multiplication tables!"

Once their emotional illnesses are cured, the children are transferred to the regular public school in Topeka. Here they can make the final adjustment before they go home. In the final months some children are also taken out of the big mansion altogether and sent to live with private families in Topeka. Here, under supervision of social workers, they get back to a mode of family life which makes the return home less of a jolt.

Being a parent myself I could not resist asking the Southard School experts for a few tips. How can you and I bring into our homes a healthier atmosphere for our own children?

"Don't reject your child," several of the staff counseled. While we may be certain we love our children, the children themselves are never positive. They need constantly to be reassured that they are loved and wanted; not by smothering affection but by long-term attitudes of tolerance and acceptance. And it is much more important to play football with the boy than to buy him a $49 football outfit.

"But you have to bawl out a child once in a while. It can't always be sweetness and light," I protested. Naturally, I was told. The trick is to bawl out Johnny without anger. You must get across the idea, "I love you just the same, Johnny; it is only what you did that I don't like." It is perfectly possible to deprive a child of a privilege, say his Saturday matinee, without biting his head off and making him feel that you wish he were dead. As parents, we're a little like traffic cops, who have the right to give offenders tickets but certainly no right to abuse the living daylights out of them.

"It is far better to praise than to scold," another of the Southard experts suggested. That seemed a bit sirupy to me. Wouldn't the household turn into a mutual admiration society? Only if you make it so, I was told. Praise, like all things human, is worthless unless it is honest. Given when earned, it takes on high value and a child will exert himself to win it—just as adults go through all sorts of exertions for a citation or a ribbon. Conversely, the withholding of praise is one of the most effective disciplinary tools a parent has, but it takes skill.

Dr. Albert Preston stressed the importance in child discipline of a house united. "It is terribly confusing for children when a father comes up with the stock line, 'It's all right with me, but ask your mother.' Each parent should have authority. Each should stand by and honor the other's decisions," Dr. Preston advises. Parents can hash out their differences after the children go to bed, but when they openly lock horns on disciplinary measures the children are vexed and confused—just as you'd be if one traffic officer told you a red light meant stop and another said it meant go.

From Dr. Mary Leitch came the suggestion that parents watch what they talk about in their children's presence. This doesn't mean hush-hush or censorship. It means an awareness that children are perceptive human beings, drawing meanings from all the things they see and hear.

Dr. Leitch told of a small girl who carried the following conversation around in her brooding heart for years after she overheard it: Her parents were telling neighbors that they had sold their car "when our little girl was on the way." Overdramatizing the situation, her mother exclaimed, "My goodness, it was the worst thing we ever did!" The child, playing on the floor, drew the logical conclusion that she was the cause of "the worst thing" her parents ever did. *Ergo*, it was all her fault.

A good rule of thumb, says Dr. Leitch, is always to assume the child is listening to all that goes on—the chances are he is.

### What Parents Don't Understand

All of us, the experts agreed, would be less likely to get alarmed about our children if we knew more about what makes children tick. Shamefully, most of us know more about automobiles and radios than we do about our offspring. We sometimes are alarmed when they do the perfectly normal things all doctors expect of them.

Take lying, for instance. Nearly all children go through a phase of fanciful storytelling, or even the outright telling of falsehoods. This is because they sometimes have a hard time distinguishing between what *really happened* and what they *thought happened*. A small boy may tell you he put his jacket away (and actually believe that he did), though you may find it later on the floor of his room. A crude accusation of lying doesn't take into account the little fellow's groping approach to reality, his learning to differentiate between the real and the fanciful.

Finally, I polled the Southard School experts on what a child needs most. Vitamins? Skates and sleds and velocipedes? A governess, an expensive nurse? No, the thing all children thirst for is free and intangible. No capsule has yet been made to contain it, and no toy department offers it for sale. It is a pedestrian thing called love.

Sometimes a ten-cent gift, when not expected, carries more love than a stack of dutiful presents for a birthday. A half-hour talk, a lively interest in the events of a child's day, can be more love-laden than expensive tickets to a ball game. Attention to a child's wants, to his ideas (though they seem "silly" from our smug Olympus) can give him a robustness of heart that can be procured in no other way.

THE END

**From original hostility to Southard's staff members, children usually shift to strong affection, as here evidenced toward Dr. Morton Bassan**



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Shades of Magerkurth and Durocher! Before taking his turn at bat, the Japanese Babe Ruth, Hiroshi Oshita, doffs his cap and bows in obeisance to the umpire

# JAPAN'S AT BATTO AGAIN

**BY WELDON JAMES**

**Baseball's booming in Nippon once more, but its top men aren't completely happy. They bewail the fans' politeness, and want them to act more like Americans**

MR. SOTARO SUZUKI is a pleased man, for baseball is once more a respectable sport in Japan. From sand lot to Tokyo's great Korakuen Stadium, the Japanese again play with a batto, bara, globu and mito. The picha throws a man out at fasto on a bunto, the shotostopu throws one out at secondo, and the lefto plays close in to sardo for a weak batter. It's ball two, strike three, and you're out, for millions of Japanese who don't even know they're speaking English.

Mr. Suzuki is an amiable little guy who writes sports for Yomiuri, the biggest newspaper in Tokyo, and doubles in brass as vice-president of the Nippon Professional Baseball League. He beams nowadays at the way his favorite sport is booming, but he has his worries. The game, he thinks, could stand a lot more Americanization. Especially on the money angle, because even with crowded grandstands the professional teams just don't make dough. And maybe on a little more color, or just how to treat the umpire.

"If only we could produce a Leo Durocher," said Mr. Suzuki wistfully, recalling with sadness the Oriental impassivity with which a Japanese slugger receives the depressing news of "Strike three!"

"Or," he continued thoughtfully, "if only Mr. Durocher could lend us a hand while he's vacationing this year—he could teach us a lot. But of course that's impossible. Anyway, we're trying to make the game more American. Our league slogan this year is 'Follow the American ball.'"

The Lip would doubtless be struck dumb with horror by one aspect of the eminently respectable Japanese game: the godlike status of the umpire. The Japanese call him "umpiya," all right, but their own word for that, *shinbankan*, means "supreme authority" and to Japanese players in the past he might as well have been Emperor Hirohito himself. Neither they nor the spectators would have dreamed of questioning or booing Mister Umpiya. Each batter doffed his cap and bowed to the umpire when he entered the box and that little ceremony told it all.

The American occupation, however, may yet make "rhubarb" popular in Japan. Recently, Mr. Suzuki sent a memo to each club president urging that the players be encouraged to "give more chatter, show more pep, and quit bowing to the umpire—to act more like Americans." This has not yet resulted in American-type rumpuses or "rhubarbs," but most have quit bowing to the umpire. Only occasionally do they slip up, doff their caps and bow from old habit. Small wonder, at that. No Japanese pro makes more than 5,000 yen a month but all the umpires get exactly that. It's the only league in the world in which all the umps make as much as the top-notch stars.

In the amateur games, especially with college nines, the players are equally polite and ceremonious with one another. Before the game begins the two teams line up between the pitcher's mound and home plate and doff their caps and bow with military unison. And to heckle or argue with an Honorable Opponent during the game would be unthinkable.

"Gee," commented one G.I., homesick for Brooklyn and Ebbets Field, "when they throw a



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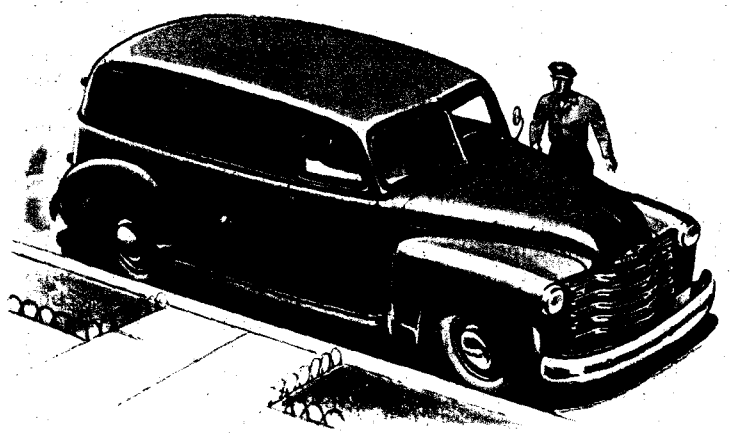

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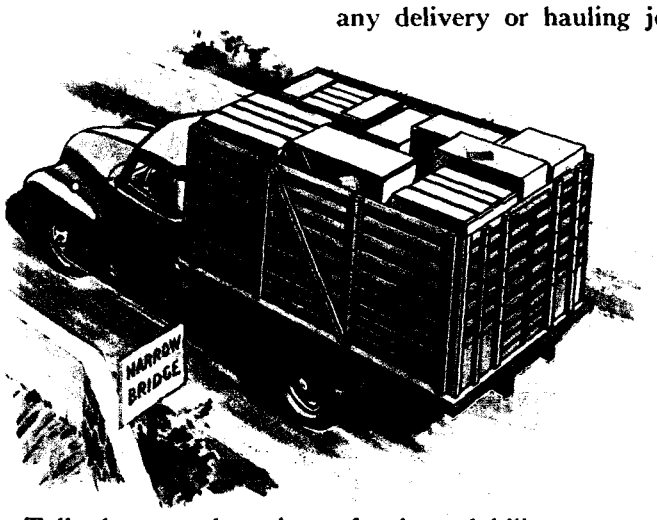


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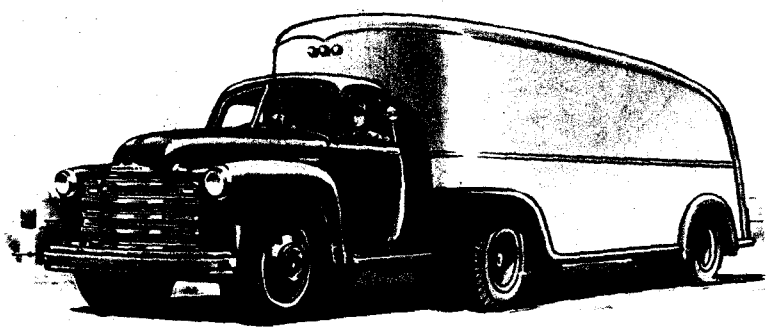

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guy out at first, you almost feel like the first baseman ought to bow and say, 'So sorry!' "

The professionals have cut out the team-bowing act, but their game retains the gray respectability of Nipponese politeness, and the spectators share it. A couple hundred G.I.s, munching peanuts and sipping Army-ration beer, yelling, "T'row da bum out," or cussing the umpire, make more noise than the 50,000 Japanese overflowing the Korakuen Stadium, and furnish a colorful liveliness Mr. Suzuki wishes the appalled Nipponese spectators might imitate.

But Mr. Suzuki is pleased enough to have the stadium frequently filled. In Japan's topsy-turvy baseball world, the amateurs usually draw bigger crowds than the professionals.

The professional game, frowned upon by the wartime Japanese government, was dropped in 1943 and was revived only last year. The amateur game continued through the war on a reduced scale —but good nationalists no longer called it baseball. They renamed it *yakyu*, meaning "field ball."

### How Democratizing Is Baseball?

Our military-government people are pleased by the baseball boom. They don't think that baseball in itself will make the Japanese any more democratic than it did before the war. But compared with the schools' old military drill, it's practically Jeffersonian. Our physical-education experts are actively propagandizing for more baseball everywhere, working in particular and with great success to popularize a one-out game for hurried city youngsters.

Today, baseball is by far Japan's Number One sport, outdrawing even *sumo*, the Japanese version of wrestling, which the militarists promoted as the national game. It remains popular, but even so the great halls are seldom filled except during the semiannual national ten-day tournaments.

Three famous wrestlers last year quit *sumo* to become baseball players, on the theory that the money was better. They practiced picking up oval stones with chopsticks for a couple of months, "to make the fingers more nimble," had their wrestlers' topknots barbered off in a public ceremony of renunciation, and joined the Greenbergs—a barnstorming outfit named, of course, for Hank.

But the wrestlers were flops as ballplayers, and they have not been heard from this season.

Last year the Nippon Professional League ball games, all played in Tokyo and Osaka, drew 1,558,615 paid customers. Very satisfactory, according to Mr. Suzuki, except that the individual teams lost money (the league made a little). At five yen 20 sen a customer (then about 35 cents), the teams were making money the first few weeks of the season. Then postwar inflation caught up with them, and not even the Osaka Rings, who won the championship, got out of the red.

This year the league upped prices to 30 yen (now about 60 cents) for reserved seats, 15 for grandstand and five yen 20 for the bleachers, and the teams, with attendance on the increase, hope to make money. They have to buy black-market food for the players, however, and the league has to maintain two hotels in Tokyo and Osaka. The cost of equipment has soared sky-high, too.

Before the war the American-patterned handmade Japanese ball sold for 40 yen a dozen; today the league pays 100 yen per ball.

Bats have jumped from five yen to 120, and the new gloves, exact imitations of the latest imports the G.I.s are using, cost 500.

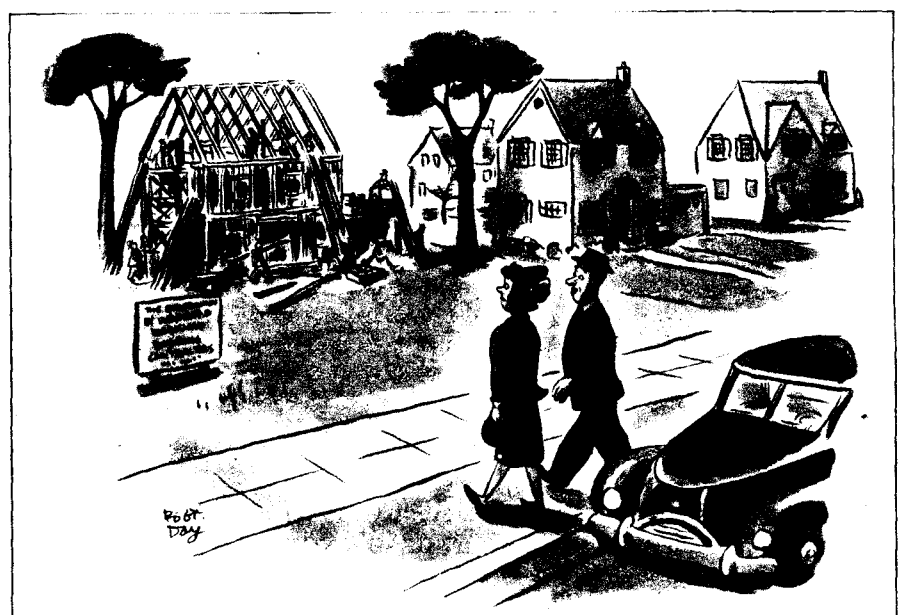
Such prices have given Japanese baseball one aspect that no kid in Brooklyn or Cincinnati would appreciate. A guy who keeps a foul ball is considered a thief. The league, ably abetted by Mr. Suzuki in his writings for Yomiuri, has convinced the Japanese fan that it is "unpatriotic to baseball" to "steal" a ball hit into the stands, and a good Nipponese fan wouldn't be found dead with one.

With true Japanese thrift, the professional teams use the balls over and over until they're deader than the Athletics' chances after the first two games. Twelve balls are supplied for each game; six are invariably returned for further use, and on occasion all twelve are deemed fit for another match. This undoubtedly slows up the game and accounts in some degree for the poor hitting of most Japanese batters.

Veteran baseball critics agree that Japanese fielders are pretty good, some sensationally so, but that few Nipponese players are any great shakes at bat. And it isn't that the pitchers are hot—they're only so-so. Most of them use a curious twisting sidearm delivery, and when they get rattled, instead of slowing down to get a grip on themselves, they pitch faster and faster.

The outfielders know this, and usually play close to the infield. This sometimes fouls up the fielding, with the second baseman and the center fielder colliding disastrously, but it also means that the center fielder may stop a hot liner and throw out the runner at first.

One of the big-stick boys for whom the fielders all move back is stocky young Hiroshi Oshita, a left fielder of the Tokyo Flyers known throughout these islands as Japan's Babe Ruth. He led the league with 20 home runs last year and has



COLLIER'S "I wonder what supplies they managed to pick up today at a price slightly higher than we had figured on?" ROBERT DAY



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COLLIER'S "Well, something's ready. I heard a definite click" JOHN MILLIGAN

clouted enough already this season to keep well ahead of competition.

Oshita is getting 60,000 yen (about $1,200) this year, and his teammates get from 20,000 up. These salaries compare with the 12,000 a good secretary or interpreter might make. Not hay—in Japan.

Like other players, Oshita oils his own bats once a day, prays at a Buddhist shrine for good luck, and waits in line to ride a crowded trolley to the ball park. But on the trains the professionals have better luck—the railways permit them to get aboard ahead of the inevitable mob. It's a 12-hour run from Tokyo to Osaka, and this assurance of a seat is a real concession.

Oshita and other batters were partial to Louisville Slugger bats in prewar days, and the Nipponese Babe Ruth's prize possession was a bat given to him by the great American himself. It broke during a wartime game, however, and now the Tokyo Babe slams his homers with a Japanese bat branded "Splendid Happy Hit."

Japanese follow the American game as eagerly as a Dodger fan. Their papers print reams about it, and one Tokyo baseball sheet has a circulation of more than 500,000. The concern for Babe Ruth, fondly remembered here from his 1934 visit, was nation-wide during his recent illness.

At present the professional game in Japan is restricted to the eight teams in Tokyo and Osaka, although some of these teams represent other cities, such as Nagoya and Kobe. That's about like New York and Chicago having four teams each in the only league in the country, and playing all games in those two cities.

Going into the red doesn't worry the Nippon League too much. Most of the clubs are owned by big business outfits or newspapers, and presumably they chalk up losses to advertising or goodwill promotion. Two, however, are owned by wealthy sportsmen, American-style, and these expect a profit on their investment within a year or two. A low-ranking club can be bought for one million yen ($20,000), but that's still a lot of money in Japan.

The newspaper Yomiuri, which owns virtually all the stock in the joint-stock company backing the Tokyo Giants, brought the first American All-Star team to play 17 games with Japanese college nines, in 1931. In 1934, when the colleges had ruled out games with pros, it brought the Ruth-led All-Stars to Tokyo, organized a series of 18 games with Nipponese graduate stars, and got interested in promoting the first Japanese professional league.

Yomiuri's circulation in 1931 was 250,000. By the end of 1934 it had soared to 1,500,000 and later, after it expanded the All-Japan Baseball Club (which it sent to America in 1935 for a long tour) into the present Nippon League, circulation passed the 2,000,000 mark. Only the postwar paper shortage has cut the Yomiuri to something under that today.

Another team, "Babe" Oshita's Tokyo Flyers, is owned by the Tokyo Express and Railway Company. The "Babe," like other players, draws his 5,000 yen a month from the company all the year round, though he does no work for it.

"I have a desk, and read there," he says.

Mikimoto, the Pearl King, has another profit angle. His Kinki Railroad owns three of the Osaka clubs, the Tigers, Bears and Rings, and the two Osaka ball parks as well. His railway cashes in on extra fares to the games, and he profits on the park rentals.

### Hon. Suzuki's American Ideas

But Mr. Suzuki isn't satisfied with this setup. He thinks the Japanese game will improve with better salaries, better contract arrangements, American-style farm systems—and that these are possible only when baseball makes money on its own, no matter who owns the clubs.

"We want to Americanize the game completely," he says happily. "We've got to learn to make money from it."

Mr. Suzuki has had this Americanizing idea a long time. During the war, he recalls, the militarists wanted to ban the use of English in the game and substitute "Army terms."

"For 'strike,' for example," he said, "they wanted to substitute the war-word *yoshi*—meaning 'approved.' And for 'out,' the war-word *hike* (pronounced hee-kay) meaning 'get back!' "

Mr. Suzuki's opposition to such nonsense led to trouble with the secret police, and, in a way, to the wartime disappearance of league baseball after 1943. Now, with no obstacles in his "Americanizing" way, he is all smiles.

He has one other ambition dear to his sporting heart—to have a crack Japanese team play an American nine. The nearest bet is a G.I. team, of which Japan is full, and Suzuki-san hopes that one of these days he can arrange a match.

"I think we might surprise them," he says. The Nipponese might, too. Babe Ruth must remember to this day the 1934 close call he and Simmons, Foxx, Gehrig and others of the All-Star aggregation had in Tokyo. A Tokyo Giants' pitcher named Eiji "Schoolboy" Sawamura, then only 17, held the ever-winning Americans to six hits, and only Gehrig's eighth-inning homer (one of 47 racked up by the Americans in their 18 games with the Japanese) gave them their 1-0 victory.

Young Sawamura was a soldier during the war, and went down with a troop transport torpedoed off Formosa by the U.S. Navy in 1944. But Mr. Suzuki has his hopes for more "Schoolboys," and is happy that now the Army can draft them no more.

THE END

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# ROOTS

Continued from page 11

*perhaps. He could teach, and he feels sure they must badly need teachers there.*

"I had hoped, too," said Jesse Moore.

Taking old Abrams as a sample of all the old men in camp, the director had a vision, sentimental, perhaps, of what an old man wanted: time to look back and consider what he had done, and to see his children and their children. Old Abrams would have to watch other men's grandchildren. Still, he had a right to a few hours of quiet sunshine, somewhere, the right to respect and the company of a few other old scholars who liked to talk. Even here, he tried to teach, tried to make use of himself and his knowledge.

"Come back and talk, any time," Jesse Moore said.

He got up, and watched Abrams slowly cross the parade ground and go into the recreation hall, where some of the young artists had lettered on the wall: "This—is the corridor where we work and learn in preparation for the blessed day when we shall march through the gateway to our promised land."

They meant a specific gateway, the one between outside and inside, the one that finished off the brick wall, and was flanked with two statues—an old scholar, like Abrams, laden with his past on one side, a young pioneer like Saul Weitzman, who had helped to build the wall, on the other. In the first joy of what had seemed deliverance, the young men in camp had torn down an old brick shed, had made tools out of nameless bits of hoarded metal, smelted over hardly more than handfuls of coke and charcoal. They had chipped away the old cement carefully, and had built the entire wall of salvaged bricks, wanting to show what they could do and what they had to offer.

LATE that afternoon, Jesse Moore went through the gate himself, as he had errands to do in the town of Landsberg. But before that he had seen a dozen other displaced persons, persons asking for help, for news, for courage. "Isn't the United Nations going to have a committee, or something, to deal with us?" they cried. "Couldn't we get Nansen passports? We'd go anywhere, it doesn't matter."

It was strange. These prisoners had a more elaborate kind of freedom than any of their rescuers dreamed of. They had no country, and for the most part, no family ties now: They would go anywhere that would take them in—Canada, Cuba, Africa—it didn't matter, so long as they could work for their food and make some sort of home; become human beings, instead of numbers. They did not want to be guarded, or sheltered, but only to be allowed to take their chances—all over again.

Jesse Moore, who felt his only work was to break down the walls of the capsule and let out the seeds so they could get somewhere in the earth, under the sun, could only give the people who came to his office a cup of coffee.

"Here," he said to each one. "Have some."

Maybe it only brought them to his office more often, but what of it? What was he there for?

*They're good seeds,* he wrote to his friend in scientific farming, *or they would never have survived so long. They've been tested in terrible ways, and still they have hope and promise, still they're alive, and hide other good life inside them. . . .*

Sometimes a relative who had escaped from Germany in 1938 and settled in South Africa, or England, saved enough to send for the remnants of his family, once he found where they were. Or a train of reckless, displaced men, strong and able to work or to snatch what they wanted, broke out of camp to take their chances in a still chaotic world. There were children, without living kin, roaming roads they had never seen before, going nowhere, never looking back.

"Have some coffee," he said to Hanne Gruen. He had watched her from the beginning, and she stood in his mind for all the young, orphaned, homeless girls. He thought of her, standing alone by the wall, combing her hair or reading.

Hanne worried him; she kept herself to herself too much. Others her age clung to older refugees, or found lovers or husbands or friends, but Hanne stayed alone. She would not even let the desperate, eleven-year-old Peter Kalakis (Greek? Armenian? A Pole?) come near her. He was a wild boy, who stole, and fought, and had a hoarse, rough voice, from shouting obscenities, perhaps. But he was a warm creature, who had once been a member of a big family, and now he was alone. Of all at whom he flung his wild affection, Hanne was the one he needed. Captain Moore had thought: If she'd just comb his hair—or sit with him to eat. . . .

But she pulled her skirts away, almost visibly, when Peter came near her. Peter knew this, and now he often lay in wait, and tried to trip her with a stone, tried to yank her thin old clothes, to tear them. Still she would not look at him.

"I've got to go into town, Hanne," Captain Moore said. "Would you like to come with me, just for a little change?"

"No," Hanne said softly. "No more."

"I'd have liked your company," Captain Moore said. "I'm sorry I haven't heard about your passport, Hanne. How's Saul?"

HANNE was a pretty girl, nineteen, with brown hair, blue eyes and pale clear skin. She kept amazingly clean with broken bits of comb, and a piece of soap from some charity organization in the United States. She groomed herself, Jesse Moore suddenly saw, as if for sale on an auction block. One female, single, in moderately good health . . . strong—can work.

Hanne shrugged. "Saul is the same," she said. "Still wants me, like before."

Saul amazed Jesse Moore. *One of those strong, solid men,* he wrote home, trying to make these people real to people who could not believe. *Fresh-colored, lively. He's survived, and almost forgotten, it seems, enough to kill all the others who were with him. He was not only political, but from Poland. A real pioneer type, not too imaginative, but capable of going anywhere, and putting down boundary stakes.*

There were some others like Saul, among the young. They married, they had babies in the camp hospital, they worked as they could, and gave one another instruction in language, current history from what they heard on the radio, manual arts. Their passion was to establish themselves somewhere, in a small group, a few couples and a few strays adopted for luck, so they could begin to make the family, the village, the town, the city.

"You won't marry him?" Captain Moore asked.

"No," said Hanne.

He knew why. She thought one girl alone might be adopted, might be given a passport, have a chance to find work. She was ready to travel alone, and travel light, and that was one reason she could not spare so much as a kind word to the kid, Peter Kalakis, and why she had fought her love for Saul Weitzman to a standstill.

"I'm sorry," Jesse Moore said, and he was. It was too late for Hanne, he thought now. There was no hope for her. I've got to resign, he thought. I haven't done enough. It's too late for a lot of them.

Landsberg, a pleasant-looking old German town, where Hitler had written Mein Kampf, was getting back to normal, though times, and the occupation, were hard. There was no coal for parlor stoves, so parlors with their memorials to the finer life—sofas, chairs, carpets, the Bible on the table under the lamp, along with the other books—were closed off. The things in store windows were never for sale. Old men hauled loads of wood they had gone to the forests to cut.

Still, it was a change from barracks to see real houses. Captain Moore, homesick for Iowa, had been inside many of them. He went inside one this afternoon, where his friend, Bill Addison, was quartered. Bill was out, but Jesse had afternoon coffee with his landlady.

"Such coffee!" she apologized to the American captain. "Seeds! Burnt cereal! You should have come to my house and tasted my coffee in the old days, and had some real *Torte,* made with sugar and whole cups of butter!"

Even in these houses crowded with roomers, or bombed-out relatives from Cologne and Frankfort, there were real-life pictures on the walls, and starched curtains, and china, some of it beautiful old Meissen, some newer souvenir china with gold swastikas for a border on coffee cups. Captain Moore put down his cup abruptly. "I've got to go along," he said.

HE DID the rest of his errands, and as he walked along the streets he noticed that people wore real clothes, too. Old clothes, to be sure, cut in the traditional German manner, a little stiff, a little big, but of the most durable materials. The young girls, particularly, managed to look smart in tight sweaters and suits made from clothing that had once belonged to men in the household.

There's Hilda Lessing, Jesse Moore noted grimly. The slender, dark-haired girl was walking out with an American MP and now she wore his ring, too. It was because of Hilda that Hanne never came into Landsberg any more. At first, many of the displaced persons, after cleaning themselves up and making themselves presentable, had gone walking out into the town. Many had never seen it, because they had come in sealed trains and covered trucks, at night. Like Hanne.

Hell, I'll be glad to get back inside, and that's a fact, Jesse Moore acknowledged to himself. I don't belong out here. It's another sign that I'm about through.

On the way back he thought of the decision he had made to resign, and about Hanne: Both things worried him; they were tied up with each other.

Hanne's father, a widower, had lived with his two children over a little grocery store in Rotterdam. No one could have been jealous of the family, for they were poor and unnoticeable, although her father worked with the underground. He died in the bombing of Rotterdam, and her brother disappeared one afternoon.

Hanne's friends, warm and comforting to the motherless child, were a Jewish family next door. The parents were religious, kept the holidays, but the children weren't, they were only lively and gay, and Miriam was Hanne's best friend. Then one day the family disappeared.

Another afternoon, a truck drew up at the store, as if to make delivery. When the driver got out, Hanne saw he was in Nazi uniform, but before she could cry for help, he had snatched her from the sidewalk. She found herself, like thousands before her, and like the scores already jammed into the canvas-covered truck, bound nowhere, quiet and sick with fear, or screaming remorselessly, like sixteen-year-old Hanne.

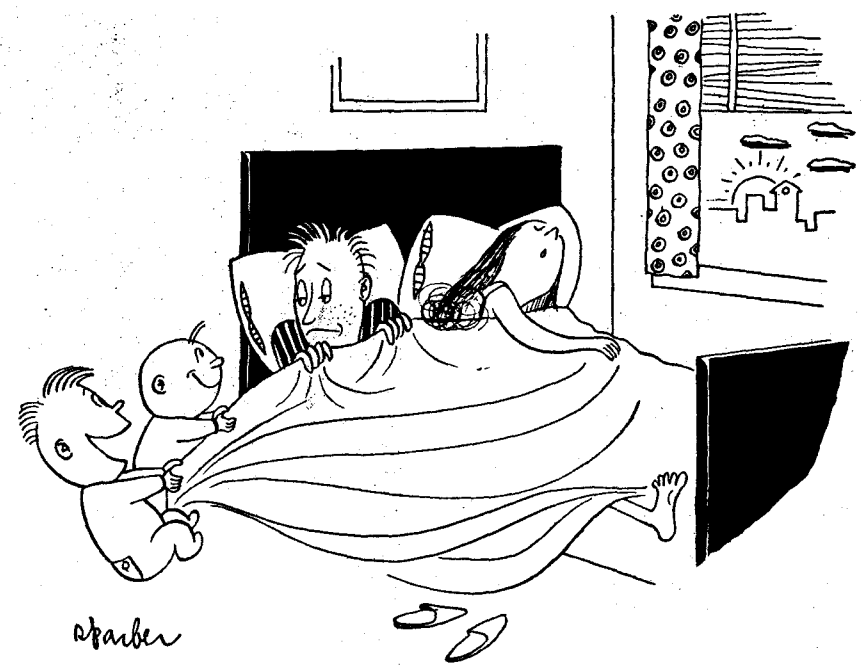
Toward the end of the war, Hanne, with many others from the concentration camps strung in a line around Landsberg, had been taken into the town to work in the war factories. She had stood at a machine with a town girl named Hilda Lessing. She whispered her story to Hilda; the next time they met had been when the American general, in his rage at man's inhumanity to man, made the citizens of Landsberg walk through the camps.

"It was the others," they said, shocked. "Of course, we didn't know!"

"They lie! We told them!" the prisoners shouted.

The general made them look at the

TIMMY — by HOWARD SPARBER



"But we only want you to play with us until it's time for you to get up"

COLLIER'S



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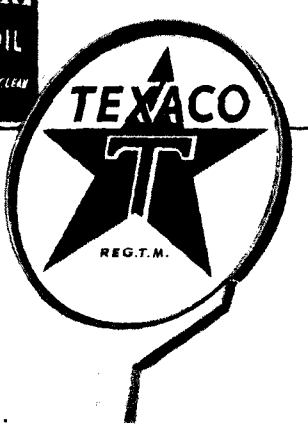


# THE TEXAS COMPANY

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benches where men had been piled. He made them look at still smoldering corpses, and smell the smells of disease and death; he made them examine the enamel basins from which prisoners had been fed like dogs.

Hilda had wept.

When she saw the tears, Hanne thought Hilda would be her friend, and she often walked about in Landsberg, looking for her.

When she found her, Hilda gave her a long cold look, not letting go her American's arm. "Scum!" she said. "Concentration camp scum!"

After that, there was only Saul for Hanne, and she would not have him. She stood alone, and perhaps heard the others saying:

"Listen, we're lepers, so far as people outside are concerned. They hate us, for reminding them of what happened to us. If the Americans leave Germany, it will start all over again, the next day. . . ."

JESSE MOORE let himself into his office, which was cold and dark. The staff had quit work hours before. As he turned on the lights, and saw the files and the desks and the papers, his heart sank deeper. All the paraphernalia. All the paper forms. Everything but the will and the intent and the determination to get these people out of here before they died.

He picked up a handful of papers from his desk, and for most of the names he had a face, and a story. He tried hard about this, knowing that namelessness was the disintegrating acid for the displaced people. It was strange how few of them ever really knew just what had happened to them. They were Poles, Lithuanians, Russians, Germans; they came from every country; only about a quarter of them were Jews, but they had all been so enslaved they were as nameless as those men who had been chained to galley oars, or who had built the Pyramids for the Pharaohs. Some had been born in this place, others had married here, many had died. They told all they knew to Jesse Moore and his workers, to soldiers who came by, to one another, trying to make themselves real, even to themselves. They read their papers. They asked questions. They listened.

"If you ever get out of here, listen, go to Bremen. Ask for Peter Kohl. He was a second cousin. A printer. Tell him about me. Tell him to try and find if there are any others—I lost them at Oswiecim. . . ."

"I have a cousin in America who sings on the radio and makes jokes. A rich man. When I get out, he'll help me, I know. He used to write, send packages of food and clothes to us. Tell him I'm here. . . ."

They at least believed what had happened, and knew it was not impossible, as so many in the outer world felt. When a package of canned milk and old sweaters came, the recipient would feel a strange elation for a few seconds—his name was on a package, he existed. He was not wiped off the lists of living people. Inside the capsule, they lived as they could, but it was a barren growth: hope faded, months went by. People, like Hanne, gave up, and no longer believed the rumors of people being allowed into England to work, or being permitted into South America, or Mexico.

"You think we're going to get out of here?" one of the women shouted. "Hasn't it sunk in yet? No one wants us! We'll get charity food and charity clothes, maybe some international talking group will discuss us, every year. But we'll get out of here the old, underground way." She uttered the words with a peculiar grim downward gesture.

"Hell," said Jesse Moore. "I can't write the whole report tonight. I'll get something to eat before I start."

The dining hall was almost empty. Captain Moore ate something tepid and institutional-tasting, and had a glass of water for a change. He had American cigarettes from the PX and before he went back to work, he gave one to the dismal man behind the counter.

"Here," he said, "have one."

"Sure," the man said.

Rare as good cigarettes were, there was nothing gracious about the exchange. The air withered graciousness. Jesse Moore was even glad to get back into the office, away from the sight of the barracks with their lighted windows, and from the wind that flapped around him like a coat. He went to the window to pull down the blinds.

As he did so, he saw a couple in a violent embrace. They stood in a moving, twisting closeness that could not bring them close enough; there was tension in their shuddering outline in the pale

moonlight that now flooded the parade ground. When he recognized the figures, Captain Moore was not shocked. Hanne, who would not marry Saul, and Saul, who wanted to marry Hanne. He watched them until they moved away, slowly, with that intense, absorbed movement that meant they would not separate, that they were only going somewhere else for the love they had to have.

Jesse Moore, a heavy-set man of fifty himself, was not surprised. Aren't morals an affectation for people with countries, he speculated—countries and enough to eat, and names?

Turning back to work, he thought of what was happening to Hanne, because her hope was gone. While she still hoped, secretly, she groomed herself, standing alone by the brick wall. Why should she marry, become one part of two? Doubly hard to get passports for two, of different nationalities. Who would adopt a married couple? Or even give them work to do?

If I could see even a glimmer, I'd hang on, Jesse Moore thought. I've been here long enough to know how things go—but I've got to have a sign. I can't fight this feeling of complete failure in myself. . . .

It was gray and cold when Jesse Moore quit work. He would get some breakfast and some sleep before the day's complaints and beseechings began to pour over him again. He was sitting over the first cup of coffee when Saul and Hanne came and spoke to him.

They had the unmistakable look of lovers, Jesse Moore thought. The girl had a translucent look of happiness, and she clung to Saul's hand. He was surprised when Saul said, "Captain Moore, can you help us get married? We want to, as soon as we can. I don't know what kind of papers . . ."

Captain Moore said, slowly, wondering if this were his sign, "I'm very glad for you two. You'll find it better together, I know."

Luckily, Saul had a citizenship and it could be arranged. Captain Moore saw them married in the Chaim Bialik library, among the gathered books of these homeless people, and he went to call on the married couple in their new home, a few days later.

The barracks, which had once housed German soldiers quartered on the town of Landsberg, had all been painted, at first, and given names. They were named Roosevelt or Shalom—Peace—so a man could say to his friend (a man from Silesia), "Come over and see us tonight. We're in 6-B, Shalom," and it would sound almost personal, almost like a home.

A CORNER bed in a barracks was the most desirable place; someone had given up such a corner to the young Weitzmans. With just a blanket or two hung on ropes, and a bureau, the corner was a real room, with a wall and a window. Saul, who was a good carpenter, had built shelves to hold Hanne's purse and comb, and his own shaving things, and a few cans of food and ash trays, wedding presents.

"Oh, we're snug," Saul said, laughing, entertaining the first visitors, who sat in a row on the bed. He and Hanne were happy, but when Jesse Moore went back to his office and his report, afterward, he thought: She hasn't really cut her chances. Saul's a Danish citizen, actually. Maybe he'll get into America on the quota. Maybe she knew that, and that was why—

All week long, he looked for a sign, and saw only the old things. A man, suddenly remembering something, stopped still as he swept the bare earth, and his face grew lined and old, though he was only seventeen. One of the boys got into a fight with a gang in town, and Peter Kalakis smeared one of the barracks with stolen paint. A woman shrieked aloud in her sleep, and everybody in the whole barracks heard her, and guessed at her dreams.

"If we could only have a room to ourselves," someone said.

It was Hanne, after all, who gave Jesse Moore the sign. He found her waiting in his office one noontime, with a white-faced Peter Kalakis clinging to her coat. Her face was white, too, with a tired decision, and she had lost her bridelike translucence.

"Captain Moore," she said, "this kid here, who's always in trouble. Is there any way we could make him ours—a real brother for me, or could we adopt him, for our child?"

"You're nineteen, aren't you, Hanne?" Jesse Moore said. "Saul's how old, twenty?"

"And Peter's eleven," she said. "What difference does that make? He needs someone to look after him. You know, he started to run away last night. Saul brought him back. He has no papers, nothing—he'd be a wild animal in a few weeks, starving . . ."

Tears poured down her face.

"But why take this on yourself?" Captain Moore asked. "There are orphanages—"

"No orphanages," Hanne said.

"Why?" Jesse Moore asked.

"I suppose I like this kid," Hanne said, angrily. "And maybe I've still got a brother, a wild animal, somewhere in this Europe!"

"I remember you had a brother," Jesse Moore said.

HE THOUGHT about it, staring at his ivy. For a couple married only a week to take on a strange, wild boy before they even had their own first child, meant taking on an enormous burden, really. A handicap that might delay their settling on a farm, or finding work. A couple, yes. A couple with a half-grown kid—well—

He said, "I'll come and talk to you and Saul tonight."

"He sleeps in the next bed to ours," Hanne said. "Mrs. Krotchik moved—Peter has terrible nightmares, you know, so we like him to be near."

After she and Peter had gone, Captain Moore sat thinking some more. Peter was wearing a shirt of Saul's, and Hanne had not only combed, but cut his hair.

Suddenly he reached into his locked drawer, and took out his letter of resignation prepared for Washington, listing his angers and his failures.

One seed had got out through some invisible crack in the tough walls of indifference that held these people where they were. Not on the wings of a passport, or new immigration laws, but in a strange, interior way of growth and hope, the seed had escaped. The girl who had stood alone by the fence, combing her hair, had married the man she wanted. The couple without a future anywhere, had taken an orphan into their family. That was the extra thing, the proof, the promise that made Jesse Moore write a much more personal letter of the kind that made his friends and superiors at home say he was hipped on his troubles.

He came from Iowa, which was, after all, a farming state, and he knew about seeds. Hanne was a seed that had grown. Only one. Still, thought Jesse Moore, one seed can produce a whole new strain. It would grow well anywhere, given half a chance. . . .

*What the hell's the matter there at home?* he wrote, the letters of his typewriter jamming in his haste. *Has the Statue of Liberty dropped her arm down to make a fence? Doesn't anyone remember these are people here?*

THE END



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# GUNNER'S GOODBY

Continued from page 26

*ashore, where a gun is something a cop carries, and not a mistress, beautiful and demanding, shining and terrible and precise? Permission—*

A messenger came on the double from the starboard side. The bosun's mate of the watch sprang into the quartermaster's shack. There was a short, warning squeal from his pipe, and his voice taking on the authority of the loud-speakers:

"Now hear this! Lay aft, a-all the side boys! Lay aft, a-all the side boys!"

Prosser could feel this, too: the ship tensing, stirring smartly, springing to attention. He moved inboard, looking toward the starboard gangway. The side boys ran there, wearing undress blues with neckerchiefs, squaring their white hats as they formed a lane. Farther aft, the captain popped out of a hatch to receive some distinguished visitor—Prosser always thought of the captain as the Old Man, although he was not as old as Prosser, himself. The officer of the deck was poised and alert.

A cap resplendent with gold leaf came level with the deck at the gangway. The bosun's pipe shrilled into a long note, sustained and high; officer of the deck, bosun's mate and side boys snapped into right-hand salute. Guns Prosser caught his breath and held it without knowing that he was holding it, without consciously remembering that he had seen this ceremony hundreds of times. He saw the admiral's face, lean and strong-boned, and the eyes bright and alive in it; he watched the admiral face aft to salute the colors, and then turn to salute the officer of the deck, and the pipe kept up its shrilling as he passed down the lane of side boys.

There were eight of them because he was a full admiral—because there was a day when girth and weight increased with rank, and eight men were required to hoist such a man aboard.

The officer of the deck said, "Two!" and the hands came down, and the pipe flirted and abruptly ceased. The Old Man shook hands with the admiral and took him below.

"Damn!" Mason growled behind Prosser. "Now *nobody* goes ashore until that old fud calls away his barge! And I've got a girl waiting for me!"

Prosser turned suddenly on the younger man, and then held his tongue. It was no use saying anything. It was no use pulling that old gag about Mason's being able to find sympathy in the dictionary, right alongside other words. Mason would learn.

PROSSER was remembering. There was his first ship, and a young division officer named Corley, and Corley had a ramrod in his spine, too. There had been a suit of tailor-made blues with a postage-stamp collar, a suit too tight in waist and shoulders, and exaggerated in the bell bottoms. Always a girl waiting, and more than one: a girl waiting at the Sands Street gate, a brunette watching the Ferry Building clock from Pier Fourteen, a blonde beside the fountain in the Plaza, and the girl with quiet, patient hands in the P.E. depot at Sixth and Main. So long as there was a Navy, there'd be girls waiting ashore, and young Corleys and Joneses making the men toe the mark—and ships drawing their men back in the morning. . . .

He wanted to tell Mason something, but it was no use, and he was not a man of words. Mason went to the port rail, and spat carefully to leeward there, and came back with a wry face.

"And you stayed in for thirty years!" Mason said in disgust. "You don't catch *me* shipping over. Not me!"

Prosser didn't answer. There was the four-starred barge lying off the starboard quarter, rocking with the swells, making no move to tie up to the boom alongside the Old Man's gig. Prosser turned toward the break in the deck, and climbed the ladder there; he had thought of something he had to do, and purpose drove away the lost, empty feeling.

He made his way amidships, and climbed again, and the two gunner's mates looked up curiously when he came out on the flying bridge. They were ready, with the blank ammo already laid out for the two one-pounders of the saluting battery.

"What the hell are you doing up here, Guns?" Janofsky demanded. "I thought you'd be halfway to that chicken ranch in Chula Vista. You don't have to fire this salute."

"I'm not off this wagon yet," Guns Prosser said. "Stand by!"

IT WAS the least thing he could do—the fitting and proper thing. He stood in the starboard wing of the flying bridge and looked down over the after part of the ship, and back down the years. There was the lad in the too-tight liberty blues, and the girls waiting, and Mr. Corley's stiff back at the gangway. There were the wild years, and Mr. Corley saying, "Prosser, if you want to make this liberty boat, you'll lay below and get into a regulation jumper!" There was the summary court, and the brig time; the red ink on his record, and Mr. Corley back of them all—Corley riding him, making things tough, almost driving him over the hill.

And then there was the change, as if he had grown up, and the First War, and a crow on his sleeve. There was no longer the girl at the Sands Street gate, or any one watching the Ferry Building clock; the girl was gone from the sun-splashed Plaza where the fountain laughed at the tourists, and there was only that one with the patient hands, waiting where the shrill-voiced red trains rolled in at Sixth and Main. . . .

"There he comes!" Janofsky said. "Here's the stop watch."

Guns Prosser pulled himself back to the present and looked down at the quarterdeck. On the port side, Mr. Jones stood guardian at his gangway. Mason waited by the quartermaster's shack, filled with the suspicious intolerance of youth, and with youth's impatient dreams.

On the starboard side, the traditional honors were beginning again.

"I never used a stop watch to time the intervals of a salute," Guns Prosser said. He straightened proudly; his voice rose loud and clear on the wind that whipped across the flying bridge and snapped the four-starred flag descending the hoist. What he spoke was the gunner's chant:

"If I wasn't a gunner, I wouldn t be here! Ready—starboard—fire! Away from my wife and home so dear! Ready—port—fire! If I wasn't a gunner, I wouldn't be here! Ready—starboard—fire! Away from my wife and home so dear! Ready—port—fire!"

Seventeen guns. To Prosser they were more than a salute to that four-starred flag and the man who broke it wherever he went aboard a man-of-war: They were, as well, a salute to thirty proud years, and an ending to them—they made it easier to go.

As the mahogany-hulled barge moved away, he noticed one thing: Admiral Corley's back was still ramrod straight, despite the years.

And now he knew what he had to say to Mason, when they went ashore in the next liberty boat. He'd tell Mason that if she was the right girl, she'd still be waiting for him.

THE END


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limbed the curving road until we came to the knoll. There, robed in white, stood the man with the birds. "Welcome all," he said in his deep, rich voice

CONCLUDING THE EXCITING STORY OF ROMANCE AND HIGH ADVENTURE

# MERCHANT OF VALOR

## BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

*ory:*

nts narrated take place in sixteenth-century Medici Pope sits at Rome, trying to control a turbulent with internal strife.

CAREW, son of an English wool merchant, is ıce on business for his father. An honest, rward boy, Peter falls under what he believes ıantment cast by a haughty and beautiful Ital- turess, whose purposes are shrouded in mys- knowing her name, Peter calls her BETSY.

ıuting a band of assassins in Florence, Peter is lee the city and enroll in GIOVANNI DE' MEDI- Bands, a famous free-lance army.

'ully unscrupulous monk, who boasts of being ; hound for the Pope, follows Peter doggedly, love-smitten Englishman will lead him to Betsy, who is engaged in mysterious plotting Pope. The monk works in conjunction with RO RIARIO, an evil nobleman who hates ıse the Englishman has protected a ragged 'aif, BEATRICE, from Riario's lust.

reat battle, in which Peter is knighted and Giovanni, wounded, Peter, Betsy and Bea- er with some traveling circus performers, ı by agents of Riario at an inn. Peter ar- ranges for Beatrice and the coolly aloof Betsy to escape by a back door while he and the circus mountebanks drive off the attackers.

The next day Peter and the mountebanks come to Giovanni's castle, Trebbio, only to find that Betsy has not yet arrived. His worry turns to wrath when Beatrice, harried and breathless, rushes in to tell Peter that the monk and his men have captured Betsy in the woods; she is being taken to Riario's castle. Without further ado, Peter resolves to attack the castle with his circus friends and what few soldiers can be spared from Trebbio's garrison.

### Conclusion

TWELVE men, all that could be spared from Trebbio, were a woefully small force with which to attack a stronghold such as the lair of Count Piero Riario, but one must work with the tools that come to hand, no matter how inadequate. The ten that I took from Trebbio were veterans of the Black Bands, and this was a foray after their own hearts, because there was promise of booty.

There were, in addition, five men, including the giant, from the company of mountebanks, who were fit to accompany us, and for whom I borrowed better mounts from My Lord's stables. So, leaving Niccolo Gozzoli in the care of my mistress, we set out upon the heels of the ravishers.

The castle, not so large as Trebbio, was erected at the top of a rock-strewn hill. It was square, built strongly of rock and surrounded by a wall through which there was but one gate of entry. There was no moat, but the gate was guarded by a small, square tower. This we surveyed from the concealment of a wood upon the mountain slope a couple of miles away. It was formidable.

Beatrice, tiny upon her big horse, sat beside me as I studied the strength of the castle.

"Ser Pietro," she said, "this is my father's quarrel as well as thine. Long has the count harried our people and great have been his cruelties. They have waited long for the day of repayment."

"Then let us find your father Tasso quickly."

"It will not be difficult," she answered, and cupping her little hands before her mouth she uttered a cry, high in note, rising and falling so that it seemed the note of some beast in agony. This cry she

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*The Champagne of Bottle Beer*

MILLER BREWING COMPANY • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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repeated thrice. Presently a faint answer came to us from the westward and another from the south. Beatrice lowered herself swiftly from her horse, climbed to the top of an exposed rock and stood there arms upraised, silhouetted against the sky.

"One will come to us," she said with confidence.

We waited, clustered about the pinnacle, and presently our horses' ears twitched and their heads turned curiously to see what approached. There was a scrambling, and a bearded, haggard face, lost in a mass of matted hair, peered at us from behind a boulder.

"Bruno," said Beatrice, "it is I, and friends of mine and of my father's."

THE man slithered among the stones and stood before us, ragged and savage with hollow eyes.

"It is the Englishman," he said sullenly.

"Bruno," she said, "the day has come. Where is my father?"

"At the caves," he answered.

"Hast watched the road?" I asked.

"Aye."

"Have any entered the castle?"

"Horsemen—six—and a monk, and a woman and a dwarf, their hands tied to their saddles."

"They are in the castle now?"

"None has left it, Englishman," said the mountain man.

I turned to Christoforo. "Place thou the companions across the road, well concealed," I said, "so that none may escape. I go to gain allies."

"Not a weasel shall pass us," Christoforo said, "nor a bird. We will guard well the mouth of the burrow.". . .

Thus leaving Christoforo to his duty I rode on with Beatrice, and she was silent and brooding, with eyes deep and dark as pools of still water in a shaded forest.

"Art angry with me, child?" I asked.

"I be no child, nor am I angry with thee," she said.

"Thy mood," said I, "is not a happy one."

She turned her eyes full upon me, and they were twin mysteries. Her young face was without smile of youth.

"I be no child, Ser Pietro," she said, "nor call me such again. I be a woman. Aye, and compelled upon an errand no woman may welcome."

"Thou dost not wish to see thy father?"

"I have heard thee named simple, Ser Pietro," she said, "and simple thou art. The errand is this: That I must go to the succor of another woman, more beautiful than I and better loved than I. And if the errand succeed, then I have aided myself to calamity."

Now this was a saying too dark for my understanding, and I have found it wise, especially in dealing with women, to make no response whatever when their words are heavy with some heavy meaning. If a man pursues such a conversation he is apt to hear matters to his disadvantage. Therefore I rode on beside her silently until we came to that grassy glade in the hills and the tree from which I had rescued Beatrice when Riario pursued her with dogs. And here she looked at me again with brooding eyes but did not mention what had happened there. We rode on to that high, hidden ravine where we had slept that night, and Beatrice uttered again that eerie cry to warn of our approach.

We rounded a shoulder of rock and I saw again the man Tasso—bearded, broad of shoulder, bandy of leg, and he held a great pike in his hand. Somewhat behind him were tattered mountain men and women, silent and menacingly watchful.

"My father," Beatrice called in her clear, birdlike voice, "it is the Englishman come again."

Tasso laid his pike upon the ground and advanced to meet me, and there was, strangely enough, dignity in his bearing, albeit he was so illy clad.

"Ser Englishman," he said, "thou art welcome today, or on any day. Why seek ye Tasso in his den?"

"To ask aid of thee in an enterprise," I said. "I would serve the Count Riario as he hath served thee and others. I would dig him from his burrow and destroy him."

"Upon what quarrel?" he asked.

"He hath made prisoner of a maid," I said, "a maid most precious to me."

"It is a reason," Tasso said, "but there could be better reasons. But thou art young and it doth suffice for thee. What strength hast thou?"

"We be a dozen from the Black Bands," said I, "and a handful of strolling vagabonds."

His lip twitched beneath his beard. "A noble army to besiege a fortress," he said wryly. "Mayhap thou hast more boldness than discretion, Ser Englishman. But, by St. Bartholomew, I like a rash man. Also twelve fighting men in armor fifty men. Among the weapons was one that gladdened my eyes, for it was a bow of yew with arrows to shoot with it—a goodly English bow standing alone in this cavern so far from its home. And as I perceived it I remembered what I had seen in the crystal ball—the picture of myself, in armor as I was, but with an English bow in my hands; it gave me a sensation that did not please me. Nevertheless I took the bow in my hands and said to Tasso, "With thy permission I will take this for myself, for I have some skill with it."

"And welcome," he said.

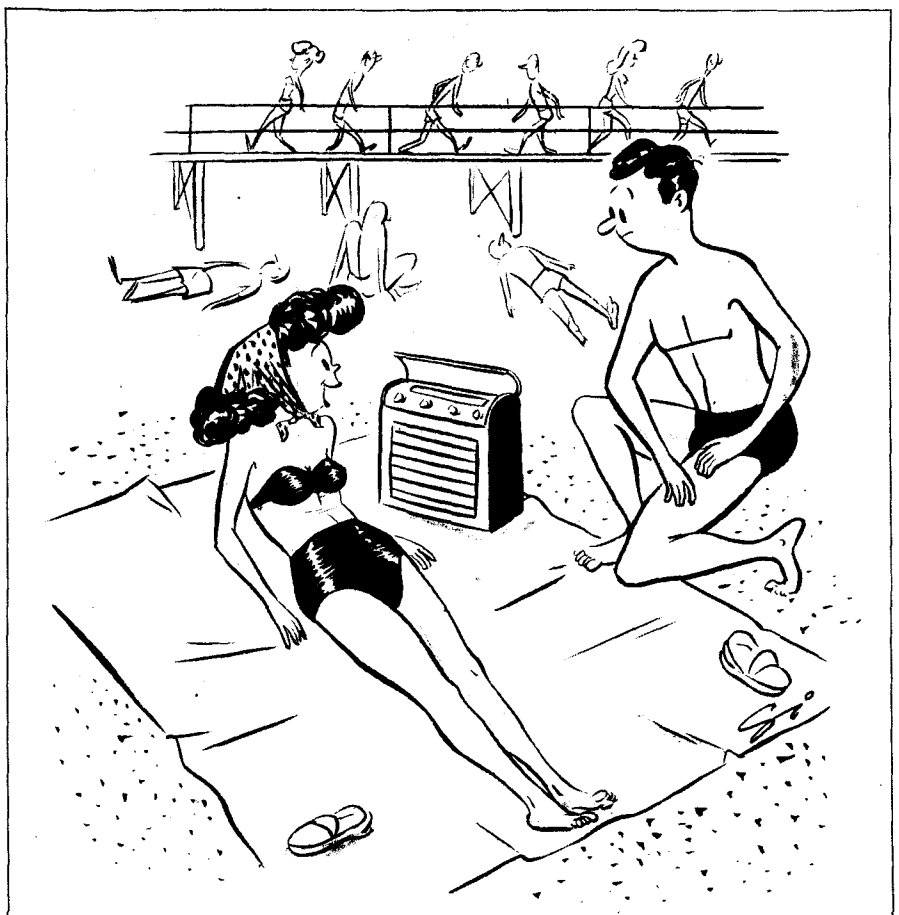
"How many defenders in the castle?"

"Perhaps a score," he replied. "They will be hard to come at behind their walls of stone. Where are thy men?"

"Across the road blocking escape."

"Go thou to them," he said. "I will be with thee within the hour with such numbers as I may gather quickly."

I returned to my men and found them



"I'm sorry, but I don't know who's up, or the score, or what inning this is, or even what teams are playing. I only listen to the games for amusement"

COLLIER'S SIMON KATZMAN

are not to be sneezed at. Also I owe thee a debt. What strength I can muster shall be thine to command."

"How many?" I asked.

"We be outlaws and masterless men," he said, "and have our food to gain in ways thou knowest not of. Some be scattered, but methinks I may gather two-score or better."

"There is need for speed," said I.

"There will be enough for a beginning," he said, "and others will come in through the day. Right eagerly, Ser Englishman, for my men love not this Count Riario."

"What arms?" I asked.

"Not such as would content thy general," he said, "but we be in better posture than when thou and I first met. When war is in the land then such as we add generously to our store of weapons. Come and see."

First he dispatched messengers, and then he led me to a deep, secret cave, where were stored a miscellany of weapons and a scattering of steel caps and breastplates. There were pikes and crossbows and swords and a pair of harquebuses, though with scant powder and ball for them—but withal, enough to arm in some manner a company of well concealed on both sides of the narrow road leading down from the castle to the broader way that led southward to Florence. From the spot it was possible to see the walls and tower of the stronghold behind which Betsy was imprisoned and at the mercy of Riario and the monk. It was not pleasant to think upon. But of one thing I was determined—if harm came to her, not one of those who inflicted cruelty upon her should be left alive.

I SAT upon a rock with Christoforo and questioned him. "Have any attempted to leave the castle?"

"The gates have not opened," he said. "Nor has there been a sign of life save smoke arising from the kitchens."

"A thing we cannot know is whether word of Betsy's capture was sent to Cardinal Passerini by the monk. It were wise to act as though we knew it had been done."

"Aye," he said. "We must take the place before a man can ride to the city and return with horsemen to take us in the rear."

"Are the defenders aware of our presence?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I think not."

Within the hour, Tasso came to us with a score of his followers, grim-faced and hungering for vengeance upon the lord who had dealt with them so evilly, and we sat down to make some plan of battle. I cudgeled my brains to guess how My Lord Giovanni would go about it, and what diversions or stratagems he would devise. I have ever found that if there is some problem to be solved which is of great difficulty, it is an excellent thing to put off a direct headlong attack upon it, to pretend to yourself that you can find some way of getting at it edgewise. And that the very exercise of thinking about it will very often cause you to hit upon something by accident or by inspiration.

Therefore I pretended that I was My Lord, endowed with his skill, and would find no difficulty in devising some adroitness to undo the enemy. The thought came to me that we might tempt the defenders of the castle to sally forth through the gate and have them at disadvantage, but I could think of no bait to lure them with until I bethought me that I myself might be cheese in the trap.

If it were to have any success it would be because Riario was ignorant of our numbers. But before I attempted it I directed Tasso to prepare first the log of a tree that might be carried by a score of men and used as a ram to batter down the gates. And also I requested that, lacking scaling ladders, a sufficiency of young trees should be felled and their branches removed so that the stubs would furnish footholds to climb by. Then, a quarter of a mile down the road I stationed my men of the Black Bands.

WHEN this was done, and while the sun yet was high, taking Christoforo for companion, I rode at furious gait up to the great barrier.

It was my thought to make it seem we had but then arrived in reckless haste and unaccompanied.

So we galloped up to the gate and I hammered upon it with my pike and bellowed aloud for admission. I shouted Riario's name, demanding he come down to me as if I were one distrait.

"An the gate opens," said I aside to Christoforo, "be ready to clap spurs to thy horse and gallop away."

Then I fell to belaboring the gate once more and to shouting Riario's name with such challenges and insults as came to my tongue.

I continued this exercise until a voice shouted down to me from the tower guarding the gate, and I saw two faces peering down betwixt the Ghibelline battlements, and one of them was the face of Riario and the other the face of the monk.

"Ho," called Riario, "it is the Englishman. What madness is this, Englishman?" Then he spoke aside and silkily to the monk: "He doth desire admission and urgently. Can it be, Brother, that I have something within that he doth desire?"

"Count Riario," I called up to him, "right well dost thou know why I am here and what I seek. Coward who darest not hunt even a woman without a pack of dogs to protect thee! Deliver to me the maid Betsy, and without scathe, or I will pull down thy kennel stone by stone about thine ears. Come down and fight me for her an thou hast the courage, or come with a companion or three companions if that be more to thy liking."

It was the monk who answered me, not the count. "Nay, my son," he said, "go thy ways and meddle not in matters too high for thy comprehension. The lady thou dost seek is no prisoner of the Count Riario, but of Florence itself, and of powers more mighty even than Florence. Go peacefully before evil befall thee!"

"He hath been reading some Spanish romance," Riario said sneeringly. "He sees himself some knight-errant upon a quest. Tell me, Brother, doth he wear a lady's glove upon his helmet?" Where-



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upon he laughed as at a witty pleasantry and spat down into the courtyard.

Christoforo touched my elbow and whispered, "I hear sounds within."

"Ready then to wheel and gallop," I replied and called tauntingly to the count. "The tale must be true," I said, "that thou art no true Riario but the bastard of an ostler. The taint of unwashed horses comes down the wind to my nostrils."

He leaned through the opening between the battlements and said softly, "For that, thou draper's clerk, thou diest in agony."

Then there was a creaking and groaning of the great leaves of the gate; but Christoforo and I were ready for it, and put spurs to our horses' flanks, and wheeled quickly to flee down the road. Behind us sounded shouts and the clawing and clatter of hoofs upon the stone pavement of the courtyard. Over my shoulder I saw five horsemen in pursuit.

Side by side, Christoforo and I galloped headlong down the hill, and passed our ambuscade, whereupon we reined our horses to their haunches, turned them on their heels and spurred back again, drawing our swords as we charged into the oncoming men-at-arms. A great fellow, Swiss by the looks of him, was in the lead and I drove into him headlong so that his horse reeled and all but fell to the road, and before his rider could regain firmness in the saddle I let him have it between ear and shoulder. Then there was shouting and confused melee as my men spurred into the remaining four from the flanks and rear, and in moments it was over, with five bodies lying there. And in a twinkling, darting from the undergrowth, came a dozen mountain men who flung themselves upon the corpses to rifle them of arms and armor and even clothing. It was a sight from which I turned away, though, in truth, I could not blame those ill-used ones for enriching themselves at the expense of our enemies. We had reduced the garrison by five sturdy fighting men, a loss Riario could ill afford. But one thing he would now know for certain, which was that Christoforo and I had not come alone on a harebrained mission. We were in force and his castle was truly beleaguered. Tasso's outlaws were jubilant, but my experienced soldiers of the Black Bands were phlegmatic as became men who had accomplished a small thing in the course of the day's work.

DARKNESS was falling; hourly more mountain men came trooping in until there were full threescore of them, not one but was a hardy fellow with hatred in his heart. Tasso and Christoforo and I, conferring together, saw no need for further concealment.

"Bid thy men light fires for their warmth," I said to Tasso, "and the more numerous the better. Let the defenders believe we are in great numbers."

"And it will light the castle walls," he said. "Even though my people have cats' eyes, some messenger might escape in the darkness to bring succor. Also, Ser Englishman, we have a modicum of oil. If we wrap arrowheads in tow and soak them well in oil we can keep the defenders amused through the night."

"Well thought of, Tasso," I said.

The distant ring of axes came to our ears as trees were being felled to make scaling ladders against tomorrow's attack. We three walked around the castle at a safe distance to study the defenses. Against such numbers as ours it seemed to me that those inside could not make good the defense of the outer walls, but that the real fight would be the taking of the square castle itself. At most they could have, including serving people, no more than twenty. If these were to be withdrawn within the walls of the square, towering mass of the castle they could make stubborn defense; where, if scattered along the outer walls they would be too few to withstand our numbers. If the command were mine I would make but a pretense of defense of this outer fortification, nor would I risk precious lives there; but would at the proper moment retreat within the main structure where the defense could be compact and effective.

"Let us sleep while we may, taking watch in turn," I said. "Thou, Tasso, and thou, Christoforo, lay ye down first." . . .

I paced uneasily, thinking of Betsy within those walls, and painting foul pictures of what she might be suffering at the hands of Piero Riario. There was only grim silence in the castle, though windows were lighted and torches flared in the courtyard and upon the walls to tell of sleepless sentinels. I walked around it and around until the half moon thrust its rim over the eastern mountains and climbed the skies, and when I deemed that three hours had passed I returned to the fire by which Tasso and Christoforo slept. Now and again an arrow, trailing flame, swept upward in an arc from some bowman to penetrate window or other opening, and in a great circle crackled a dozen campfires about which moved black eerie figures. For those inside there would be no rest, for every fire arrow must be found promptly and stifled lest it bring disaster.

I AROUSED Christoforo for the next watch and lay down beside Tasso, laying aside my armor for comfort, and hoping that Riario had no firearms to use against us—as, indeed, events proved that he had not. After a time, troubled as I was for Betsy's safety, I slept, nor did I awaken until Tasso shook me at dawn.

Now our plan was this: That with our improvised scaling ladders we should make simultaneous attack upon both sides and rear of the castle, leaving the front with its gate and towers unmolested—and that when the defenders were full occupied thus and their attention was fixed upon repelling those who scaled the walls, we should suddenly bring forth our tree trunk and launch it against the gates. To this duty I assigned my Black Bands men. The discharge of fire arrows was to be redoubled since there could be spared few to stifle their flames.

An hour after dawn the outlaws, shouting savagely, rushed upon the walls and clapped their ladders against them, mounting fearlessly. I stood with my men waiting, English bow in hand hoping for some exposed target and praying the target might be Riario himself. And suddenly there was smoke pouring from the upper story of the keep and I remembered that picture I had seen in Betsy's crystal ball, and here was that picture in actuality. Which caused me to think upon the picture that followed it of the stone-walled room, smoke-filled and reeking, and of Betsy lying there pallid and lifeless. I could not bear the thought.

I shouted to my men to raise the battering log, which they did with good will, and I, casting aside my longbow, ran at their side as they trotted with it toward the juncture of the gates. Arrows were loosed at us from the tower, but not a man fell as the barriers trembled and splintered under the first impact of the log's butt. Again and again we battered, with the wounding of but one man. Then finally the gates burst asunder and we charged into the courtyard.

It was as I had foreseen. The defenders of the walls deserted their stations and ran headlong into the castle itself, and we caught but few of them before they reached this safety.

The courtyard and outbuildings were ours, but there we were sorely exposed to the marksmanship of archers who shot down at us from the battlements, and more than one man fell until we pressed close to the stones of the castle walls to huddle there while the defenders hurled down great stones and missiles and even



## GOSH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!

by Berry

I spend hour after hour teachin' school kids to swim and dive....
But most of 'em dive like a sack of potatoes and barely stay up.....
An' I'm about ready to call the whole thing a waste of good time...
When along comes a youngster with the grace and raw talent of a mermaid.....
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MICHAEL BERRY

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If she ducks
your kisses
like this . . .

And you wish
things were
ducky like this . . .

TRY THIS

MORAL: *Freshen up for closeups! Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking. Always good taste!*

*The candy with a hole—only 5¢*


boiling water upon us. It was an evil position and untenable for long. I heard Tasso call for axmen to attack such doors as opened at the rear, and I, calling upon my men again, sent them driving against the great main doors under their archway at the front. A huge block of stone, pried from the battlements, crashed down and splintered at my feet, and missiles rained upon us, but the doors shook and quivered under the impact of the log. They were strong, built to withstand such attack, and such was the rain of rocks and missiles upon our heads that, if we failed to batter in the doors soon, we would have to withdraw.

But at the fourth splintering blow the two leaves of the door parted and were wrenched from their hinges and we rushed headlong inside to be met by a wall of defenders who disputed it with us there in that narrow way. It was a grim business of clashing steel and trampling feet and gushing blood and hacked bodies as we pressed them backward. I remember little of it, for the lust of battle seized me. Riario was there fighting right manfully, but I could not come at him myself.

HOW long it lasted I do not know, but at last what remained of them broke before us and ran for the stone stairway, and Riario was one of them. Upon the stairway they made their stand again and we had to climb up to get at them. But we drove them backward step by step. Now I am a big man as I have said, and stronger than most. In this hour, driven by fear for Betsy and rage against the count, my strength was multiplied. Here was no matter of art or skill or the niceties of swordsmanship, and I was careless of what happened to me so long as I might come to the maid in time.

I pressed Riario and forced him upward, and my men fought that day as few men have ever fought. Slowly, step by step we forced them backward and upward, treading over the bodies of such as fell. Riario's handsome face was grim and evil and desperate, for he must have known that this was the end of him. But much as I hated him, and wicked as he was, I must say that on that stairway he acquitted himself as a man of courage. Between gasps of breath he taunted me, but I fought silently and grimly.

"Shalt never see her alive, Englishman," he panted. "Didst sleep sweetly with the thought that she was in my arms?"

It might have been so, but I prayed God that he lied in his teeth and that she had been, by some miracle, saved from his savagery.

Now we came to the top of the stairway and still we forced them backward. Here more of us could find footing to fight side by side. We drove into them, and then, of a sudden, the few who remained turned tail and fled for their lives toward the rear of the castle; all but Riario, who cursed me vilely and turned and ran speedily toward the front of the big building. And there he came to a door which he thrust open, but before he could close it my shoulder was against it and I thrust it wide.

It was a square, bare, stone-walled room and standing erect in a corner of it was Betsy, wide-eyed and erect with parted lovely lips, and little hands knotted into fists. Once she spoke my name. Riario leaped toward her, having but one thought—to slay her there before my eyes. He was swifter of foot than I, and he raised his sword to strike. I, in desperation, and because I could not reach him in time, hurled my sword at his back even as his sword fell. And my blade, guided by God, flew straight as an arrow so that its point went in between the blades of his shoulders and came out between his ribs in front. He fell with no sound save an awful gurgle in his throat and lay prone.

But his own blow had fallen and there lay Betsy, white and still upon a pallet which had been her sleeping place, and her eyes were closed. But there was no blood upon her, either of her own or Riario's. My eyes were dim, either with the agony of the sight or with the smoke that billowed through the door and filled the room. I threw myself on my knees and lifted her in my arms and her head fell against me so that her hair was loosed and spread itself over my arm. And I dared to let my lips touch her cold

"This apartment always gets dark at four-thirty, but you'll get used to that!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON



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Next Week Begin

# MAN RUNNING

## BY SELWYN JEPSON

**Jonathan Penrose was in love with the wrong woman, so much in love that he would do anything for her—even pretend to the world that he was the murderer of her husband. Don't miss this brilliant and absorbing novel of a girl's daring efforts to rescue a hunted man—a man who loved another woman—from the peril of the noose**

cheek, for now that she was dead she could not object to it.

I raised her and held her to my breast, and now the smoke was denser and I knew that I must hasten if I were to rescue her body from this flaming castle. Faint now were the sounds of battle as I staggered down the stairs with her limp form in my arms; stepping over the bodies of the slain in the hall below, I passed through the open doors and out into the morning sunshine. Across the courtyard I strode, for it seemed to me the castle and what surrounded it was a polluted and evil spot where I dared not permit her to remain. I carried her a little way into the clean woods and laid her down upon the sweet spring grass, and then, overwhelmed by such grief as a man can scarce endure and live, I knelt beside her and prayed for her soul. . . .

Beatrice was standing beside me. She knelt and her little hands examined Betsy gently.

"She is dead," I said.

"Nay, Ser Pietro. She is alive. See. Her heart beats."

"But I saw—I saw Riario strike her with his sword."

"There is no blood," she answered. "But here, under her hair is a great lump." In a knowledgeable way she touched the injury. "Not even the bones of her head are broken."

I could not comprehend it. I had seen Riario lift his sword and bring it down upon her just as I hurled my own blade at his back. It must have been, through God's intervention, that when the point pierced his ribs, the weapon had turned in his hand and the force of the stroke diminished, so that he smote with the flat instead of the edge.

"Will she live?" I asked.

"That I cannot say. If the brain within be not hurt, then she will recover from it. Bid that she be carried to the caves where she may lie undisturbed."

We made a litter upon which to bear her still body, and two men carried her easily, with me walking at her side. Behind me, the fighting being over, there arose wild shouts of elation as the outlaws looted the burning castle.

Beatrice directed all things, and when Betsy, white and speechless, was laid in the shelter, with softness under her and blankets to keep her warm, Beatrice sent me away. "You but distract me," she said. "Leave her to me."

So I, torn betwixt happiness that Betsy was alive, and fear that she could not survive such a blow, returned to the now flaming castle where outlaws capered about great piles of loot and drank merrily from butts of wine rolled up from the cellars. There Tasso stood brooding.

"Payment will be exacted for this," he said gloomily. "This Count Riario had high connections."

"Among the slain or the prisoners," I asked, "has any seen a fat monk or a homunculus?"

"There be no prisoners," he said simply, "and among the dead I have seen no monk nor homunculus."

"Of that," I said, "I must make sure."

So I searched and questioned, but no man could remember seeing, during the fighting nor since, the monk who boasted that he was the hunting hound of the Pope. In some manner, during the heat of the fighting, he must have slipped away and made good his escape, which was an evil thing for all of us. For he would make his way to Florence or elsewhere with the tale of this affair; but worst of all, he survived to continue his grim pursuit of Betsy. And now the advantage was with him, for he had seen her face to know it.

I returned to Tasso and told him the tale.

"My men must scatter," he said, "for we cannot stand against those who will come against us. The escape of this monk but calls for greater haste."

"I have brought this upon thee, Tasso."

"A slight matter for us who are used to being harried like wolves. Who shall follow a flight of birds? Our booty will be securely hidden and, when these hills be safe again, we shall return to it. But what of thee, Ser Englishman? Thou art a known man."

"I go to Trebbio," I answered.

"When the maid can travel, if ever she be able to travel again," he said broodingly. He waved his hand to indicate his followers. "These must be gone ere nightfall, before a circle be drawn around these hills through which they cannot escape."

I signaled to Christoforo. "Comrade," I said to him, "gather the men of the Black Bands and ride to Trebbio. The monk hath escaped and will bring down vengeance upon us."

"And thou?" he asked.

"The maid is hurt, as thou knowest, and cannot ride. I remain with her."

"A well woman," he said, "is a vexation; an ill woman is a calamity. I will see to it that they ride to Trebbio."

THROUGH the remainder of the day troops of outlaws bent their backs under burdens of booty, carrying all into the fastness to be hidden in caves and burrows, and then they vanished away. I sat before the mouth of the cave in which Beatrice ministered to Betsy, waiting and listening and hoping and fearing. At long intervals Beatrice came out to me and each time her message was the same: "She hath not opened her eyes nor returned to consciousness."

At nightfall Tasso came, and Beatrice came out and stood beside us.

"This spot will not be safe for thee and her," Tasso said.

"My father," Beatrice said, "I think to move her will be to kill her."

"Englishman," Tasso said, "I have repaid my debt to thee."

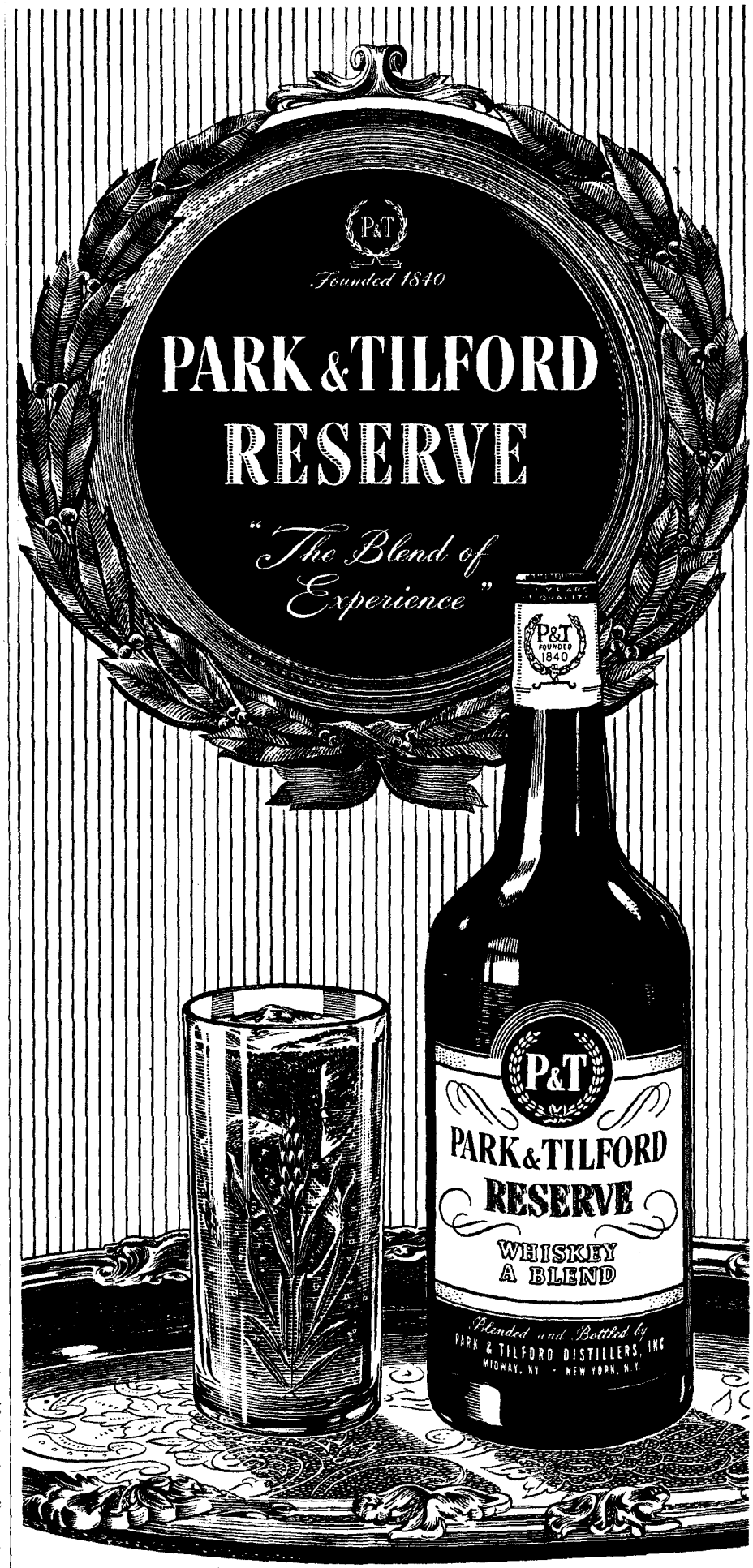
"Right handsomely, friend," I answered, "so that now I am in thy debt in a sum so great I never can satisfy it."

"My daughter is dear to me," he said.

I understood him. His obligation discharged, it was time for him to look to his own safety and the safety of his child. "Go, Tasso," said I, "and my gratitude will ever follow thee."

But now the child Beatrice stood straight and gazed into her father's eyes, and shook her head. "Thou mayest go, my father," she said, "but I remain."

Tasso glanced from her to me and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frowned, and then, in a manner wholly Italian, he shrugged shoulders and spread his hands. He even smiled grimly. "Had I a house," he said, "I would not be master in it. Be it so."

"In a day, in two days," said Beatrice, "it may be possible to move her. Meantime, my father, cannot a few men remain to watch the roads and give warning?"

"Since," he said with some irony, "thou hast usurped command, it shall be so."

Then, among the rocks, I heard a scrambling, and Christoforo stepped into view, somewhat shamefaced.

"I commanded thee to Trebbio," I said sternly.

"Nay, Pietro—thy command was that some men should go. I be no Trebbio man. I am thy man. To obey thee in all things, save one. I am a leech. I cling to thee. I am a limpet. Command me to anything save to leave thee, and I obey."

Whereat he sat down beside the fire and assumed a most comically stubborn expression of countenance.

"Art a mutinous and intractable rogue," I said, my heart warm within me at his friendship and his loyalty. "Stay then, and have thy throat slit alongside thy betters."

THROUGH that night the maid Beatrice sat sleepless with Betsy whilst I watched outside, alternately drowsing and waking. Christoforo snored beside me. In the morning Beatrice came to me.

"She hath awakened," she told me, "but is bewildered. There is no fever, the saints be thanked."

"Did she speak my name?"

"Nay. There is only rambling talk of letters and of kings and of Venice."

"She will live?" I asked.

"I told thee in the beginning," Beatrice said somewhat impatiently, "that it was but a knock on the head."

"May I go to her?"

"Have patience," she said. "When she is like to know thee I will notify thee."

I sat there through the morning, not daring to stir lest Betsy should send for me, and Christoforo entreated me to eat and drink, but I had no appetite for it, but in midafternoon Beatrice came to me saying, "Since noon she has slept naturally. But now she is awakened and is reasonable."

So I went into the gloomy place and stood beside Betsy scarcely able to see her face.

"Ser Pietro," she said almost in a whisper.

"Betsy!" I answered. "Will all be well with thee?"

"Thanks to thee," she said, and I knelt beside her and took her hand in mine, which she did not resent.

"I came to thee," I said awkwardly, "as quickly as I was able."

"Aye," she answered, "quickly enough."

I hesitated over it, but because I must needs know or die of it, I stammered, "Did harm come to thee, Betsy?"

She smiled faintly. "I am as I was when they took me into that place—thanks to the monk. He thwarted Count Riario who durst not disobey him."

"I shall remember it in his favor," I said, "when I come to deal with him."

"Ser Pietro," she said, "thou must away to Trebbio."

"Wherefore?" I asked.

"To bear the packet to Venice."

"Not for all Venice nor all Tuscany would I leave thee."

"I command it," she said, rising to her elbow, but sinking back again dizzily.

"Nay," said I as gently as I could speak. "Thou knowest that I do love thee, and that whatever thou dost wish I will perform as well as I am able. But there is danger here, and I will not leave thee to it. The monk, of all that were in the castle, hath escaped. Ere long he will return seeking thee."

"The more reason thou shouldst go."

"I owe no allegiance to Venice, nor to Tuscany nor to any country or person but England and My Lord Giovanni and thee. And in this pinch my allegiance to thee is the chief of them."

"I tell thee," she said angrily, "those letters will ruin this Medici Pope."

"That is nought to me compared to thy safety," I said.

"I hate thy stubbornness," she said.

"It is the stubbornness of love."

"If I will love thee wilt thou go?"

"I will not buy thy love, nor do I desire any love that is offered for sale," I told her.

She turned away from me and buried her face, and I knew not how to deal with her or what to say or do, so I got up softly and went out of the tent a most unhappy man. For it did verily seem to me that the lass I loved was one who had no true love ever to give in return, but only regarded it as a merchant doth regard the wares upon his counter, and as a commodity to be used to accomplish her purposes. But she did look, as she lay there, so lonely and lovely that my heart yearned most painfully for her.

"Man for man," she said, "thou art his equal, aye, and better. Have we horses? How soon can they be in readiness?"

"I will see to it, Madonna," I answered, my head confused by her words, and that she held me in some small esteem.

I went down the devious path, but had scrambled but a hundred yards when I saw Tasso coming up to me. He waved a muscled arm to southward.

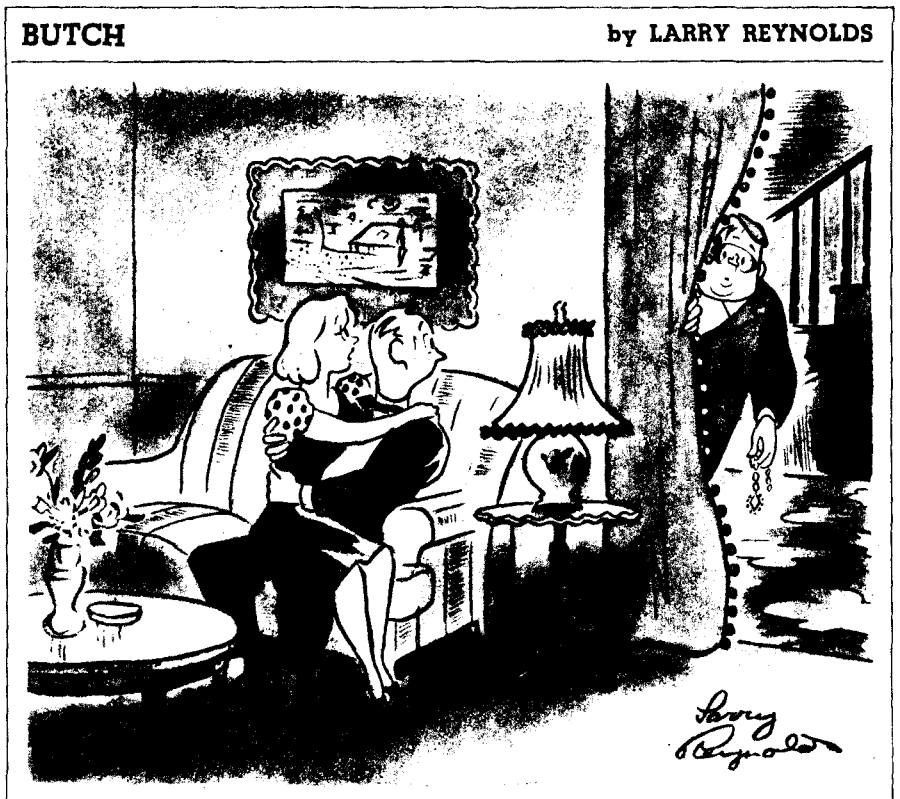
"They come, Ser Englishman," he said. "Fifty men. We must away."

"It was for that I sought thee, Tasso. My lady is fit for travel. She doth demand that we set out for Trebbio."

"No," he said. "Before we can mount and ride they will have the road—aye, and messengers will gallop ahead to arouse enemies against us. The Riarios have friends to the northward. Before this day ends, Ser Englishman, they will be coming at us from north and south. The mountains are our only refuge."

"Then," said I, "let us into the mountains, though it will displease her." . . .

What we should have done, or how we should have fared in those long days of lurking and hiding that followed, had




"Pardon me, miss, but your ol' man is puttin' on his bathrobe and slippers and he looks kinda angry"

COLLIER'S

That day dragged to its end, and yet another day, and Betsy did not ask for me nor did she permit me to come near her. On the third morning I looked up to see her standing, clothed and natural, in the mouth of the cave.

"Good morrow, Pietro," she said.

"Good morrow, Betsy," I answered.

"This day," she said, "we journey to Trebbio."

"Thou art not fit."

"Fit or no," she answered, "that is how it shall be, even if I must travel alone."

There was something in her bearing, something, mayhap, that comes of blood and high birth and so unfamiliar to such as I, that awed me and mastered me. Perhaps it was something individual to her—an indomitable courage and resolution that were a part of her.

"Thou shouldst," I said out of my thoughts, "have mated with My Lord, for he alone is worthy of thee."

Then she said a thing, the first of its like she ever had uttered to me, and I knew not what to think of it.

"Art not such a poor stick thyself, Pietro," she said. "By how many inches doth Giovanni tower over thee?"

"All men unite to name him the greatest warrior of our age," I said.

it not been for the skill and knowledge and adroitness of the man Tasso, I do not know. He led us through those mountains, hiding us, guiding us where it seemed impossible for human beings to travel, as if he possessed the instincts of some wild creature rather than those of a man. Never did he lead us far from the road that wound northward to Trebbio and thence to Venice, and more than once we looked down from some high spot upon searching patrols.

The mountains were being combed diligently and with double purpose. First by retainers of the Riarios panting to wipe out in blood and cruelty the spite that had been done them by the killing of their kinsman and the burning of his castle; and second by the monk and his following of Passerini men, bent upon the capture of Betsy and of myself. I do not know how many men there were all told, but it seemed to me an army.

There were five of us: Betsy and Beatrice and Tasso and Christoforo and myself. At night we slept without fire and never was there enough to eat, though Tasso was a rare hunter. Betsy, for whom I had feared amid such hardships, thrived upon it, and—if that were possible—grew more beautiful. Certainly, thus close to the things of nature, she became more the maid I had first met in our own English forest and less of the enigma she had always been to me. Younger she seemed, and with elements of merriment in her. And that stern impatience to reach Trebbio and Venice seemed to have been laid aside for the time, for she ceased to urge us to it.

"Betsy," I said to her as we rested one night, huddling together for warmth, "I have never seen thee thus—a simple maid and not a mystery involved in secret things."

She smiled at me wistfully. "It is, I think, because never before have I known peace. It is the solitude of these great, serene hills and the quiet and solitude that hath here been ordained by God."

"Aye," said I, "the affairs of man seem far distant from us."

"See," she said, pointing to a towering crag that lifted its face far above us, "that clean rock hath reared itself there since Saint Adam and Saint Eve walked in the Garden, it may be. It will be there, unchanged, a thousand years from now." She frowned and peered down at her lovely hands, by which I was able to recognize her in any disguise. "Compared to that," she said, "a king or an emperor or a pope lasts but for a day. An evil deed is done and forgotten before a single grain of rock is altered by wind or water. It doth make one think that all living humans and the mishaps that seem awful to them are but short of life and of little importance."

"God works in eternity," I said. "Man's labor is measured by seconds."

"But for all that," she said musingly, "for all the briefness of it, it still may be necessary that we do in our allotted seconds of time the thing that has been allotted to us."

"If the thing be good and beneficial," I said, "but not if it be violent and vengeful. Mayhap today's Pope, or today's King Francis or today's Emperor Charles do great harm to the world so that we work to destroy them. But life is in them and the power to transmit life. Suppose, Betsy, that this hour by the assassin's knife thou couldst destroy one or all of them. How may we say thou hast not impeded the plans of God? It may be that tomorrow King Francis or the Soldan of Turkey would beget a son who would live to be a saint and work great benefit to millions. A bad father may have a virtuous son. Why then should we seek to break the chain of life?"

"Thou art a philosopher. I deemed not such thoughts resided in thee."

"Nor I." I answered, greatly surprised at myself. "I did not think them of set purpose nor out of wisdom."

"But," she said, "out of thy simplicity, which it may be is higher than wisdom."

TASSO, who had been abroad spying upon our pursuers, came to us and his face was worried. "They draw a circle about us," he said, "and in the end, if we do not starve meantime, they will come to us if they persist. Each day the circle narrows."

"Then," said I, "we must break through it."

"Not to the north nor south nor west," he said. "But by luck and skill and the help of the saints we might cross yon road and escape to the eastward. It is a thing they will not expect."

Then up spake Beatrice gently. "And yonder," she said, "I can conduct ye to safe refuge."

So we argued it and made our plans, and upon a night when the moon was obscured by clouds and the wind whistled icily we made our scramble downward to the brink of the road; crouching, we saw a patrol ride slowly by. We listened until their hoofbeats faded into silence, and then, one by one, like shadows, we essayed the open space where was no concealment, and so crossed the road and the meadow that lay beyond



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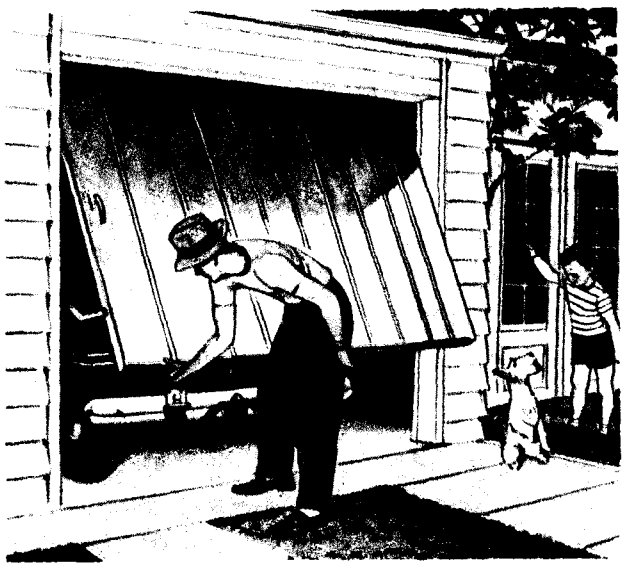

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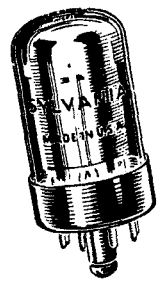

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and safely reached the sheltering hills at the back of it. Elated at this success, we made our way up a tinkling brook for some short distance, when Tasso suddenly bade us halt. We could see, as we rounded a shoulder of the ravine, that its walls were lighted by flickering flames, and knew that ahead of us was a fire.

With finger to lips, Tasso crept forward, and I, clumsy as I am and ill-fitted for delicate work, crept at his heels. Not more than a hundred paces from us, in a sheltered dell, was a cozy fire, and the figures of two men sat close to it upon their hunkers. One was a soldier, the other was a broad, obese figure clad in monk's brown robe. Tasso's long knife was in his hands, and silent and serpent-like he slithered toward them. Then I saw him rise suddenly, arm uplifted—and the gleam of his knife.

EVEN as he struck I leaped to my feet, and careless of being seen, I ran to him. There upon the sands lay the soldier, twitching in his blood, and the monk, round eyes big and white with surprise and terror, hunching there unable to move or even to stand or cry out.

"So, Brother," I said as I stood over him, "the hunting dog is hunted."

He somewhat recovered himself at sight of me and recognition of my face. "I thought it was the wild men," he said, "who have no compunction of my churchly office."

"Whose protection thou dost little deserve," I said.

"Come now, my son," he said, his oiliness returning, "there have been some slight differences between thee and me. But nought that a reasonable man may not compose. I have made advantageous offers to thee," he said, "whereby thou might escape from Italy with wealth in thy pouch and the maid at thy side."

"Which," said I scornfully, "I refused."

"It will pay thee to listen receptively," he said. "Now, by delivering thee and the maid to Passerini I may win me an abbey. But even so I remain a churchman. I yearn for a broader and merrier life. I yearn for wealth to scatter upon my pleasures. Even now I can manage thy escape, and mine as well, an thou but make a partner of me."

"Betraying thy employers."

"Kings betray one another, and popes and emperors. Why should the privilege be denied a simple monk? Knowest thou the true name of the maid who is with thee?"

"I know it not nor care to know it."

"Nonetheless she is the key to the treasure of jewels I told thee of, and she can be profitable to both of us. The jewels of the Degli Albizzi."

"Stop thy tongue from clacking," I said to him, "and hoist thyself upon thy fat legs, for this night thou dost travel with us a prisoner."

He shrugged. "I have seen worse fates. At least I am alive, and while I am alive I may still do well for myself. Ah, here be the others. The good Christoforo and the brace of maids. A good evening to thee, Madonna," he said obsequiously to Betsy.

She did not return his greeting, but to me she said, "Remember, Pietro, he stood betwixt me and Riario's lusts."

"Not from chivalry," said I, "but for purposes of his own."

But for all that, I had a more kindly feeling toward him as I remembered it.

"Get to thy feet," I ordered, "and bethink thee constantly that my eyes are upon thee watching for some foul trick."

We dared not tarry, so, with Tasso leading the way and I with ready knife behind the monk, we plodded up the ravine, nor did we halt except briefly to rest the women, until the sun rose over the peaks and it was another day. . . .

We slept until the hour of noon and plodded onward again, and one more night we slept in the hills before we plodded on again, led now by Beatrice, who spoke not at all of the destination toward which she was leading us. And then, upon the third day we came to a land where the sun shone, and the trees were green and sturdy and the grass was lush, and before me, in long line, I saw a boundary of white crosses stretching back into the forest, and I knew to what sanctuary we had come.

We crossed that line marked by sacred symbols, and somehow it seemed to me that a weight was lifted not only from my shoulders but from my heart, and that peace surrounded us here, and virtue. Even the grazing deer but lifted their heads to gaze at us with big, liquid eyes, for there was no fear in them, nor in the birds fluttering near us.

"What is this place?" Betsy asked of me in awed voice.

"Here," said I, "is an island of serenity in an ocean of strife."

With Beatrice walking sedately ahead, we came to the curving road which I had trod once before, and we climbed it until we came to the knoll. There, robed all in white as before, stood the man with birds perched upon his shoulders. Never upon human face have I seen such calm nor such goodness nor such kindness.

"Welcome all," he said in his deep, rich voice of music. "Even thou, my brother," he said gently to the monk. "Rest here in peace, for no harm can reach thee in this sanctuary." He stretched out a slender hand toward Betsy and his lips bent in a rare smile. "I have long awaited thee," he said.

"Thou hast awaited me, Father?" Betsy exclaimed.

"Aye, child, waited yearningly for thy vexed and driven spirit to rest here and to be refreshed."

THEN a strange thing happened, a startling, bewildering interruption. From the door of the little house darted a ragged, twisted and crippled figure of a man in evil rags, and this creature threw himself at the feet of Betsy and clutched her skirt and bore it to his lips.

"Madonna! Oh, Madonna! My sweet, beloved mistress. Thou has come to me at last. My sweet mistress that I love."

I knew not what to think, for here, when he should have been in Trebbio, was the bedlamite Niccolo Gozzoli, not mumbling like a madman, but speaking in that strange, harmonious voice which my ears remembered well.

Then, suddenly as he came, he darted away upon his bent and broken legs, into the house, and then out again, clutching in his gnarled fingers a pouch of leather. And this he carried to Betsy's feet, fumbling at the string that closed it.

"See," he said with childish glee. "I have been faithful to thee. For thee have I preserved and hidden it, though wracked by torture. For thee, my lady and my mistress."

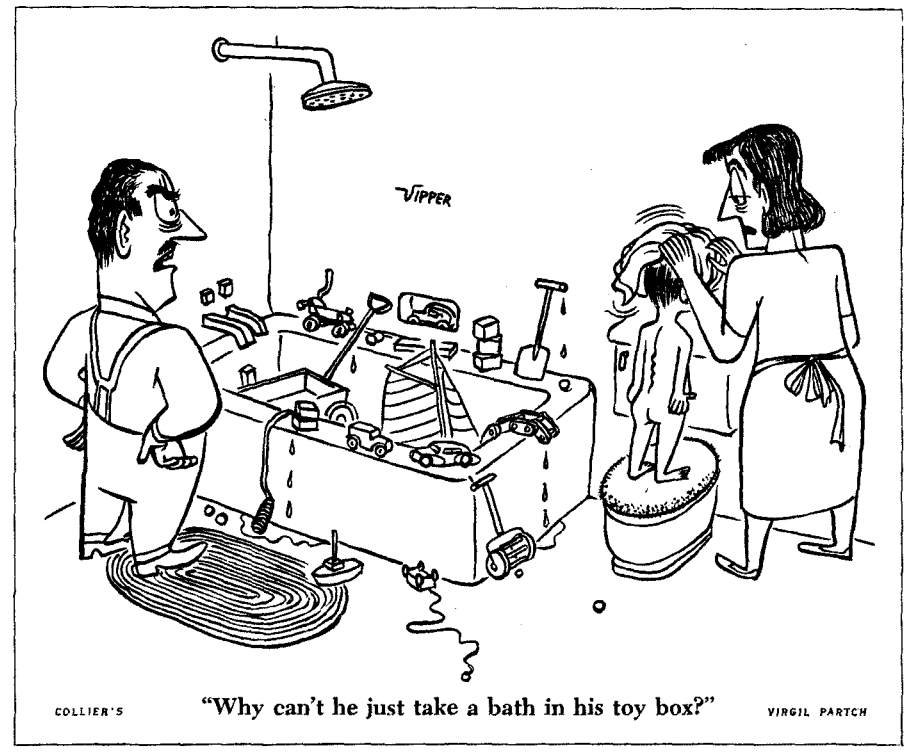
And then, the pouch being opened, he poured upon the ground before her a gleaming, sparkling stream of white and red and yellow and green until it formed a heap upon the grass giving back the rays of the bright sun.

I HEARD the monk grunt as if he had been smitten in the stomach. "As God lives," he said in a whisper, "the jewels of the Albizzi!"

Betsy, unheeding the wondrous heap of jewels, was bending over the bedlamite. "Niccolo! Niccolo!" she said, and heartbreak was in her voice. "Do I find thee thus!"

"I have been faithful, dear mistress. I have been true to my trust. They could not tear the secret from me."

"Better had they done so, Niccolo." She turned brimming eyes to me. "He doth think I am my mother," she said.




COLLIER'S "Why can't he just take a bath in his toy box?" VIRGIL PARTCH

"My mother who was slain with my father in the sack of the palace." She put her little hands over her eyes and wept.

"Weep not for me, my mistress," said Niccolo in a voice of sanity. "It was happiness to suffer for thee. Even as they tore my joints asunder I was happy in the knowledge I was bearing it for thee."

Now, for the first time she was all woman and compassion, sobbing as a child and clinging to me blindly.

The white-robed hermit priest spoke in his measured, melodious voice. "Sorrow not, daughter," he said gently. "He hath by his fortitude and his loyalty found a greater thing than unbroken body or soundness of mind. For such as he there is reserved a fair seat near the throne of God."

Betsy uncovered her eyes which flashed through her tears. "Dost wonder that I hate those who have done this cruelty and worse?" she demanded of me. "Dost wonder now that my life hath been given to the pursuit of vengeance? Dost wonder that I have lived unwomanly, with such pictures as this ever before my eyes, and with the memory of the blood of loved ones running red!"

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," the hermit said softly. "Earthly vengeance comes never from His willing, but from the prompting of the Evil One who doth always seek a door of entry to the soul. Thou hast denied thyself peace and happiness."



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"Am I then, my father, to forgive these Medici?" she asked stubbornly.

"Thou art not divine but human," he said, "and such forgiveness is above the powers of mortal man. But let not sin beget sin. Remember thy wrongs, for thou canst not forget them, but leave the imposing of retribution to God."

I heard a babbling sound and looked down upon the monk, and so foul an expression of lust and greed have I never seen upon a human face as he played with the gems, letting them slip through his fingers greedily and picking them up again to feel them with his flesh. The face of the hermit was stern.

"Man," he said, "rather would I be thief and murderer than thou, for thou hast been false to thy vows and recreant to thy holy calling."

The monk looked up slyly. "Give me but these," he said, "and thou canst have thy bliss in an uncertain hereafter."

A spasm of pain crossed the lofty face of the hermit, as though he felt in his own flesh some pang, and he sighed. "My daughter," he said, "come apart with me."

He took her by the hand and led her across the sward and into the green wood, and I remained, standing over the monk to see to it he filched none of the jewels—for I be a practical man and cannot abide to see good property lost by foolishness.

"What is all this mystery?" I said to him, because I understood none of it nor what it signified.

"Thou dolt," he said harshly. "Thou simpleton. Thou half-witted son of a wild ass of the hills! Thou wouldst not listen to me, nor be partner to me, and now we have lost all. During all the days and nights thou hast spent with her hast asked no questions, nor sought to learn her secrets?"

"Nay," I responded. "Her secrets were her own."

"Then I will tell thee."

"I wish not to learn from thy lips. If there be anything she wishes me to know, she will disclose it."

"Fool!" he said. "This maid thou dost in thy rusticity call Betsy is heir to a great family—the last of the Albizzi. Named Clarice after the wife of the Magnificent Lorenzo. Aye, and should the wheel of fortune turn in Tuscany, wide lands and houses in Florence and wealth would be restored to her. And thou, dolt, doth love her and desire her as some herdsman of sheep desires the maid of a village! She is as far above thee as any star in the heavens which thou might hope to clutch and wear in thy cap."

TO THIS I made no reply, being, to my sorrow, in agreement with it. I thrust him aside, gathered up the treasure and poured the glittering baubles into the leather pouch, and thrust it under my belt. He watched me with avid eyes.

Tasso, who was standing at a distance, growled and stepped forward a pace. "It were best, Ser Englishman," he said, "were I to search about in his liver with my knife. It will avert future troubles."

"It may come to that," I said for the monk's discomfort, "but not here in this place of peace."

I walked away from them and sat me down on the sward and brooded. I was conscious of the weight of the pouch of jewels dangling from my belt and it added sorely to my heaviness of heart. Now that I have reached respectable age I can look back upon my youth and understand many things that then were hidden from me, and one of them is that in a young man abides a great supply of that thing called vanity, though he is not aware of it. It is this vanity that enables him to hope in hopeless situations. He believes wonders can happen to him, and that he has been especially singled out by Providence for favor. He cannot down the belief that whatever he desires will somehow come to him no matter how impossible it may be. So it had been with me and my love for Betsy. Always there had been some remote hope.

But now I despaired. It is one thing to love a homeless, nameless, mysterious maid. It is another thing to raise your eyes to one of illustrious birth. And now, added to the nobility of her lineage was what seemed to me enormous wealth. Also there was my pride. Now, with her treasure in jewels at my belt it did seem to me that my wooing might seem to her to partake of self-seeking and the desire to participate in that richness. Gloom beset me and self-pity.

As I sat thus miserable I saw the white robes of the hermit and Betsy's blue gown come forth from the circling trees. The hermit left her and went into his dwelling and she stood there looking about her uncertainly, as if troubled in mind. The sun was behind her, glorifying her hair, and turning her rags into rich embellishments.

IN SPITE of myself I was drawn toward her as by some magic power of attraction, and I stood before her, awkward and unsure.

"Madonna degli Albizzi," I said, and that was the end of it because no other words would come.

"The monk told thee," she said.

I nodded.

"Then, Pietro," she said to me, "perhaps thou will understand much. Mayhap thou will understand why I have not been like other women, and why, driven as I have been, and hating as I have hated, I have been under compulsion. From my babyhood I have been taught to hate and not to love. I have been educated, not as other women, to be soft and alluring, but in other, darker arts which would aid me in the mission which was mine. To be the enemy and to seek the downfall of any bearing the name of Medici. I have engaged in plots. I have sold my wits and my beauty to those, who for any reason, were their enemies. I have plotted for them, spied for them, stolen for them. I was well taught and I have accomplished more than a man could accomplish."

"It is not for me to censure thee," I said dumbly.

"I have used thee to thy disadvantage and danger."

"I would have served thee in anything," I said, "hadst thou but asked." I hesitated after this and stared at her beauty which in this moment seemed more wondrous than ever before. "Because I loved thee beyond all else, and cared not if thou wert worthy of it."

"The loneliness of mountain fastnesses, and the still, starry heavens at night, and the remoteness of the world," she said, "are wiser to instruct than all the great teachers of the world."

"I know not your meaning," I said.

"I learned another thing, Pietro," she said, "and that is that in all women resides a force stronger than will because it comes from nature and not from thinking. I discovered that all plans and all intentions must give way to it, because it hath been implanted in women by the law of God. There is a reason, Pietro, why women are created women."

I was bewildered. "And what is this reason?" I asked in my simplicity.

"They are created women," she said patiently and sweetly, "in order that they may love and attract the love of a man, because only by this can one generation follow another, and the evils of one generation be amended by the next."

"That I understand in some measure," I said, "but all this thou hast forsworn."

"Look thee, Pietro. A pope lives but for a span of years. A family lives but for a few generations. Who is alive today who may claim the great Alexander as his ancestor, or Caesar? What great family is there that carries on forever? Even the Medici will die out."

"Nothing is eternal save God," I said.

"God," she said, "and the love of man

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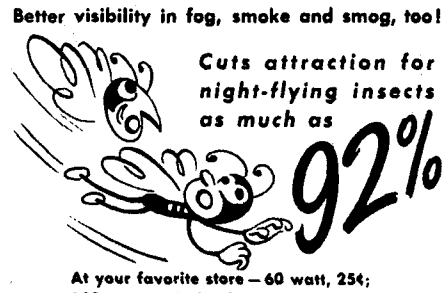

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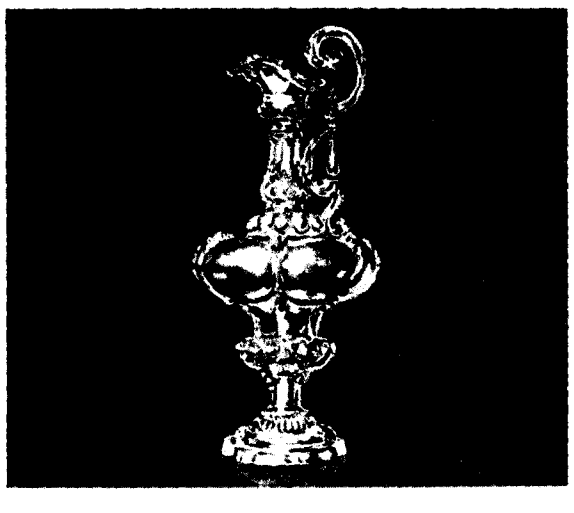
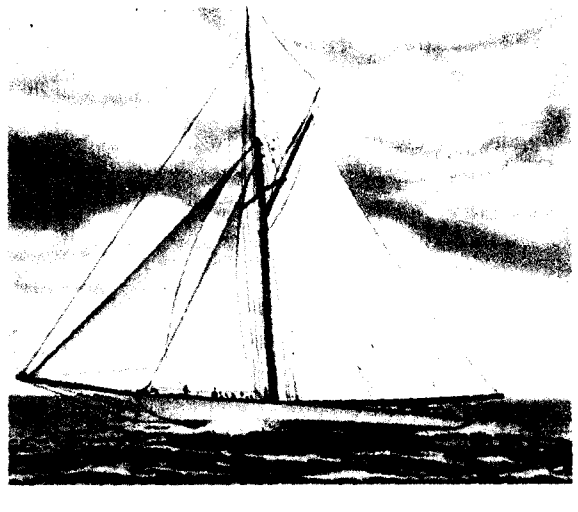
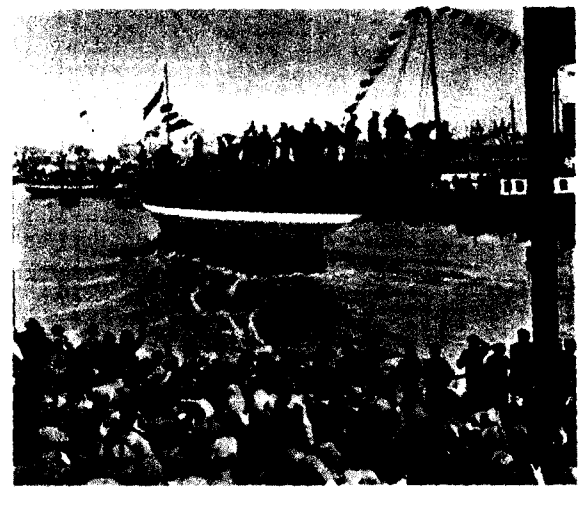
# Who will try to "lift the mug"?



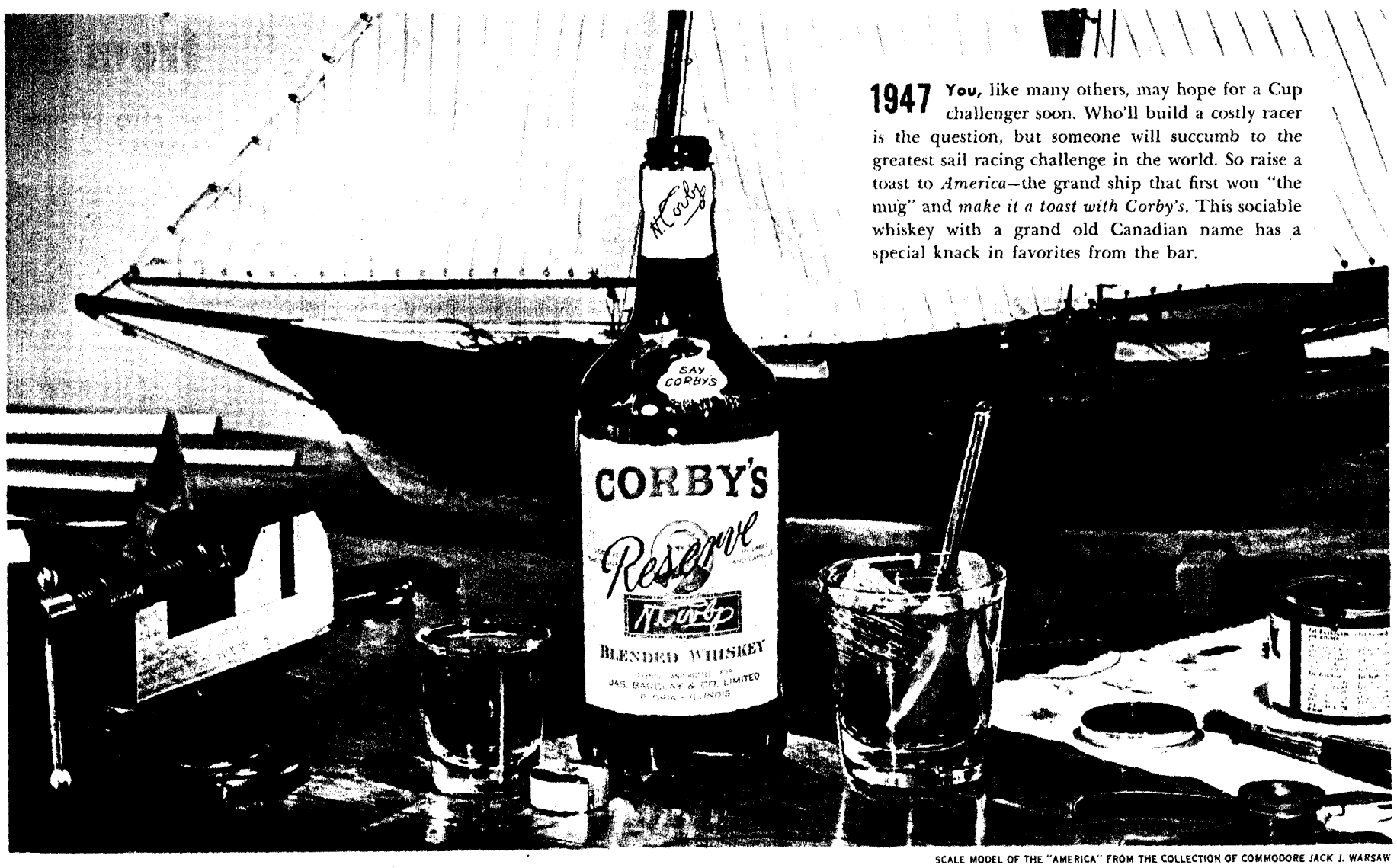
**1851** **America's Cup,** "the old mug," has had millions spent in its defense and challenge, though it's worth under $100. Won by the schooner *America,* racing against the cream of English yachts, it came to the U.S. seven years before the name Corby's came to Canada.



**1899** **A great name** in yachting and a great challenger, *Shamrock I* was soundly trounced by *Columbia,* the U.S. defender. As the name Corby's went into its 41st year in Canada, international sailing supremacy was firmly established here. But there were more thrills ahead.



**1937** **Most recent** bid was made by the English yacht *Endeavour* off Providence, R. I., but it fared no better than its predecessors. The cup stayed in the U.S.—*Ranger* won four straight match races the year the name Corby's reached its 79th anniversary in Canada.




**1947** **You,** like many others, may hope for a Cup challenger soon. Who'll build a costly racer is the question, but someone will succumb to the greatest sail racing challenge in the world. So raise a toast to *America*—the grand ship that first won "the mug" and *make it a toast with Corby's.* This sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name has a special knack in favorites from the bar.

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for woman and of woman for man, ordained thus by Heaven. What, Pietro, would be God's occupation if there were no longer human bodies holding souls to be saved for Paradise?"

"These be deep thoughts and beyond my comprehension," I told her.

"Then I must e'en be simple and plain for thy understanding," she said. "Canst understand this: That it is vastly more important that a woman love a man than that she destroy an empire?" She paused and looked up into my eyes so that all that was inside me quivered with yearning for her. "And wondrously more sweet," she said.

EVEN yet I stood, a dumb dolt, knowing not what to think nor what to say or do. Then, patiently she prompted me again so plainly that even my slow brain caught something of her meaning.

"Pietro," she said, "thou hast declared that thou dost love me. Was it but words?"

"Nay," I said, "it was more than words. It was the voice of my heart."

"And dost desire me, Pietro, as a man yearneth that a woman may become his own?"

"Aye," I said, "that is the way of it with me."

"Canst remember," she said, "the words of it—to repeat it for my hearing?"

"The words be few and easy to remember," I said. "They be only three. To wit, I love thee."

"Betsy," she insisted.

"I love thee, Betsy," I said obediently.

She came a little step closer to me, and the amazing thing that had been in her eyes became deeper and stronger and lovelier until I was blinded by the sight of it.

"And," she said softly, "doth that not lead to some request?"

"It would so lead," I said, "to another maid but thee, not so high above me in station and in wealth."

"And were I some other—say the ragged, vagabond maid in thy English forest, whom thou didst succor and turn into a scullery maid at thy farmstead—what would be thy request?"

"To her," I answered, "right heartily would I say, 'I love thee, maid. Wilt thou wed with me, and be mine forever?' "

"Today, Pietro," she said more softly, "I be that maid."

Then, great simpleton that I was, I understood what she was about with so many words and arguments, but even yet I could not believe it. But thank God for the instinct within me that caused me to stretch out my clumsy arms toward her, and she came into them and was close to me so that I could feel the supple warmth and response of her body; and, like a great yokel I lifted her in my unbelievable delight so that her lips were against my lips and we kissed each other as though we were village maid and swain.

"I do love thee, Pietro, as thou hast compelled me to do even against my will, for the goodness that is in thee, and the courage and the loyalty and the most disarming simplicity. But it did require great spate of high-sounding words and arguments to bring thee to the point."

I put her down upon her feet. "Dost mean in sooth," I asked, still incredulous, "that thou wilt stoop to wed with the like of me?"

"Most gladly, an thou wilt have me," she said. "Taking me as I am with all thou dost know or suspect of my conduct."

"An thou were Jezebel herself or Lucrezia Borgia," I said, "I would forget it in my love for thee."

So, taking me by the hand, she led me toward the hermitage, and the hermit, robed all in white, came and stood in the door of it and smiled and said to Betsy, "Is all well with the twain of ye?"

"All is well," she said. "But I was hard put to it to make him bid me."

"That stands in his favor," said the hermit kindly. "And now what is thy will?" He looked at me as he spoke this question, and I was mute, for I did not know what I wished him to do.

"Must I ever be the forward one?" Betsy asked. "Then so I will be. Father, this backward man desireth to wed with me."

"What day and what hour?" he asked, his eyes alight.

"Too many days and hours have passed, and all too few remain," she said with downcast eyes. "I be impatient and desirous. What is thy wish, Pietro?"

"Father," I said, bedazzled by all that had happened to me, "wilt wed us now?"

"Right gladly, my son," he said and led us within where was a little altar and candles alighted. Behind us came Christoforo and the maid Beatrice, who wore a strange, unreadable expression. But Tasso stood in the door that he might keep an eye on the monk.

Then Betsy and I knelt before the altar and the hermit, and I saw her hands busied with the fastenings of her hair which she loosened so that it fell down in a glorious mantle to her waist. Whereat I think I must have cried out, for she looked at me and smiled gaily as if at enjoyment of some rare humor. My happiness was complete at what she had done—for, by letting her hair loose about her as she knelt to take the marriage vows before the altar, she averred that she came to the marriage state a virgin.

Then there was reverend silence as the hermit spoke the words and touched our heads with blessing palm, so that when again we stood upon our feet we were no longer two, but one. And all the glory of the world flooded through the window, riding upon sunbeams, and I could not speak for the joy that choked me.

IT WAS midmorning of the next day. Betsy and I were walking hand in hand in that serene oasis. We were as one at last. She was the Betsy of our forest—simple, tender, eyes misty with love.

"Is it true, my darling?" I asked.

"All true," she said softly.

"Hast left all this turmoil and plotting behind thee forever?"

She looked at me, and her face was suddenly grave. "Save for one last obligation," she said. "There are the letters of the Pope that I filched from the lodging of King Francis. Them must I take to Venice. After that, my Pietro, I am thine forever to do with as thou wilt."

"To take to England?" I asked, for she was a great one of this land, and that was a point that troubled me, seeing would be but a simple merchant's wife in England, and I put that thought into hesitant words.

"No simple merchant," she said, "but a knight at the hands of the Most Christian King. Aye, I will to England with thee or to Cathay or the Islands of the Sea."

Then, carried clearly on that serene air, came to my ears the sound of voices lifted in song—the voice of men who sang an air with beat and lilt to it. Faintly it came to me from the westward—the marching song of the Black Bands.

Then did I seize her hand and we ran together like children down that slope to the barrier of white crosses and so to the road that led toward Trebbio. And in a moment, rounding the bend came a company of My Lord Giovanni's men riding on horseback, led by one of his chosen captains, a certain Neapolitan named Galeazzo. I called his name urgently, and he recognized me and waved his hand and called his men to halt.

In quick words I told him what had befallen and of our need and how the retainers of the Riarios were betwixt us and Trebbio. He smiled thinly.

"I am ordered thither," he said, "and then to Fano, on the coast. My Lord hath gone to the baths and will journey thence to Venice to consult with the Doge who hath offered him full command of all Venice's armies."

"How doth his leg mend?" I asked.

"Sweetly," he answered. "Another month and he will be fit to lead men in battle."

"Wilt pause," I asked, "until we can be ready to travel in thy company to Trebbio?"

To this he consented and bade his men be at ease. Betsy and I climbed the slope again and in the little room knelt to receive the blessing of the hermit. Then, with Christoforo and Tasso and Beatrice—and with the monk for prisoner—we said farewell to that fair spot and to him who made it so, and joined the companions. Spare horses carried us on our way, so that we reached Trebbio with no mishap, and as we rode across the drawbridge and into the courtyard John-Peter the manikin, who had escaped from Riario's castle and made his way to Trebbio, capered about us as though he had gone mad in his delight at seeing us again.

Once more I saw my sweet mistress, and she kissed Betsy upon her cheeks and gave her welcome. She gave us news of Lord Giovanni, how he was much restored and was on his way to Venice. "But he will decline the offer of the Doge," she said. "Venice be no fit employer for him, for Venice will never fight when plotting or negotiation will serve. It is his intent to go to Fano and there fit out ships to harry the Turk."

That day came her brother, the Cardinal Salviati, and he was right courteous and kind to me so that I dared speak to him of my personal concerns, namely the mission upon which I had come to Italy, and the funds due my father from Florentine merchants.

"For thee, Pietro," he said, "it will not be safe to go to Florence. Thou hast enemies. The Cardinal Passerini will do thee harm. But this other, this matter of business, is a small thing, and I will direct my secretary to have it strictly in hand."

I thanked him humbly. "Your Eminence," I said, "there is yet one other thing. We have for prisoner a monk, an evil man, the hunting hound of the Pope, who, so long as he lives, will be snapping at our heels."

"He hath been a thorn in the flesh of many," said the Cardinal sternly. "The bishop in Milan hath a prison with right sturdy walls and a cell that he will lend to me cheerfully. Give thou this monk to me, Pietro, and I certify that he will trouble neither thee nor any other until his spirit hath been chastened and his body mortified. As for thee, my friend, my advice is that thou betake thyself out of this Italy speedily. For there is no safety here for thee or thy wife. There is peace for a time, but the time will be short, and then, I fear me, troubles will fall upon Italy such as we never have seen."

NEXT day we bade farewell to My Lady, whom I never was to see again, but who was to write the sorrows of her heart to me in the tragic days that followed. I took Tasso by the hand and thanked him, and bent to kiss the maid Beatrice upon cold lips. And Betsy kissed her and spoke gentle words to her.

The last I saw of Trebbio was this maid standing straight, arms close to her sides gazing after us.

"That maid," I said to Betsy, "sorrows to see us depart."

"Aye, simple one," said Betsy.

So we rode northward with our escort and came to Venice where My Lord was sumptuously lodged at the expense of the state, and his name was in all men's mouths and when he went forth he was the hero of the people. He did not walk with his old-time vigor, but this limp, his physicians told him, would soon depart, and he would be as sound as ever in his life.

As was always the way with him, he was in trouble because of the behavior of the Black Bands when there was no fighting for them to do, and claims for damages because of their marauding and looting, which kept him ever in a state of poverty. But his determination and his hunger for glory flamed as brightly as ever. It was his plan now, while no other employment offered, to become an admiral and take to the sea, using Fano as a base, and to prey upon Turkish and Saracen pirates who harried the sea.

The boyishness in him, and the lust for life and pleasures, was as strong in him as before his wound. He was reluctant to part with me.

"Tarry here with me, Pietro, and I will make a soldier of thee," he said, clapping me on the shoulder.

"I have no joy in war," I said to him,

"But if you aren't a little girl, why are you dressed like a little girl?"

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"and England and my father and mother call to me."

He laughed gaily. "And thy woolen cloths," he said jeeringly. "Thou a knight! Nay, merchanthood is not thy fate, Pietro. Thou shalt see. An thy King Henry be half the man I take him for he will roust thee out of thy shop and set thee to man's work. For though there be thin peace this day, it will not long continue, and thy king will have need of such men as thou hast shown thyself to be."

"I be a man of peace," I said, but he only laughed at me, and he was a better prophet than I.

The end of it was that through his influence Betsy and Christoforo, who vowed he would never leave me, and John-Peter and I were granted passage on a swift galley carrying orators to Naples for some high negotiation. Thence we took ship to Livorno, and these days upon the sea were happy days for Betsy and me, during which we grew closer together and learned each other so that neither had secrets from the other, and our love increased with the days.

An English ship was in that port, owned by a friend of my father's, and we were taken aboard her to sail southward again, past Sicily and through the Pillars of Hercules. At last we sailed past the white cliffs and into home waters and came to anchor in our own Thames River.

NOW there is the end of my adventures in Italy, all foisted upon me against my will and by circumstances. But I did not regret them, because they had given me the friendship of the greatest warrior of the age, and the sweetest wife man ever had.

We landed shortly after dawn and were driven through London streets to the house of my father, where I was received with joy, and Betsy with wonder. Nor to my mother's practicality did it decrease my wife's charms that she brought such wealth with her.

Cardinal Wolsey, who knew all things, heard of my coming, and sent for me and questioned me upon this and that, and seemed darkly pleased with the things I told him. Also the King himself admitted me to his presence and nothing would do but I should relate to him my adventures and how I had been knighted by the Most Christian King.

"Now, great yokel," he said jovially, "thou hast a noble wife. Thou art a knight, made for valor upon the field of battle. Thou hast studied war under the tutelage of the greatest general now alive. Let common men sell woolens. England hath need of such as thou."

"But, Your Majesty—" I started to protest.

He frowned and I was afraid of his anger. "Art a knight," he said. "An I give thee a coat of arms and ennoble thee, hast thou wealth to support it?"

"My father's business is profitable," I said, "and My Lady wife, being heiress to the Albizzis, hath great wealth in jewels."

"Most excellent," he said. "Leave thy father to his woolens. Thou shalt serve me. I create thee baronet, and when thou hast earned it thou shalt climb even higher." He grinned at me broadly as is sometimes his way when he is genial and harmless. "I have liked thee, Sir Peter, since that day when thou didst confront me and shoot thy arrows with such skill."

So, willy-nilly, I took service with my king, and truth is I never have regretted it, save that it cost me many days of the company of Betsy.

At her wish we bore the treasure in jewels to that street where merchants deal in such baubles; and, being well advised, we sold them for a great sum, so that we were rich as many barons and earls. And with a part of these moneys we bought lands surrounding our farm and built upon them a handsome house over which Betsy presided wondrously.

News reached us from Italy and the Continent. In May of the next year, 1526, the Holy League of Cognac was made and war descended again upon Italy. My Lord Giovanni was recalled to the service of the Pope and speedily added to his glory and his reputation for rash valor.

Then, in December of that year came dire news: My Lord was dead. In the very moment of victory, as he turned his great charger Sultan, he was struck again in the same leg that had received his former wound, but in much more terrible way, and of it he died in great pain. With rare courage he endured the agony of the saw when his leg was cut from him.

Then, a confessor being called to him, he said, "Father, being a professor of arms, I have lived with the habits of soldiers as I should have lived like monks had I put on the dress you wear. Were it allowed, I would confess before everyone, for I have never done anything unworthy of myself."

In dying he was in no manner changed from the sort of man he was while life lay before him gloriously. He died with courage, fortitude, and as his confession showeth, a childlike belief in his own rightness.

So in a miserable skirmish died my master and my friend, and the noblest heart and greatest general of his time. And I donned mourning for him as though he had been my relative.

Thoughtful and knowing men have told me since that had Giovanni de' Medici lived, there had been no sack of Rome, nor imprisonment of the Pope in Hadrian's tower. And that the evils which rained upon Italy and the church would not have come to pass had his genius been there to lead her armies. . . .

A score or more of years have passed since that day, but I remember him now as I last saw him in battle, and ever so shall do.

The little Cosimo who used to play about my knees hath become Duke of Florence, which no other Medici ever was; but he resembleth not his father, so they say, for generosity is not in him, but coldness and stealthiness.

To my great rejoicing, somewhat after Yuletide, I learned that Betsy was with child, whereat she was as glad as I.

"Wife," said I, for the matter seemed of import to me then, "I am hungry to know if it is to be a son."

"It will be," she said, "what God wills, and I care not which, because it is thine and mine conceived in love."

"I desire a son," said I. And then I wheedled. "Wife, fetch out thy crystal ball, so I may gaze into it as I gazed into it in times past."

"Nay," she said, "the crystal ball I left behind me in Italy with all that went with it. Never again shall I or thou have traffic with it."

I had never dared to ask about it, but now I ventured. "By what art or skill didst bring it about that I saw pictures in the crystal?" I asked.

She laughed at me then, gaily. "I made thee see pictures," she said, "because thou wert and art a great, simple creature that I could command to do my will. I commanded thee to see and thou didst obey."

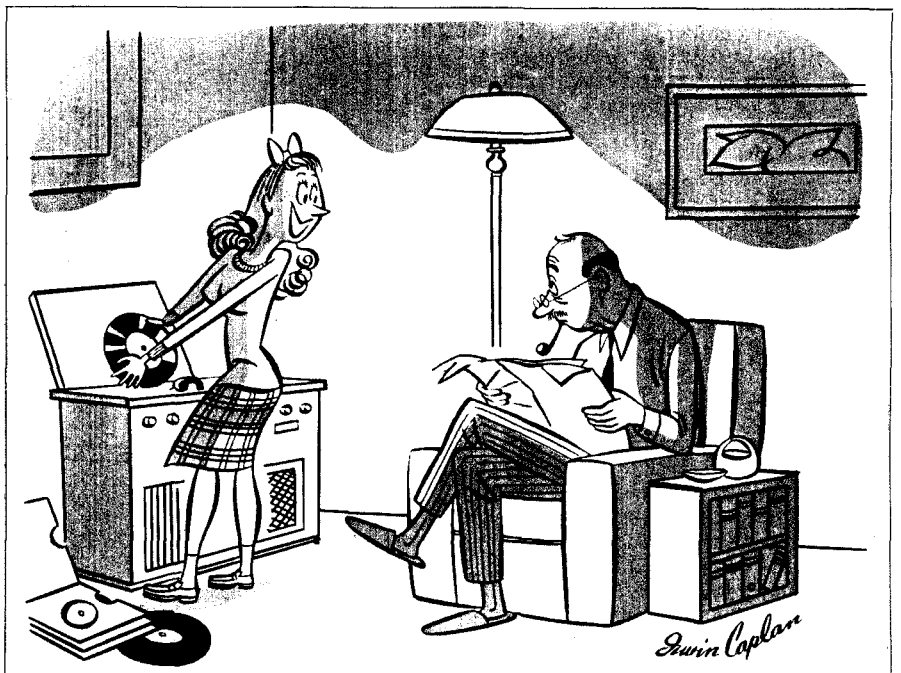
"Is that all there be to it?"

"All," she said, "that is fit for thy ears."

Then, for I was very pleased with myself that I had begotten a child, and considered it a wonderful feat for a man to perform, I questioned her as I had done a hundred times before. For the sake of hearing her tell it to me.

"When," I begged of her, "didst first love me, sweet?"

"I think it was in your forest, when I fled from the fair," she said.

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"That is when I loved thee," I said.

Then she laughed at me again, as she does almost every day, and said, "Pietro, it is not so important to know when I loved thee first as to know when I will cease to love thee."

"And when," I asked quakingly, "will that day be?"

"That," she said, "doth depend upon thy good behavior."

So I have always endeavored to behave toward her in such a way that I should not lose her love, and in that I have been successful, for verily, methinks, the affection is stronger betwixt us now that our two sons and daughter be full grown, than at the very first of it. Which, or so it seems to me, is as our Heavenly Father intended that marriage should be.

The years have slipped away. I have traveled far and seen much, and here and there, in various lands and various places, I meet with men who, in their young manhood, were enrolled in My Lord Giovanni's Black Bands. And ever, no matter what wealth or honors have come to them, that fact is their chief pride—as it is with me. For to strangers I have been known to boast, and Betsy teases me about my vanity.

"I, Peter Carew," I say to them, "also fought with Giovanni de' Medici, and was a captain in the Black Bands."

THE END



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# THE STUDY OF MAN

Continued from page 21

of natural ambition is corrupted by custom and authority. Beginning today I have a duty to fulfill. These pages will tell all."

Then Rufus Nutter did the unforgivable. He impugned Theoda's world view, which was the same as tearing down Barlow Crane. He suggested that she drop the book with the candy-striped cover into the garbage burner and reconsider his invitation to the movies.

"If there's anything which makes me perfectly and completely furious," declared Theoda, "it's to have you coming around acting the part of the canny New Englander. Why don't you go back inside the can you look as though you'd come out of?"

"I guess we aren't friends any more," said Rufus.

"Nutter, that's the most deliberate and outrageous understatement I ever heard. Get going, do you hear?"

HE WENT, and for a while Theoda considered whether to put him in the journal. In a way he belonged, but just this once she concluded she would stretch the scientific method a little and ignore him. For the duration of the study she meant to avoid his company.

That evening, however, she answered a beating of the brass knocker on the door, and there stood Nutter, looking fairly canny. Theoda gasped.

"You!" she said. "What did I tell you?"

"I'm calling on your father," said Nutter, and pushed past her into the hall.

Judge Bearse, of course, was glad to see him, because Judge Bearse was glad to see anybody who would listen to him talk about the first landing on Baddow Beach, Indian arrowheads, and how the Mayhews were related to the Jernegans. The judge—he was judge of probate, which involved many ancient records—was an indefatigable authority on local history, and a collector of everything made before 1700, especially by Indians. Nutter began to draw him out.

After the first few minutes it wasn't bad. Theoda had been working on her notes, and she grasped this opportunity.

"Traditionalism is well represented in the male parent," she wrote. "In this case all matters of culture and many questions affecting the conduct of the younger generation, even when of age, are referred to a character known as Captain John Smith."

This went on for quite a while, and Theoda filled pages rapidly. Then Nutter rose and announced that he would have to be going in order to be in bed by ten. Judge Bearse asked Theoda to show him out.

"Did you get it all down?" Nutter asked in the hall.

"You rat," she said intensely. "You absolute rat."

But in the morning, before dawn, she heard the muffled *putt-putt* of a motorboat and knew that Rufus had started for the fishing grounds. There were a good many Nutters and all of them were commercial fishermen. She wouldn't be bothered again for days, thank goodness. Yet, somehow, she often functioned better when she was bothered. . . .

The useful domestic tasks performed by the young female were astonishing to Mrs. Bearse, unaware as she was that the account of them would be read by Barlow Crane. Theoda not only did the beds, but she cooked. She made potato bargain, which was illustrative of economical management, and chicken chowder, which was tops for flavor.

The recipe and some of the flavor went into the journal, as scientifically as possible. It might whet up Barlow's Western appetite a little, Theoda thought.

He did not appear the first week end as she had hoped, but a brief note said he would surely arrive the following Saturday and would bring Dr. Clifton whom he had mentioned in his talks with her. Dr. Clifton, it seemed, was most interested in the project. Theoda had no memory of ever having heard about the doctor.

At the appointed time she drove to the station to meet Barlow's train, and was startled to see him assisting an attractive if somewhat aloof female to the platform. The female was certainly not over twenty-eight, and she had a lot of shining brown hair under a feathered beret, an apple-green suit, and eyes which said they knew all about this sex business and dared you to make anything of it. Such was Theoda's first impression, but on second thought it occurred to her that they dared YOU to make anything of it, which was quite different, especially if the eyes were turned toward a male. Theoda herself was all the other way, and she felt inferior.

### DOING ALL RIGHT

**The child today lags far behind,**
**He's lazy and he's dumb,**
**You rant;**
**But can you make a yo-yo wind,**
**Can you blow bubble gum?**
**I can't!**

**—Richard Armour**

"Oh, Theoda," said Barlow. "Here's Dr. Clifton. Isn't it splendid she could come?"

"It's scientifically perfect," said Theoda, meaning every word and not an iota more.

"I've heard so much from Barlow about this whole plan," said Dr. Clifton, "and I can't wait to see your notes."

"Oh, yes," said Theoda, "my notes."

It wasn't that she hadn't been scientific. The trouble was, she had been scientific in a special way. She would have given a lot for the chance to do some last-minute editing, but no sooner were the crisply mannered doctor and Barlow Crane appropriately registered in rooms on different floors at the inn, than the subject of the journal came up again in a pressing manner.

Establishing the visitors on the southerly side of the Bearse house but not in the hammock, Theoda produced the goods. Barlow, to her regret, read the first entry aloud.

"Saw an albino robin at sunrise this morning."

It had seemed, at the time, like an arresting and romantic opening, besides suggesting an agreeable tendency on the part of the young female to rise early. Everyone in the West, she figured, rose before dawn.

"Environment," Theoda ventured apologetically. "The relation of the individual to the environment."

"But why an albino robin?" asked Dr. Clifton, still puzzled.

"I don't know," said Theoda. "It just was."

Barlow read on and the dope got better. He was presently in the midst of a lot of intensive New England housewifery which went big. Theoda felt a little shy when it seemed to be going so big, thinking that maybe she had overreached. But no, Dr. Clifton was enthusiastic about the authentic delineation of the function of the female in the New England home. Theoda didn't care for her tone of voice, but she had no kick coming. The New England home was secondary or even tertiary in her present calculations.

When the reading of the journal was concluded, and Dr. Clifton had offered some concise and unwelcome suggestions, Theoda was allowed to guide the pair around the village. It wasn't good, but it wasn't really bad, because Barlow kept firing questions at Theoda, which made her the main attraction.

The village was small, however, the tour was soon over, and Dr. Clifton was saying, "We've taken too much of your time, my dear. You must run along or you'll never catch up with your domestic tasks."

"What domestic tasks?" asked Theoda.

"The ones you put in the book," said Barlow.

"Oh," said Theoda. "Those."

So there wasn't anything for her to do but go home, and darned if her mother wasn't beating rugs. Mrs. Bearse owned a vacuum cleaner but lacked complete faith in it—which meant that Theoda had to whang the daylights out of a heavy nine-by-twelve while she caught glimpses of Barlow and Dr. Clifton picking their way along the rippling edges of the harbor below the Nutter place.

She did not see Barlow or Dr. Clifton again until they came to call at the Bearse home that evening. The conversation was mainly between her father and Dr. Clifton, and it ran to Captain John Smith, arrowheads, and Captain John Smith. Judge Bearse didn't need any priming. One word and he was off. Theoda left herself open to Barlow's attention, had he been so minded, but he was concentrating on the patriarchal peculiarities, and also on Dr. Clifton.

When the time came to adjourn, Theoda insisted on walking back to the inn with the visitors. It was a moony night, swimming with the raw material of the soul, but she derived no kind of benefit. She fretted about Barlow. I can't figure him, she said to herself. He's evidently afraid of pursuit by females, but this doctor gal has him looped in a slow walk. Wonder if by chance he thinks he's pursuing her? Something should be done for that kind of ignorance.

ONLY once did Theoda and Dr. Clifton have a direct exchange of words, this being when a fishing boat throbbed into the moon-dappled harbor.

"What's that?" the doctor inquired.

"A Nutter," said Theoda shortly.

"Another what?"

"Just a Nutter," said Theoda irritably, and Barlow had to break it up.

When Theoda reached home again, the judge was expressing laudatory opinions of Dr. Clifton who was, he declared, a well-informed woman. At that, he didn't half know how well informed she was, or by whom. The following day, Sunday, wasn't much so far as Theoda was concerned. She took Barlow and the doctor to church, after which they left her to practice her New England customs while they occupied themselves in ways she was left to imagine. She was glad when they took the evening train. . . .

Beginning at sunrise Monday morning, the young female discontinued the performance of all domestic tasks. Mrs. Bearse remarked that she had known it was too good to last. Theoda missed this practical philosophy, however, for she was deep in thought, with nothing coming of it until nightfall. In the dusk Rufus Nutter appeared. It had been his fishing boat returning from the grounds the previous evening.

"Hello, sweet," he said.

"If you come within hitting distance

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you'll get hit," said Theoda. "Have you forgotten how we parted?"

"It doesn't pay to remember everything."

"Maybe it doesn't, at that," said Theoda, her mind illumined by a sudden white light, the reward of diligent thinking adorned by inspiration. She leaned against an apple tree, her fingers inside the belt of her slacks.

"That's a peachy sweater you've got on, Theoda."

"It's more of a fuchsia."

"I guess I shouldn't have said what I did about you being the right size for a little town. You'd be swell anywhere. I imagine you'd go big out West."

"That's nice of you, Nutter," said Theoda, "and although there can never be anything but friendship between us, and only a limited edition of that, I am willing to make up and let you kiss me. This is breaking a general rule, but after all, we were engaged once."

"Oftener than that," said Nutter, already close to her in the shadows of the apple tree.

He put his arms around her with gentleness and kissed her softly and considerately, but she was in no doubt, nevertheless, that she had been kissed.

"Good night, Nutter," she said, for he had now served the purpose of her inspiration. "We had better call it a day before we start fighting again."

She didn't wait to see him go, for she was eager to get to her Anthropological Journal and put down something warm about the sex life of the young female—enough of it to knock Dr. Clifton's eye out and give Barlow Crane a shot in the arm. If he needed awakening, and Theoda thought he did, this ought to do the trick. As in most matters requiring privacy, she resorted to the back porch which had a convenient light. The trouble was that Nutter had not gone. She wrote a few lines and, happening to look up, saw him there in a posture of significant attention. She did not care for his expression.

"Nutter," she said, "you must take a firm grip on yourself. Maybe this isn't what you think it is."

He didn't say anything.

"You go home," she said. "Go on. Nutter, don't you dare!"

AT THIS point Theoda concluded that it was unwise to remain where she was. She closed her journal and departed. Since she was not disposed to confront her traditional parents with the journal any more than she was inclined toward Nutter in his present mood, she chose the path through the woods.

She was reluctant to look back, but she heard footsteps. She broke into a trot, then a run. Then she did look back and, just as she had expected, Nutter was coming at a good clip. She increased her own speed. When the path turned, she ducked behind a tree while Nutter went past; but he came back.

Since she could not hope to outdistance him on the straightaway, Theoda took to the trees. She leaped for an overhanging branch, caught it, and swung herself up. She had not been in a tree for many years and never after dusk, but she knew how to handle herself. She went way up, until most of the treetops were either on a level with her vision or below her. The darkening night was beginning to be lighted by the twinkling stars. She listened. Except for the sounds of nature, all was silent.

"Nutter!" she called.

"Yes, sweet."

"Where are you?"

"Right down here on a seat of moss."

"Why don't you go home or something?"

No answer.

"At least you might climb up a tree of your own and look at the view. I bet you never saw the roof of the forest under the stars."

"You may think of me as being eternally here," said Nutter, "waiting faithfully by the path. There is no way you can get me to budge."

"Blast you, Nutter. I despise you."

"How are the stars holding out?" he inquired.

After a while she went lower in the tree in order to converse with him more easily. She was afraid that verbal negotiation would come to nothing, which was exactly what it did. Meantime the limbs were increasingly uncomfortable. She had tried all the large ones. The moon rose, proving the hour to be later than she had hoped. There might be search parties soon. The thought disturbed her.

"Nutter," she said, "I'm coming down. I warn you that the future of our friendship depends on how you conduct yourself, and I must ask you particularly to remember your upbringing and your sacred repressions."

She hesitated on the overhanging

"Why ain't you out where you belong—organizing boys' clubs and fighting juvenile delinquency?"

COLLIER'S JON CORNIN

branch, then leaped. He caught her, and they fell to the ground and rolled over together among the leaves.

As soon as they were upright again, he was kissing her, and the execution was more earnest and intense than anything in her experience or fancy.

For a lean guy, she acknowledged unintentionally, he could make himself remarkably snug in the clinches. Golly!

But ultimately the pause came during which she could assure him of her utter detestation, and after that, they walked home, Indian file, along the path. . . .

As Theoda lay in bed, she fumed. If Nutter thought he could get away with that sort of thing—and then she forgot about Nutter for a minute. She sat up in bed. She grabbed her journal, which she had retrieved in the woods, and switched on the light. Smiling demurely, she wrote. She wrote with enthusiasm. It wasn't so much a case of making Barlow jealous as it was of teaching him the facts of life in New England, drawing him out of himself, and avenging those signs of over-indifference she had been compelled to notice in him lately.

On Saturday, Barlow and Dr. Clifton arrived as planned, and Theoda walked with them to the inn and hung around while the doctor made allusions to various provincial matters, including Captain John Smith.

"Shall we look at the notes?" suggested Barlow.

"I brought 'em along," said Theoda, producing the journal.

"Even in the prosaic domestic passages," said Dr. Clifton, "there is a pastoral quality which I find refreshing."

But Barlow was way ahead of her, his eyes fixed on the journal. "Zingo!" he said. "Wow!"

Evidently these remarks were involuntary. He did not smile as he uttered them. Next thing, while Barlow held on to his chair, Dr. Clifton was reading; a subtle change seeped into her expression. Theoda judged that things were, indeed, roused up; she retired to await developments.

Developments were not long in coming. A little before noon, Barlow appeared at the Bearse house, alone. He seemed agitated.

"Where's the Doc?" asked Theoda.

"I don't know. Now please don't ask me to sit in the hammock."

"I wasn't going to," said Theoda falsely.

"I'm worried about Ruth, I mean Dr. Clifton. She was disturbed. We finished reading the journal, and after that she thought we should take a look at this Nutter person. And then I lost her."

"Her or them?"

"I lost them," said Barlow.

"Well, I'm snagged," said Theoda. "So now she's chasing Nutter."

"I'm sure Dr. Clifton is doing no such thing."

Theoda regarded him severely. None of this was as she had anticipated.

"I don't hold with your scientific observation, brother," she said. "Come on, you and I are organizing a search."

BUT it wasn't much fun being with Barlow. After a while they saw Dr. Clifton walk across a street two or three blocks away, and Theoda wanted Barlow to run after her. He said he couldn't because it wouldn't be dignfied.

"Let's get this straight," said Theoda. "For the past twenty minutes or so you've been forcing me to conclude that you are really stuck on the Doc."

"I am," said Barlow stiffly.

"How can you or anyone tell?"

"I don't know. How can you tell when you're stuck on somebody?"

"That's right." She stopped short. "How can I?"

"What's the matter now?"

"I'm taking soundings of my inner nature," said Theoda. "It seems I've shoaled all of a sudden and I'm trying to account for it."

"Of course," said Barlow, "when I said I was stuck on Dr. Clifton, I didn't mean I wasn't fond of you. You're a very wonderful girl and I'd like to know you better."

"Thanks," said Theoda, and then it seemed to her she saw it all, the blue sky and the Pacific, the broad horizons and the way home again.

She excused herself, and as soon as lunch was over set out to hunt for Nutter. But it was he who found her. He was waiting in the shrubbery at the edge of the wood path. When she managed a good view of him she was interested to observe that he didn't look like just anybody. He was sun-brown, gray-eyed and alertly handsome. She did not think she would like Dr. Clifton to catch him.

"Theoda," he said earnestly, "let's you and me square up quick. That doctor woman has been studying me since the middle of the forenoon, and she's got ideas that never came out of a book."

"Maybe they did, at that," said Theoda.

"I'm sorry about what happened," said Nutter.

"Forget it," said Theoda. "Did I ever adore you? No, skip it. I never did, and that's good, because I find that adoring can wear pretty thin."

She conceded inwardly, however, that she had always been kind of stuck on him, even when under the impression that he was left out of the great design.

Then she called out to her mother, "If Barlow Crane and Dr. Clifton come looking for Nutter and me, they'll find us in the hammock."

THE END

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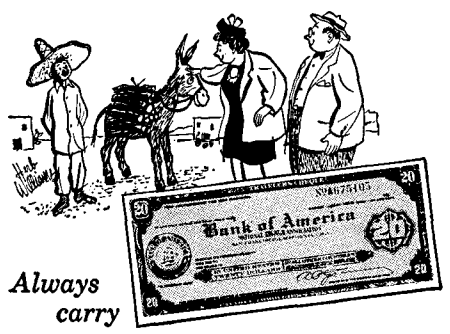


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# YOU BUY THEIR DREAMS

Continued from page 23

knives and other implements, he discarded the conventional barrel shape which has been in use for thousands of years, and devised a handle which actually fits the contours of all hands, left and right. With the conventional handle, Lamb discovered, nearly 50 per cent of the hand was not used. With his new grip, you can lift and hold nearly twice the weight—in a suitcase, a cleaver or a welding tool.

Before Ben Nash designed a new butcher-shop refrigerator, the wooden doors of the old models nearly always split, from the water that condensed on them. Nash added vertical grooves to the door to allow the water to drip off to the floor—and the door-splitting problem is no more.

While all this was going on, a couple of industrial designers in Detroit named Sundberg and Ferar came up with the kitchen scale that can be used interchangeably to weigh lamb chops and infants; Harold Van Doren designed a store scale which was light enough to be carried around and demonstrated by a salesman, instead of being lugged in a truck like its predecessor; Brooks Stevens in Milwaukee weaned road-paving equipment away from ancient Roman traditions; Egmont Arens fooled around with complete, one-piece kitchen units; and Russel Wright designed a cheap, beautiful dish which was strong enough to be heated on a stove or stored in a deep-freeze unit without cracking.

Dreyfuss, meanwhile, did some effective things on trains for the New York Central and Santa Fe railroads. "Every railroad passenger car," he says, "looked as if old Mr. Pullman walked down the center aisle and sprinkled seeds which grew up into straight rows of seats." Dreyfuss introduced varied furniture in club cars, with the chairs *facing* the windows, for the first time. "Another thing," says Dreyfuss, "is that every railroad car is really a long corridor, and man is not designed to live in a corridor."

### Modern Art Effects on Trains

To counteract this, Dreyfuss broke up his dining and club cars into three or more sections, each decorated like a separate room. He used mirrored walls along extensive sections of the car to give the appearance of extra width, and he hung reproductions of great modern paintings in every New York Central car that fell into his clutches. On the Santa Fe, which goes through the desert, he used desert colors and beautiful reproductions of Indian jewelry which he borrowed from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. All this unaccustomed splendor so confused one inebriated gentleman recently, that he rode all the way to Albuquerque, when he had intended merely to see a friend off at Los Angeles. "I thought," he said, "that this was the lobby of my hotel."

Dreyfuss made a still greater contribution in 1938 when he designed the Twentieth Century Limited—from the locomotive down to the tickets and the attendants' uniforms. On that occasion, he finished his blueprints and drawings, and showed them to the top officials of the New York Central. Three vice-presidents took one look at the plan for the lounge car and pointed to the forward half of the car. "What," they yelled, "is that?"

"That," said Dreyfuss, "is a dormitory and shower baths for the porters, cooks and waiters on the train."

Up until that time, porters traditionally slept in washrooms; and cooks and waiters in hammocks in the dining car. They washed wherever they could. Dreyfuss' proposal, accordingly, was in the nature of a social revolution, but it finally was accepted by the railroad. A few days later, Dreyfuss was visited by a representative of the train's crew. "You have done more for us," he said, "than any man in the last twenty-five years."

During the war, Dreyfuss designed the secret war room for the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, and huge globes for the offices of President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. Teague, at the same time, was laboring for the Navy's Bureau of Ordnance at the California Institute of Technology, where he assisted in designing the entire series of Navy rocket launchers, used so effectively in the Pacific.

His work also resulted in improvements on the Navy's basic gun, the 5-inch 38; plus new developments in Navy blinker lights; plus a civilian medal for Teague. Loewy's outfit spent the war years working on camouflage suits, insignia, gliders and efficient new medical kits and flight equipment for the Army. Early in the war he handled the huge camouflage job on the Glenn Martin aircraft plant near Baltimore.

In order to carry out all these changes in our civilization, the Big Three and the other industrial designers have swank offices, reminiscent of high-class beauty salons, generally in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. To these the industrialists come with their crying towels whenever they have a product on their hands which isn't selling so well. When the designer takes on an industrialist as a client, his first task is to smooth the ruffled feelings of the client's engineers, until they are sufficiently pacified to refrain from knocking his brains out on sight.

When this is accomplished, the designer puts his own staff to work on the problem. In the case of the most affluent designers like the Big Three, the staff consists of a small army of draftsmen, engineers, architects, renderers, artists, color experts, model carvers, assorted technicians and stenographers, the last-named of whom would look good in the chorus line of a Betty Grable movie.

The architects are included in this array because their technical knowledge is needed when designers plan buildings for their clients—and the industrial designers of late are nosing into such things as city planning and prefabricated housing. (Loewy, for instance, is currently designing modern towns for the back country of Brazil.) Dreyfuss even retains a woman doctor fulltime, to advise him in matters relating to the human body.

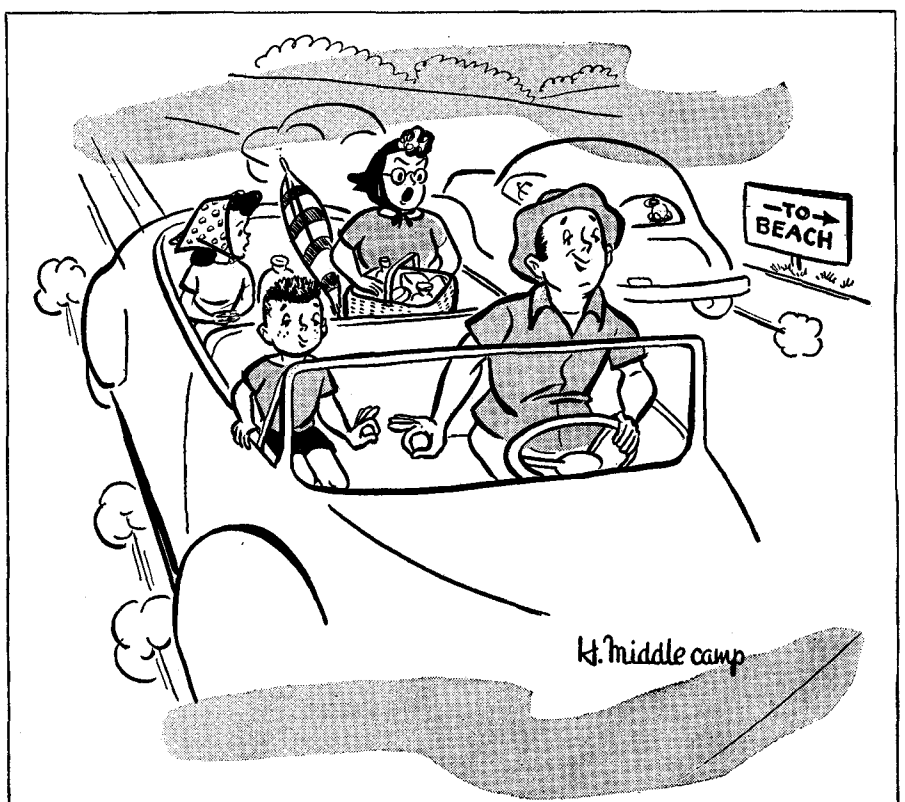
Once the staff is organized on a problem, it launches into a series of tests to find out what is wrong with the old model and what should go into the new one. Since one of the top designers has described his profession as "40 per cent salesmanship, 30 per cent business and only 30 per cent design," many of these tests are conducted mainly with an eye toward the amount of space they will obtain in the newspapers. But others have turned up some very practical objections and suggestions.

### Truck Cabs Needed Improving

The lot of the long-distance truck driver, for instance, always has been an uncomfortable one. He drove for thousands of miles in cramped truck cabs, and many a driver has dropped off to sleep for a few seconds and wakened in the ditch—or not at all.

When Walter Dorwin Teague was asked to design a new truck, he sent his assistants on jaunts of 4,000 miles apiece around the country in the cabs of trucks. They talked to the drivers, ate where the drivers ate, and slept where the drivers slept. They noted down every complaint, and then came back to New York to redo the truck. The result is a new cab that is big and roomy, with scientifically designed, body-conforming seats to prevent fatigue, and other devices to keep the drivers from getting overtired. A representative of the trucking unions estimates that the new cab may save dozens of lives this year.

In the same way, Teague conducted nation-wide surveys, and then built a standardized filling station which is now used all over the country by one of the major gasoline companies. Teague revised everything for the convenience of




"Hmpf! Somebody forgot those delicious minced-lamb sandwiches! Now we'll have to stop off somewhere for hamburgers!"

COLLIER'S HERB MIDDLECAMP



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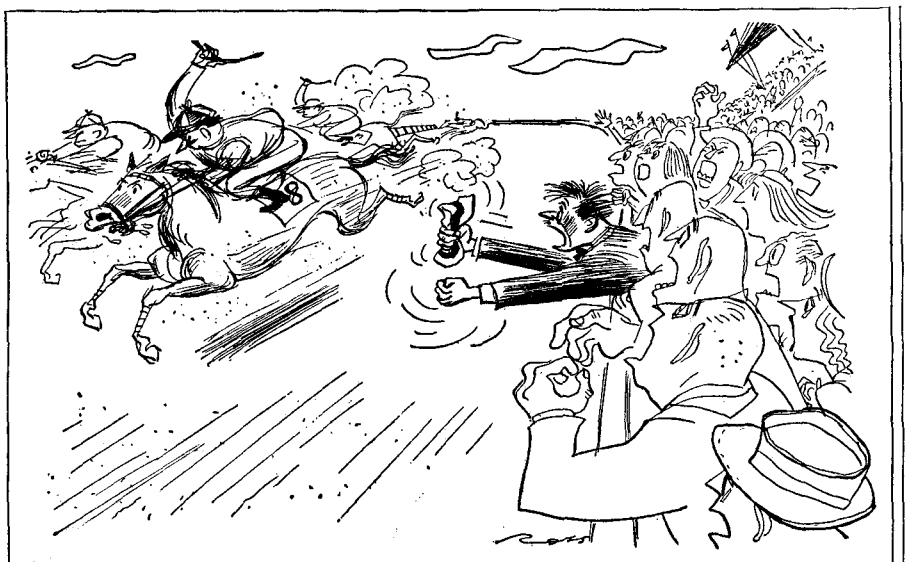


"Come on, you new car, you house in the country, you Amalgamated Steel Company petty cash fund!"

COLLIER'S — AL ROSS

the motorist—including the all-important matter of rest rooms. This item alone is said to have increased the company's business by several million dollars. Kem Weber did the same thing for another oil company on the West Coast.

When Henry Dreyfuss designed the interior of a new air liner, he built a full-scale model of the plane in an old plaster-saint factory on New York's East Forty-seventh Street, and hired people to sit in the seats and use the transport's facilities for hours at a time. When he was working on new-type steamship staterooms for the American Export Lines, he built several model staterooms in an old carriage house off Park Avenue, and had members of his staff sleep in them overnight, to test them for comfort. Similarly, Loewy's model of the Constellation became the focus of attention at Lockheed's Burbank plant, and all visitors, including such notables as Ginger Rogers and Gregory Peck, gladly consented to serve as guinea pigs and sit in the plane for a while.

When Loewy designed his nonspilling coffee cup, he made several different models, which were filled with coffee and set on a series of rocking tables. The amount of spillage for each cup was measured to the fraction of a centimeter.

### Tests of Color Preferences

Some interesting scientific knowledge was derived from all this experimentation—especially in the field of color psychology. The industrial designers found that 8 out of 10 people always select blue if they have a choice, although, for some strange reason, green seems to be the favorite in toothbrushes. Since blue fades more quickly than any other color, the designers sneak in neutral shades of gray and tan instead and the substitutes sell just as well as the blue (so long as the blue is kept out of sight).

The industrial designers discovered, too, that the use of yellow-green in the interiors of ships and planes is the quickest way of inducing nausea—even when the plane or ship is standing still. So those colors are scrupulously avoided. In planes, some designers use heavier, darker colors to counteract the flimsy-looking construction of the plane, and to give you the feeling that there is something more substantial than a thin skin of aluminum between you and a 6,000-foot drop. Thus, they think the best colors for this are dark, earthbound-looking rusts, browns and greens. In trains, the problem is just the opposite and they use the real pale colors, like light grays and blues and greens, to counteract the feeling of heavy solidity.

By the judicious use of sand, cream, gold and rust, Teague gives the passengers of the Swedish Airlines the feeling of warmth as they fly up near the North Pole. The exact same plane decorated in blue, gray and cream *cools* the passengers of the American Overseas Airlines down near the equator. On one Santa Fe dining car, Dreyfuss had the problem of preventing passengers sitting at a counter from feeling inferior to other passengers eating at tables in the same car. He accomplished this by decorating the counter, and all the gadgets thereof, with the most luxurious colors he could find.

All this results, as already has been stated, in large quantities of U.S. currency for the designers. It is surprising, therefore, that the profession should be torn with dissension—as it apparently is. The rank and file is sore at the big boys, claiming that they go too heavy on selling their own personalities, and not heavy enough on design.

This, of course, may or may not be sour grapes.

The entire profession, moreover, is split into two irreconcilable factions: the Society of Industrial Designers, Inc. (with 78 members, including Dreyfuss, Loewy and Teague), and the American Designers' Institute (numbering 350, and including Alexander Kostellow, Ruth Gerth, Alfons Bach, John Vassos and Robert Gruen).

The Society of Industrial Designers claims that the American Designers' Institute is loaded with fabric and furniture designers who don't qualify for the profession at all. And the older American Designers' Institute feels that the Society of Industrial Designers is blocking attempts to make industrial design a full-fledged profession in order to keep the field to themselves.

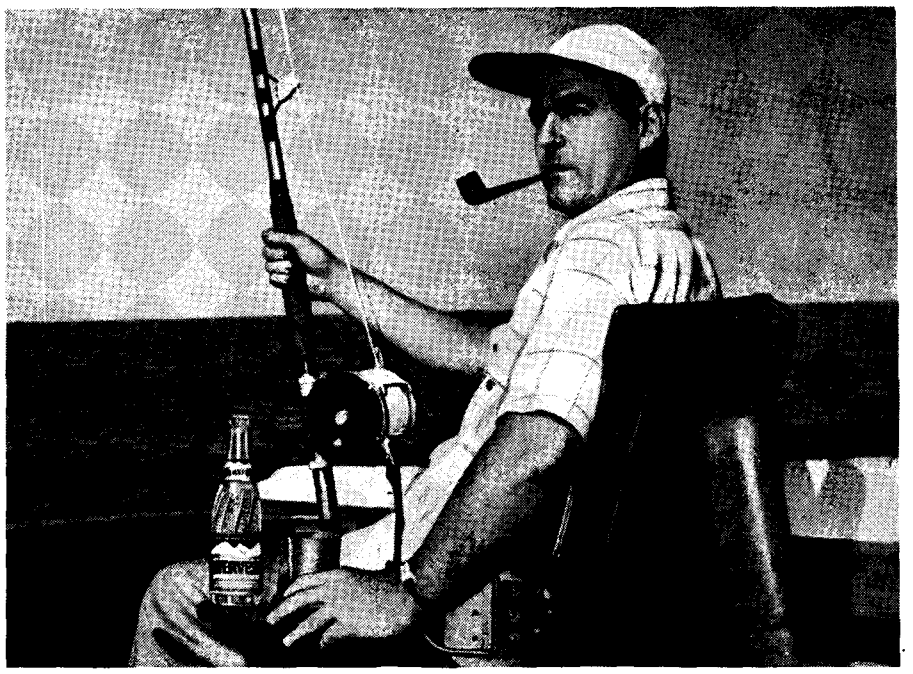
This feuding probably is less serious than it sounds, since the boys know that with the American craze for constant new models there will be plenty of work to go around for years to come. In fact, many industrial designers thank the Deity every day that it is the American public, and not, say, the British that they are designing for. In England, automobile models are changed maybe once in five years, and one of Loewy's best British accounts is an office-equipment manufacturer whose duplicating machine he redesigned in 1934 and hasn't had to touch since.

This manufacturer holds onto Loewy by paying him an annual fee *not* to design for anyone else.

It is when they are haunted by this specter of possible poverty that the industrial designers tend to admit that their own vendettas aren't too serious. "It is just that everyone else feuds in black and white," says one of the designers. "*Our* feuds have to be in Technicolor."

THE END


Yes... he's used to the best!



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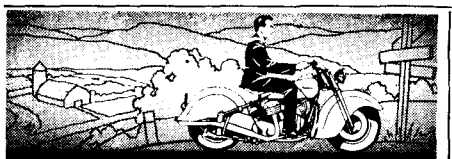

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# ONE CURE FOR LYNCHING

THOUGH it can be emphasized that lynching has been on the wane in this country for years, nevertheless one lynching anywhere is one too many. Are there any further sound measures to be taken to speed this old custom into oblivion?

The town of Hurtsboro, Alabama, took a sound measure a while ago, as things turned out, though the citizens may not have realized it at the time. They elected as mayor a man named Hugh Vann.

One day, after Mr. Vann had been mayor for some time, an eighteen-year-old Negro attempted an assault on a white woman. A crowd gathered speedily, and a rope was knotted around the Negro's neck. Somebody telephoned Mayor Vann, who arrived hurriedly in his car.

As reported by the New York Times, Vann addressed the crowd as follows: "You boys are doing wrong, and you'll be ashamed of it. You let me have him, and I'll guarantee you justice'll be done. Now I've known every one of you since you were little, and I don't aim to let you go against your conscience and lynch a man."

While so speaking, Mayor Vann was taking the rope off the Negro and shoving him into the mayoral automobile. The crowd fell back, angry though it still was.

Vann rushed the colored boy to the county sheriff 18 miles from Hurtsboro, and the sheriff inserted him in the state prison at Montgomery to await due process of law.

So one cure for lynching, obviously, is to have public officials who don't approve lynching, and who have the courage to stand up to lynch-bent mobs and talk to them in friendly but fearless fashion. Mayor Vann's speech could serve as a model for such harangues.

All of which is another way of saying that any community, in the South or elsewhere, whose leading citizens frown openly on lynching and all other mob violence, is more than likely not to have any of these unhappy experiences.

It is in communities where the leading citizens are either too timid or too unenlightened to show themselves clearly and unmistakably opposed to mob rule that mobs are most likely to seize control from time to time. Anyway, here's to Hurtsboro's Mayor Vann. He's a man.

# WHEN DO WE GET AN MVA?

THE spring floods along the Mississippi and Missouri rivers arrived a bit behind schedule this year, but they brought the same old damage and misery with them when they did arrive.

We should think the victims of these river convulsions would be getting pretty tired by now of hearing about how such things don't happen any more in the region served by the Tennessee Valley Authority, the famous TVA. There, the story is one of successful flood control, more and cheaper electric power, rising living standards, arrested soil erosion and so on.

So we'd like to put in another plug for a Missouri Valley Authority—a government agency to take charge of the 2,500-mile Missouri and its many tributaries, regardless of state lines, and get them under TVA-like control in 10 years or so.

Plans have long since been mapped out—several sets of them, indeed. Without claiming to be experts, we'd be inclined to favor the plans of the brilliant and efficient Army Engineers as most likely to be aimed at solving the problem for the benefit of all concerned instead of at justifying somebody's ideology.

Rivalries among states, and among upriver and down-river people, have blocked MVA legislation in Congress to date. All the while, the Missouri has been washing 550,000,000 tons of soil away each year, and has been doing tens of millions' worth of flood damage. A lot of potential electric power has just stayed potential; and so has a lot of irrigation. And the Missouri has gone on doing its huge share in making the Mississippi floods a major annual disaster from St. Louis down to New Orleans.

When do we get going on an MVA project, anyway?



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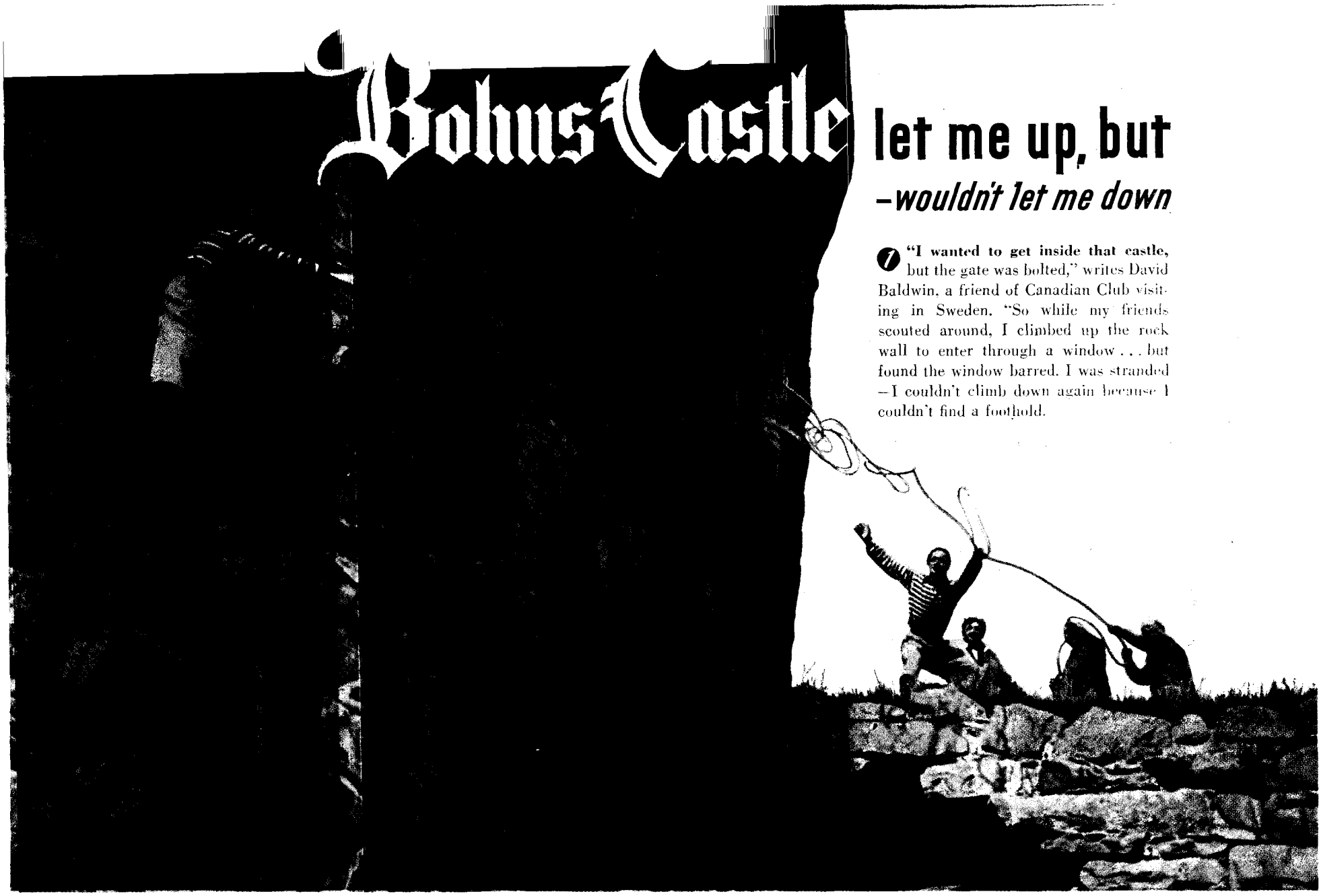
# Bonus Castle

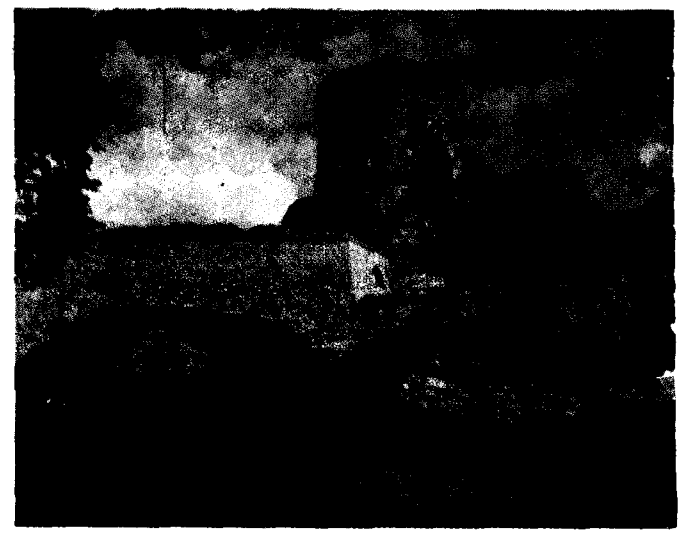


## let me up, but —wouldn't let me down

1 **"I wanted to get inside that castle,** but the gate was bolted," writes David Baldwin, a friend of Canadian Club visiting in Sweden. "So while my friends scouted around, I climbed up the rock wall to enter through a window . . . but found the window barred. I was stranded —I couldn't climb down again because I couldn't find a foothold.

**"Lusty shouts** brought my friends on the run. From a nearby wall they threw me a rope. With ıe rope looped through the window bars for support, managed to clamber down the rotting stones to the ried-up moat below. Then I was hauled up to safety.

3 **"I decided to try again,** in spite of my mishap. Judging by its aged exterior, the inside of the castle would be worth the trouble of forcing an entry. This time I succeeded. We reached another embrasure, found an unlocked door, and triumphantly entered the castle. It *was* worth the trouble!



4 **"More than 600 years old,** Bonus Castle is one of Scandinavia's sturdiest fortresses. In the early days it was fought over by Norway, Sweden and Denmark. But the castle withstood *fourteen* assaults without ever being captured!

5 **"Worn out by our exploring,** my friend and I returned to the courtyard for highballs made with Canadian Club Whisky. I've sampled dozens of drinks in the many lands I've visited in search of fascinating bits of architecture—but none can compare with Canadian Club for distinctive flavor!"

6 **"It spells enjoyment** in *any* language," write travelers who tell of finding Canadian Club in 87 lands. Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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"Grading the Harvest," painted by Frederic Taubes

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*—E. L. Isaacs, 22 years an independent tobacco warehouseman.*

**"At auction after auction,** I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, ripe, fragrant tobacco."
*—W. D. Whitley, 18 years an independent tobacco auctioneer.*

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